Collier's

5¢ a copy

January 26, 1929

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

"Kansas, the Beer State" By Willia

JAN. 26, 1929

JOHN DUNCAN
313 SOUTH ST
IOLA
KANS 6JY29
128 X
36147
C
12 17
2Y

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A true high test premium gasoline—*and no added price*

¶ Winter is testing time for gasoline. ¶ When other gasolines are stubbornly resisting the action of the carburetor the *new* and *better* Texaco vaporizes readily. ¶ The quick get-away that you obtain even at this time of the year with Texaco shows the value of this high test gasoline. ¶ The smooth starts and the rapid response to the accelerator are the natural results of a "low boiling point" and a "low end point" with an "even, close distillation range." ¶ Exacting scientific operations, rigidly controlled in our various refineries, insure the same high quality in every State and in all seasons. ¶ Try this real high test gasoline. Drive in today wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. ¶ Fill your tank—enjoy premium performance at no added price.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The NEW *and* BETTER

TEXACO GASOLINE

Forms a Dry Gas

DRY VAPORIZED

The *new* and *better* Texaco forms a *dry gas*, a perfect, *vaporized* mixture of gasoline and air, which burns cleanly and completely, leaving no trace of raw liquid globules of gasoline to dilute the motor oil. *Dry gas* gives smooth, even power at all times.

WET ATOMIZED

Wet gas is *atomized* gasoline, a mixture of gasoline vapor and drops of raw liquid gasoline. These drops resist the action of the spark, make starting difficult, burn unevenly, and tend to destroy the lubricating value of the motor oil.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT *made by the* ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE *in* 10 *Years*

THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Institute's program to meet these changed conditions.

Beginning immediately, therefore, we shall offer to business executives a four-fold service, incorporating the results of two years of work with leaders of business management and business education. From this four-fold service, executives may now choose any one of the following courses, depending on their own particular business requirements:

1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives.
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management.
3. A Special Course and Service in Production Management.
4. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management.

THIS enlarged program is too important and far-reaching to be set forth in an advertisement. Its value to executives is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program, with particular reference to the new features. We should like to circulate this widely and to the following groups of men:

—*The heads of businesses* who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—*Executives* interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts along one of these branches of business.

—*Younger men* who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

For convenience, a coupon is provided below. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 725 Astor Place, New York City

Please send me the facts about the Institute's new four-fold service.

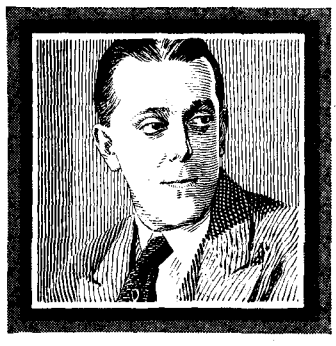
Name..... Position.....

Business address .....

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consider your rooms as *settings in a play*



To create effective room scenes, follow this suggestion of JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, noted play producer

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, who is presenting in New York "Murray Anderson's Almanac," is considered the Edison of the theatrical world for the unusual stage effects he creates. His inventive genius in designing unusual room effects is shown above. For this room he chose one of the new Armstrong Floors, Embossed No. 6042, with colors inlaid to the burlap back.

HOME decorators—or "home directors," as they might well be called—don't often realize the power they can wield. For all of us players in this drama of life quickly react to surroundings.

So planning a room in the home is really very much like planning a setting on the stage. You must consider not only the practical purpose of the room, its size, exposure, and those other decorating rules of thumb, but also the effect you want that room to have upon the people who will enter it.

Suppose you're decorating that family affair, the dining-room. To be really successful, this room should induce hunger, chase away worries, put people in a friendly frame of mind, wanting to chat, to relax . . . yes, it should even encourage good digestion! I've designed such rooms in plays and in real life. And I've discovered one secret that many home decorators could profit by.

It's the happy idea of making the floor part of your room ensemble. You see it worked out in the dining-room shown here. The color and pattern of this floor (one of the new Embossed effects in Armstrong's Linoleum) bring a friendly warmth to the whole room, help to lift this room out of the commonplace.

Likewise in other rooms of the home, select your floors for effect just as carefully as you select draperies and furniture. And today you can get practically any color, any design you desire in the new linoleum floors.

* * *

Floor effects in home decoration *are* important. That's why so many decorators, architects, and home planners like yourself are turning to the almost unlimited opportunities offered by the new Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. Rich in beauty. Rich in practical virtues, too. For Armstrong Floors come to you now with their beauty protected by the new Accolac Processed surface. A light waxing and polishing keeps this surface new-looking. Or in rooms like kitchens that may need frequent washing, freshen up your floor occasionally with a coat of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

You can see these modern floors next time you shop at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. You can see how they look in actual rooms if you write for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." This book also brings you an offer of free personal service in planning your home decoration. Just send 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 914 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Volume 83
Number 4

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
January 26, 1929

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$2 a year United States and Canada;
$4 a year foreign countries

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Air Command

By Laurie York Erskine

The pictures that headquarters demanded would scarcely grace a museum, but the price the squadron paid for them made the Mona Lisa look like a chromo

Table of contents appears on page 53

"Why didn't we get those pictures?" he asked quietly. Madison stiffened in his chair. "You read my report, sir?" he countered

THE fountain pen was leaky and its point was spread; the electric light was yellow, dim and palsied; but Gifford was game. The mood was upon him, and he was writing a letter home. The larger part of it, which would be deleted by a censor, concerned what seemed to be a war.

"The closer you get to this war," wrote Lieutenant Gifford, "the less you seem to know what it's about. Back in the States we were pretty well convinced that it was to save the world for democracy. In training, back near Pau, we sort of dropped that impression and you got the idea that it was really just a chance to see the world, learn to fly and teach French girls how to speak English. The instructors who came back from the front didn't seem half so heroic as they'd appeared back home, and they explained that there was an even chance of your coming out whole if you used discretion and learned your gunnery. Then we got up here to the front and I must say it's different from what I expected.

"We're an observation squadron, flying Salmsons whenever the weather permits, which isn't very often. Mostly we sit around and talk about what we'll do when the war's over. Or we go over to the hospital and fraternize with the nurses. Everybody takes it pretty easy, and I guess it would be an awful shock to most of us if anyone got wounded. They'd want to have somebody arrested. But you don't hear anybody kicking. Even the boys who yearn to be aces and wear medals seem to resign themselves. You're supposed to consider yourself lucky if you get into an easy squadron, and ours is certainly that.

"The C. O. when I came here was Major Henshaw. He didn't do much flying, but he was certainly a good sport. He treated all the fellows just like equals, and when it came to getting up parties the boy was some stepper. Now he's gone back to organize training units, and we're due to get a new C. O. But I guess that won't make any difference."

"HEY, Giff!" yelled Madison, passing behind him. "Drop the publicity and come over to the shed. The major's yearning to meet you."

"Wait'll I sign off!" In deference to the new commander Lieutenant Gifford hurried with his scrawling. "Be right over."

Strolling across the field five minutes later, he met his fellow officers coming back in clotted groups from the meeting. He fell in with Madison and asked questions.

"Well, it wasn't any love feast!" that officer explained.

Gifford became aware that apprehension, bewilderment and indignation dwelt among them.

"He's crazy!" cried Hurdlock. "Crazy as a loon! We can't make a flying field at Balinville! Can't even land there!"

"It's in range of their guns! I've seen 'em dropping their stuff on it!"

"Balinville?" cried Gifford. "Who's got to land at Balinville?"

"The whole damn squadron!" explained Madison grimly. "We move up there tomorrow. We *live* there!"

"Live there!" cried Gifford. "It's all shell holes!"

"We land in 'em."

"There aren't any quarters!"

"Portable sheds and tin huts."

"Drink red ink and wash in rain water."

"Balinville!" Gifford breathed the name incredulously. "Did he say that?"

"He did. And that's all. 'Stay sober and retire early,' he said. 'At 4:30 A. M. the squadron moves up to occupy new quarters at Balinville.' We fly there."

"Judas!" Gifford spoke feverently. "What's his name?"

"MacFane. They say he's a West Pointer. We're just outa luck, that's all."

Foreboding dropped like a pall upon their discourse. In amazement they stayed sober; in disillusionment they retired early.

MacFane was not a West Pointer. Eighteen months before he took command of the Eighty-first Squadron he had been Norton MacFane, of the Fillman Corporation. The Fillman Corporation had been a tidal wave in the pre-war sea of construction engineering. On the Street it was regarded as the creation of sheer financial genius. Among engineers it was known to be the work of Norton MacFane. To MacFane it had been a job; an engineering staff to be organized and set to the accomplishment of intricate and difficult tasks. Obstacles to be overcome; problems which it was declared could not be solved. MacFane had solved them; and, to his surprise, had gained a reputation thereby.

Six months before he took command of the Eighty-first Squadron he looked back upon a year of service in the Lafayette Flying Corps, and in that service his reputation had persisted.

THE United States Air Service took him over, and made a major of him. Also, they took over his reputation. And here was an observation squadron in the doldrums. And here was a terrain over which the big push must advance. And here was an enemy offensive in the air dedicated to the proposition that on no account should a map be made of that terrain; and a shortage of machines, and a shortage of men who could do it. MacFane was called into the Presence.

"We're turning the Eighty-first over to you," he was informed. "You've got

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to shake 'em up, because they're rotten with the idea of peaceful penetration. And," with a pencil point on the map, "you've got to get mosaics of that whole damned terrain."

MacFane studied the maps, and then, through the window, he studied for a little while the skyline.

"I'll fly up there tomorrow," he said, finally.

The Presence was skeptical.

"How'll you go about it?"

MacFane took up the pencil and did his own pointing.

"I'll move 'em up to Balinville. That'll get us close to the field and remind 'em there's a war. Then we'll get the pictures. I'll want some coöperation with a good combat unit. You can't fight and take pictures too."

"O. K." The Presence made a note. "But you can't make a field at Balinville. Have you looked it over?"

"I'll want huts and hangars," answered MacFane, unmoved. "And a couple of engineer companies."

"Fritz," remarked the Presence, "is very active in that sector."

MacFane, who had studied the situation, was considering details.

"I'll fly up there tomorrow," he said again. "And take over. Don't fail to give me good pursuit support. That's vital."

At Balinville, MacFane, who in his time had reclaimed deserts and leveled mountains, proceeded to make an airdrome out of a battlefield. This occupied days during which the squadron lived in tents, ate from a field kitchen, and retired in darkness, for "Fritz was very active in that sector," and lights showed bombers their target.

The officers of the Eighty-first didn't like it. They were dissatisfied. They were outraged. MacFane was a slave driver, a tyrant and, it was suspected, a sycophant, courting promotion at their expense.

"We've got to show him," Madison pointed out, "that he can't get away with it. We're no rookies!"

They showed him. They became silent in his presence and loquacious in their tents. They frowned darkly at his orders, and were supercilious in their execution of them. With every expedient familiar to a group of dissatisfied schoolboys they conveyed their disapproval and their protest.

MACFANE felt it. For him this hardship, this difficulty, this intimate sense of participation in the realities of war was the cream of the adventure. He had gone through it before. But he had gone through it when the men of his squadron had been one with him. A fellowship, it had been, in blind and dangerous service to an incomprehensible end, following orders which, preordained, admitted of no question. And now—that fellowship was missing. His pilots failed to respond.

It troubled him, for, having always, in the past, possessed the good will of his fellows without seeking it, he knew no way of winning them. A man couldn't lecture them. Leave that to the heart-to-heart lads back at the bases. . . . Here was a job of work to be done. All right. Place it before 'em, give 'em their orders, and see that they're carried out. . . . It was all he could do. . . .

Yet it didn't ease the mind of Major MacFane to learn that for protection against the deadly German D Sevens his Salmsons had been allotted two flights of obsolete and feeble Camels. But he had to go through with it.

For his first demonstration he picked Madison, Schuyler, Gifford, Thornet and Snell. Good pilots—he had seen them land deftly in the mud of his leveled field; he had seen them fly superbly in formations—and these were whom he urgently desired to test. Key men of the squadron they were; men whom he must win.

"You'll circle north when you get over Confleury and then take your pictures along the river to Comier," he explained. "That's where we want the overlaps. Between the river and the Haudainville Road up as far as Domier."

Madison spoke very coolly and respectfully.

"That's pretty far over, sir," he remarked. "Fritz isn't likely to sit back and watch."

"You'll have protection." MacFane spoke carefully, patiently. "I'm not denying that the enemy will probably put up a stiff protest. It's no soft snap. But we've got to have those mosaics."

IT WAS a pardonable weakness, that fugitive attempt to awaken the response which he desired; but it was futile. Madison was watching him, quick to repay MacFane's propitiatory effort with misunderstanding.

"Pretty lame," Madison was reflecting. "We've got to have those mosaics, heh? Even if it costs a few ships and a few men. We've got to have 'em to make a showing."

"What'll be the protection, sir?" inquired Gifford.

That unvarnished betrayal of apprehension took MacFane by surprise.

"Camels!" he snapped, and he wished afterward that he had not so grimly answered the boy's naïve question. "They'll meet you over the line at Apremont. Three thousand meters, 8:10 o'clock. It's all in your orders."

"It can't be done!" protested Madison vehemently. "Fritz is crowding the air with D Sevens. They can fly rings round Camels, and we can't fight! We might just as well stay on the ground!"

MacFane felt vaguely a sense of hurt at the doubt and antagonism in his junior's voice; but his countenance didn't betray it.

"Leave that to the Camels," he advised dryly. "Read your orders carefully and if there's anything you don't understand, check up. Remember, your objective is to get those pictures."

They filed out, and MacFane knew that everything they had not said in his presence they would say among their companions in the tents. . . . Fellowship. . . . But not with him. . . .

The telephone tinkled unevenly at his elbow. . . . "It can't be done," Madison had cried. . . . MacFane frowned. . . . A hard job, this. . . . And, damn it, the youngster was right! Camels! To fight D Sevens. . . . He picked up his phone.

"I got your letter," it was the even voice of authority speaking. "And I didn't like its tone. The Camels are all we've got to give you at present. Any pictures?"

"I'm sending out a group in the morning," MacFane explained. "But Lord knows how far they'll get. The sector's crowded with D Sevens."

"I know I can count on you to do your best." The voice of authority was cold.

"You can trust the squadron," said MacFane, "to the limit, sir. But . . ."

Lord, what was the use? To protest was to align himself with Madison and the rest. Authority had spoken. It was all they could do. True or not, there was no use disputing it. . . .

"But what, Major MacFane?"

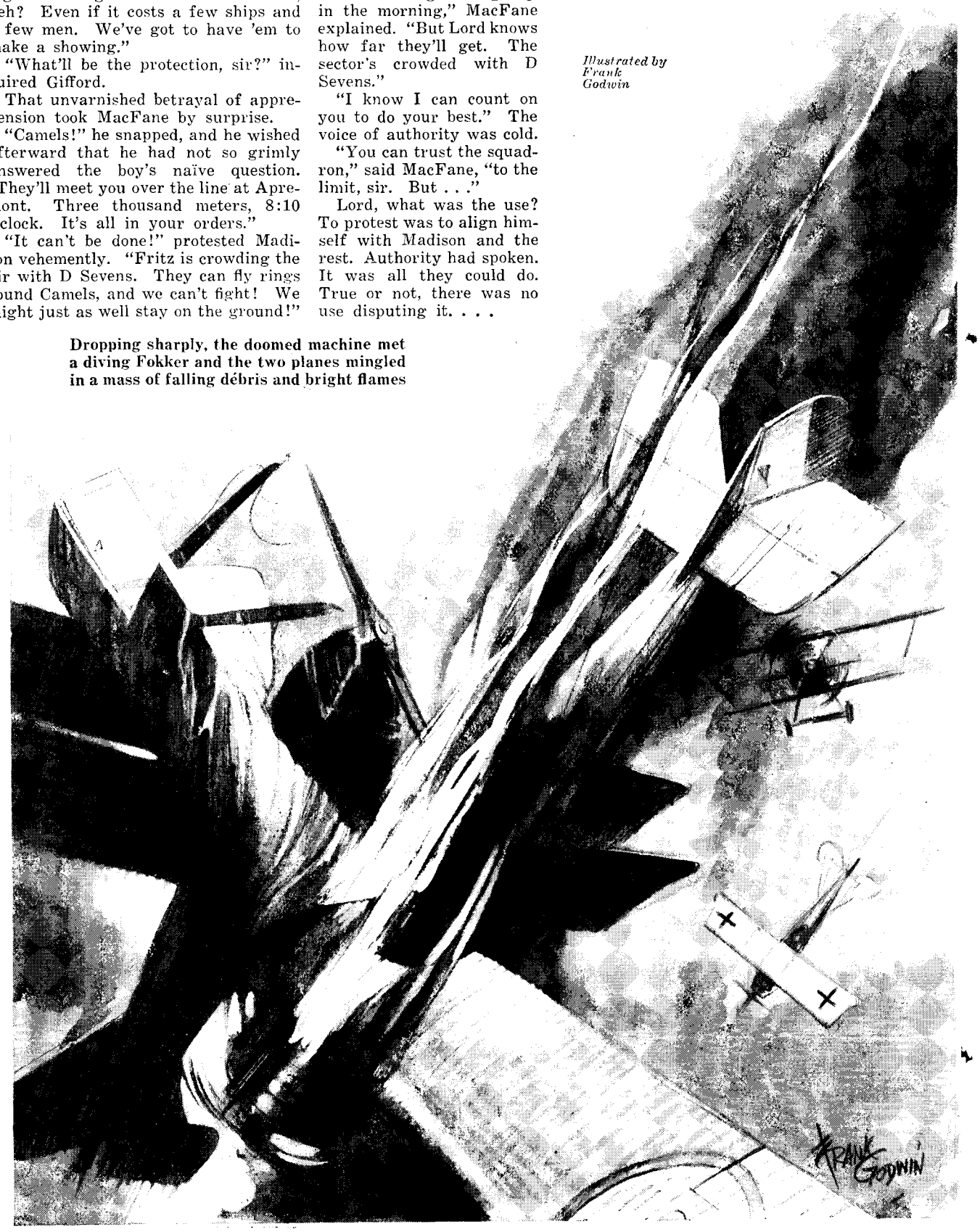
"With a squadron of Spads I could have guaranteed you results," said MacFane.

He hung up the receiver. No use fighting the bit. Headquarters was up against it. He was up against it. The squadron was up against it. Obstacles. Inadequate equipment. Impossible tasks. It all passed down the line. . . . Still, he wouldn't give up. There were ways and ways. . . . If humanly possible, his squadron should have that protection.

"Have my ship ready in the morning," he instructed the chief flight mechanician. "I'll go up and take a look round before breakfast."

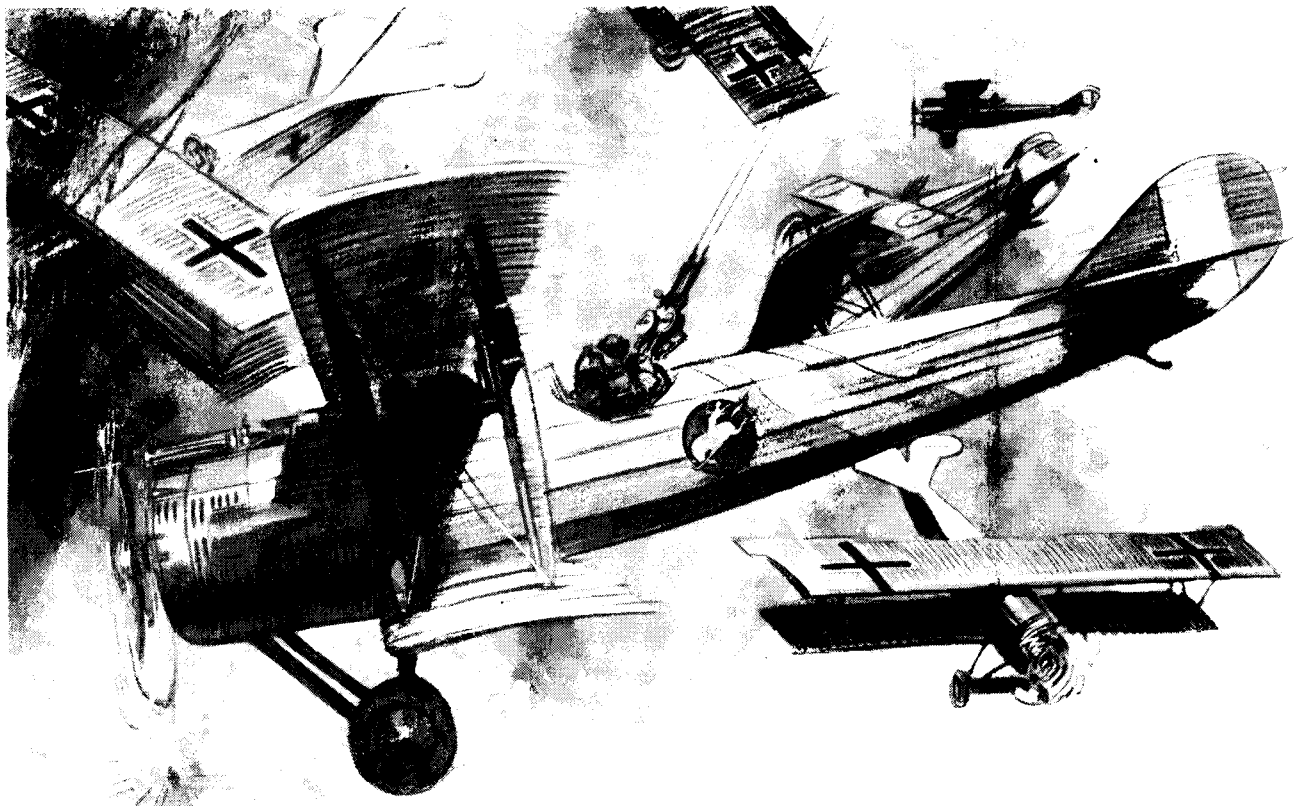
His look round consisted of a flight far over the lines; which were scarcely seven kilometers distant. It was a daring flight, all alone over the mists of the morning. And he was fortunate to return alive. Fortunate, that is, if you leave out of consideration the quickness

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



Dropping sharply, the doomed machine met a diving Fokker and the two planes mingled in a mass of falling débris and bright flames

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



of eye and skill of maneuver whereby he escaped from the sight of a roving group of German scouts which danced in the east against the sunlight.

After breakfast he called in Madison.

"You'll find your way best," he informed him, "by picking up the canal a couple of kilometers south of Apremont. They've got some sort of concentration point about fifteen miles within their lines, and if you get a picture of that in passing, it will be all to the good. I went up and looked things over this morning."

"I understand, sir," said Madison coldly.

But he didn't. In the stress of his own predicament, in his resentment against the fate which drew him, helpless, into a war he'd thought he had avoided, Madison could not in the least understand MacFane's willingness to fly alone over the course which his men were to take in force and under escort.

MacFane inspected the machines, their gear and their fueling. He stood at the flying line until Madison, white-lipped and preoccupied, Gifford, nervous and frowning, Schuyler, Thornet and Snell had roared down the field in their ships and taken off upon their mission. Then he departed by car to beard authority in its den and renew his private warfare for adequate protection.

He was back before noon looking serious, preoccupied and a little grim as he strode to the orderly hut. He read Madison's report and swore melodramatically. It had been a hard morning. A great deal of anteroom waiting; and then—the stone wall. He must put up with what they could give him. Anybody could show results with the whole United States Army behind him. Results with the material at hand—that's what was required of him and of the squadron. But they wanted the mosaics. That was vital. That was imperative. A whole army was waiting for them. A whole push being held up.

Then why didn't they give him some Spads? If they wanted the pictures, why didn't they give him the means of getting 'em? . . . No use. . . . Tired eyes, tired voice replied. They wanted the mosaics. They wanted the whole world, too. He wasn't alone in his lack of equipment. The whole front screamed for planes. . . . They must do their best with what they had. . . . But get those pictures. . . .

MacFane stared out across the field; across the mud; beyond the new pitched huts. His eyes, at first pensive, became hard and bright. They wanted the pictures. All right. He'd get 'em.

"Ask Captain Madison to report here at once with Lieutenants Gifford, Schuyler, Thornet and Snell," he ordered.

They wanted the pictures. Results with what they could give him. . . . And a man could only die once.

THE five officers filed in, saluted, took the chairs he proffered them. MacFane sat at his table, dismissed the orderly and lit a cigarette.

"Why didn't we get those pictures?" he asked quietly.

Madison stiffened in his chair.

"You read my report, sir?"

MacFane nodded.

"Well, there's nothing more to say, sir. They came down on us about three kilometers over the lines. The Camels put up a scrap. One of 'em went down. . . ." His eyes faded, remembering. "We had to withdraw, while—we could."

"You mean the Camels were beaten off?"

"We couldn't very well wait to see. Another lot of Huns were coming up. I thought it best to—save the ships—the cameras. . . ."

"So you ran away."

Madison flushed.

"Our orders didn't say anything about suicide, sir!"

MacFane sat and looked at them through the haze of his cigarette smoke.

"We've got to get those pictures," he said at last; and his voice was very quiet. "Protection or no protection, we've got to get 'em. This squadron's got to be game enough to take its orders and carry 'em out to the last man. We'll go out and take pictures until attacked. If attacked, we'll fight."

"But Camels can't fight D Sevens. It's suicide!"

MacFane turned his grim, sardonic regard upon Schuyler, from whom that outburst had come.

"Camels or no Camels," he insisted monotonously, "we'll fight 'em with Salmsons!"

Gifford and Schuyler almost leaped from their chairs. Madison did. Erect he stood over his commander. "You can't do it!" he cried.

"Get out to your ships!" ordered MacFane. "I'll show you whether we can do it or not!"

Twelve Salmsons were lined up along the flying line. A pilot and a gunner were at their places in each one. And at the controls of the first in the line sat Major MacFane.

"Call it coöperative protection," he had informed his cold and doubting audience a half hour since. "We'll fly in V formation, and we'll look for trouble. I'll be right man in the rear, and Madison will fly left in the rear, because Frawley, his gunner, is the best we've got. In case of attack, we'll fight. But remember your instructions. You're not fighting on your own, you're fighting for the other fellow. Every machine is a decoy, and you attack, not the man who's attacking you, but the man who's attacking your partner. Madison and I will cross over protecting the rear, so keep your ships throttled down, or you'll lose us. Is that plain? . . . Thornet, Gifford and Snell will take the pictures."

A grumbling murmur of assent had assured him it was, and he'd left it at that. It had been his impulse then to appeal to the gallantry and courage which he knew lay in the hearts of most of them. But he knew no way of doing it. Until now his own example had always been enough. . . . So he let it go at that. And as he sat in his cockpit awaiting the take-off he was assailed by a sense of uneasiness, of guilt. . . . He knew that the men he led were following him with reluctance, in bitter resentment against him. As he looked down the line of planes their eyes accused him.

Hurdlock was doing well. Conscious, perhaps, of the commander who flew at his rear, he kept doggedly on his course, the squadron, in its steady V, behind him. The engines droned and sang. Tne hazes of the afternoon gave the whole sky the aspect of a thin curtain, and the sun picked out every waterway on the flat map below. At Domier Hurdlock turned. MacFane, alertly scanning every corner of earth and sky, saw the white faces of the observers turn to him as the formation swept about. And several of the pilots turned. They were watching him. They were nervous. It suddenly appeared to MacFane with the clarity of a new-found fact that not one of these men had ever before flown so far across the lines.

He scanned the two converging lines of moving, droning planes. They hung in the air just below him, suspended by magical and invisible forces between earth and sky. . . . The leader should be taking his pictures now. . . . With a little smile of satisfaction he saw the photographer at his work. . . . Then he frowned. Snell and Thornet were nervous. Looking backward. No confidence.

LAVERY, Snell's gunner, was staring back, pointing. MacFane, following his gaze, saw the enemy. The muscles about his mouth tightened. His eyes narrowed. Results with what they could give him. . . . And the Germans were between him and the lines. . . . All right. They would get results now, or they were doomed.

What was Hurdlock up to? Turning? No. . . . Hurdlock had swung aside a little, trying to see the enemy. . . . All right. There they were, seven of them, swooping down at two hundred miles an hour . . . and there were ten more coming up from the east. . . . Now if the youngsters only kept their nerve. . . .

MacFane fondled the Bowden control on his stick. He pushed his throttle up, drawing closer to Murphy, who flew in front of him. But Murphy drew away. . . . The squadron was stretching out. . . . Good God! The young fools were running for home! Opening wide! And the Fokkers were breaking up, circling for the attack. He grinned. . . . They would attack the rear guard first. It was their way. . . . If the young fools would only throttle down.

The gunfire started. Three Fokkers were diving for his tail. Four were attacking Madison. Frawley was blazing away too soon. Then Miller, his own man, was at it. He felt the bullets ticking through the fabric. From the northeast a flock of the enemy were darting down on the flight like swallows. Two of them left the hovering formation, making madly for the center of the V, for Hurdlock.

MacFane swung his nose upward, got deflection, and fired. A single Fokker flipped over with an astonishing jerk, and its wings came off. As though it had been a signal, Hurdlock reeved down. The V closed in. Ten Lewis guns volleyed away at the Fokkers which harried the rear, and Snell, imitating his commander, sent a hail of shot through Hurdlock's antagonist. . . . From above them Fokkers swooped down.

THE V never broke. The gunners never wavered. It was beautiful. MacFane, with a warm stream of blood running down the back of his neck, grinned exultantly. He had seen three Fokkers go down, and the remaining enemy were not pressing the attack—then something happened. . . .

Thornet's gunner had disappeared, crumpled in his cockpit. Detecting a weak spot, three Fokkers darted down upon him. MacFane, with his forward gun, accounted for one of them, which started incontinently gliding for the earth. A half dozen gunners from the forward planes should have had at the others. But they didn't. Thornet turned. He turned in a downward sweep and lifted his nose as he reached the bottom of it.

"The fool!" cried MacFane to himself. And Thornet's right wing collapsed, flapping in the air in a tangle of wires. With a sharp drop downward the doomed machine met one diving Fokker and (*Continued on page 30*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

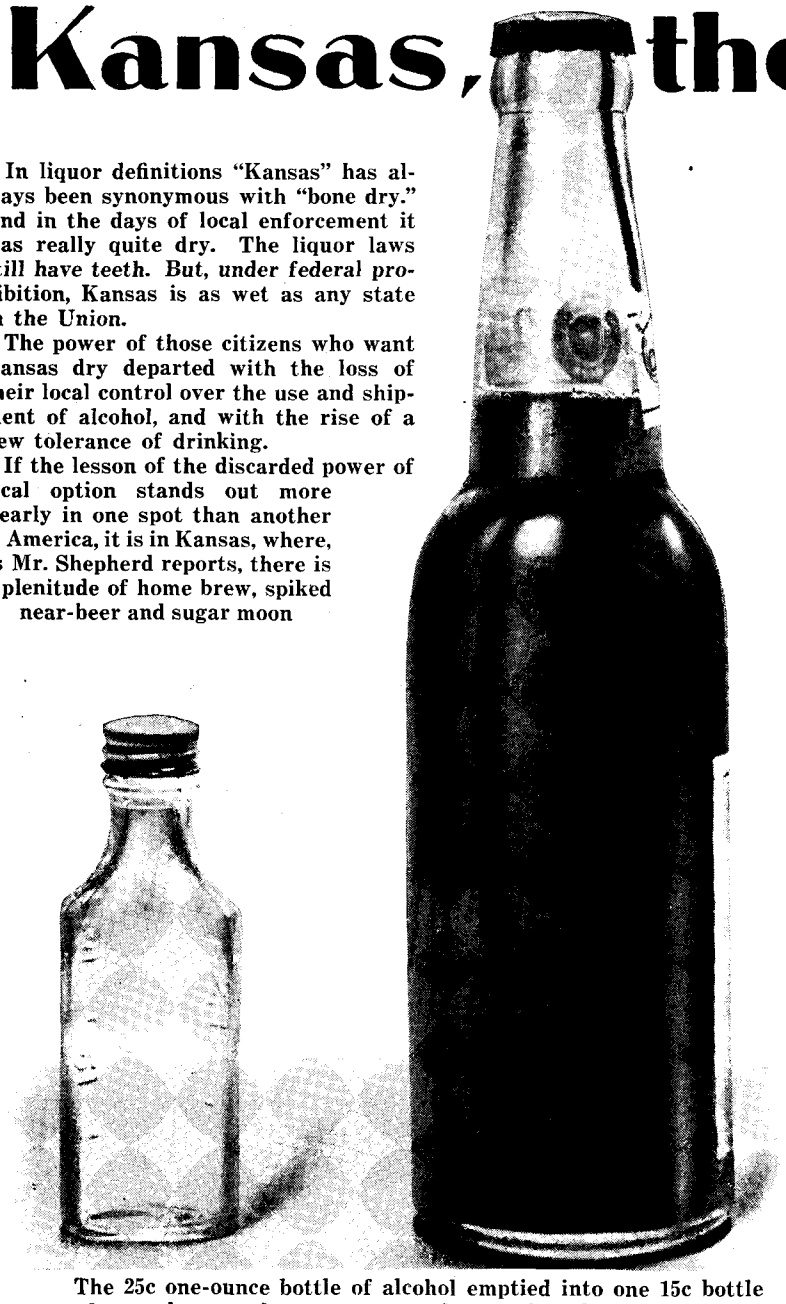
Kansas, the Beer State

By

In liquor definitions "Kansas" has always been synonymous with "bone dry." And in the days of local enforcement it was really quite dry. The liquor laws still have teeth. But, under federal prohibition, Kansas is as wet as any state in the Union.

The power of those citizens who want Kansas dry departed with the loss of their local control over the use and shipment of alcohol, and with the rise of a new tolerance of drinking.

If the lesson of the discarded power of local option stands out more clearly in one spot than another in America, it is in Kansas, where, as Mr. Shepherd reports, there is a plenitude of home brew, spiked near-beer and sugar moon



The 25c one-ounce bottle of alcohol emptied into one 15c bottle of near-beer makes an extremely popular drink in Kansas

BILL BRUSH, chief of police of Topeka, capital of Kansas, allegedly driest state in the Union, sits over a volcano in his office at police headquarters. In the basement directly beneath him is a room specially set aside for home brew captured by his policemen in the city of Topeka.

He took me downstairs to show me how valiantly his police officers had been enforcing the prohibition law. I picked up one of the bottles of home brew and Chief Brush said to me, "For God's sake don't shake that!"

It seems that this home brew stuff is likely to explode and splinter a bottle any time.

"Every now and then up there in my office," explained Chief Brush, "I hear a bunch of flagons popping. You keep this home brew several weeks as we do for evidence in our cases, and you're likely to blow up a court room."

The "Home Brew Room" at the Topeka Police Station is a stone-walled chamber with a great steel door. Chief Brush has another room where he keeps his captured whisky and stills. On all these bottles, beer and whisky—and the beer predominates—there are strips of typewritten paper bearing the names of Topeka citizens. It isn't good to have your name on one of these slips, for Kansas, driest of the bone-dry states, is very rough on possessors of alcohol.

"You call yourself a bone-dry state—what does bone dry mean?" I asked an assistant federal prohibition administrator of the Kansas district. "It means," he said, "that Kansas has a law that makes it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of $300 for any person to possess intoxicating liquor, either for sale or for his own use. A second offense is a felony punishable not by fine but by imprisonment."

Now, while showing that Kansas is drinking just as other states are drinking, I hasten to say that mere disclosures of wetness in America will help no one to solve the prohibition problem. But in the wetness of Kansas, more than of any other state of the Union—with the exception, perhaps, of Maine—there is contained a suggestion of how these United States may, finally, go sanely dry without sparsely dotting the land as at present with Uncle Sam's ineffective prohibition policemen from Washington.

A Lesson in Local Option

The point of all this is that Kansas, under federal prohibition, is as wet as any other state in the Union. This means that it is wetter than it was in the days when Kansas people depended upon their own law-enforcement officers to keep their counties and their state dry. Testimony of all citizens runs to that effect.

It is true that Topeka has always resisted liquor traffic. Indeed the first political fame that ever came to Charles Curtis, Vice President-elect of the United States, came when, as city attorney, he drove the saloons out of Topeka.

But there are no saloons to drive out of Topeka today.

The wetness of Kansas is not a Kansas wetness, after all. You feel that Kansas is buried under a portion of the great national wet blanket and that the power of its citizens who wish to have their state made dry again departed with their loss of local control over the use and shipment of alcohol. They seem to be helpless because of the very lack of federal prohibition enforcement, upon which they are now almost solely and surely foolishly trying to depend.

If the lesson of the value and great power of local option in prohibition stands out more clearly in one spot than in another it is in Kansas.

Every community to which this writer has gone in his investigation of prohibition enforcement has a different way of drinking its booze. In Denver, Col., in Cody, Wyo., and in the surrounding rural districts, whisky made from local beet sugar is the chief drink.

Kansas' drink, at least in the large cities, is beer spiked with alcohol. It's true that drinkers must be careful in Kansas. They don't go around with bulging hip pockets. But—

You will see on this page the photograph of two bottles, side by side.

One is a small bottle which contains an ounce of alcohol. It makes no more of a bulge than a package of cigarettes.

The other is a bottle of near-beer which contains about 11 ounces of liquid. This latter bottle, by chance or otherwise, is so filled that it will contain in its empty neck an ounce of additional liquid.

This liquid is usually alcohol.

Convenient and Effective

In many of the cafés and restaurants of Topeka it is a common sight to see diners, including girls and women, draw a little bulgeless 25-cent one-ounce bottle of alcohol from a pocket or handbag and empty it into the bottle of near-beer which the waiter has brought them.

In one café on Kansas Avenue frequented by dancing couples I had occasion to talk to both the manager and the near-beer man who had dropped in with his morning delivery.

The beer man represented a distributor who handles a certain brand of near-beer exceedingly famous in Kansas. Every town-broke Kansan will know the near-beer I mean.

"I guess," said the beer man, as he collected $17.50 in cash from the manager for his morning delivery, "I guess that more of this beer is sold than any other kind in Topeka."

The near-beer man was right. One of the strangest of the many strange twists that federal prohibition enforcement has taken is the success of a certain brewery in a certain Mid-Western town, maker of this brand of near-beer so popular in Kansas. I'm going to permit an official of a competing brewery to tell how his rival's beer has "gone over" in Kansas. It's the inside story of "beer spiking."

"I used to sell several carloads of near-beer in Kansas, after federal prohibition came in," explained this official, "but suddenly I saw that our Kansas sales were falling off while this other beer began to go like wild fire.

"We got the inside facts. This other brewery had a brewmaster who was an expert. He decided that he could find a way of making a near-beer that would absorb alcohol poured into it so that the taste of the beer would not be spoiled. The trouble with near-beer up to that time was that it would not mix well with alcohol. The drink didn't have the real beer taste.

"Well, this brewmaster tried for several months and finally—at least so the public thinks—he hit on the right method. You know most of the breweries, in making near-beer, must first make full-strength beer and then cook the full-beer strength out of it. This process of the resultant near-beer flattens it. This brewmaster used a process of arrested fermentation; he didn't allow alcohol to form in his beer. 'Welcome, stranger,' says the near-beer when the alcohol is poured into it.

"Of course I don't want to knock my own near-beer, but that brewmaster achieved something. His company found out a way of advertising the discovery, too. It sent a crew of old-time saloon keepers on the road in Kansas. They'd go to a town boosting the near-beer. They'd get the right people and they'd show them how perfectly you could 'spike' the beer. Before long, in that town, everybody who knew his onions would be asking for that beer.

Thumbing—A New Art

"That brewery has doubled its capacity twice in the past two years. You take one of those little bottles of alcohol and pour it into a bottle of that beer and you have a very strong eight or nine per cent beer. Of course you have to 'thumb' it pretty well."

"What's thumbing!" I asked.

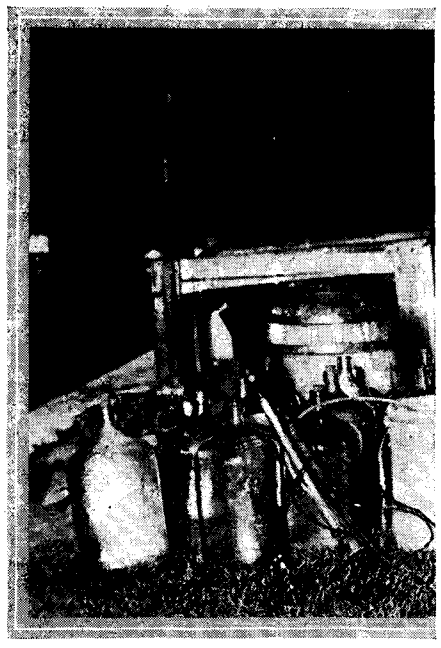
"Why, you put your thumb over the neck of the bottle and turn the bottle upside down and shake it, and the alcohol mixes in the beer just as if it were made in it.

"Now, while four per cent beer is considered fairly mild, six per cent beer is fairly strong. But this spiked beer of Kansas is stronger than the beer the most daring breweries turned out in pre-prohibition days."

Apparatus for making home brew is for sale at almost every hardware store, drug-store or 5-and-10-cent store in Topeka. I made notes at a counter in one of the big 5-and-10-cent stores in the town. Here's the way they ran:

Bottle filling valve	15c
Bottle filling strainer	10c
Bottle filling clamp	10c
Rubber tubing, per foot	5c
3-piece aluminum shaker	15c
Corks	12 for 5c
Cork-lined bottle caps	24 for 5c

In one line of nation-wide 5-and-10-cent stores the sale of home-brew equip-



It's not all beer in Kansas; as witness the homemade whisky

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William G. Shepherd

ment has been stopped in Topeka and elsewhere by order of the owner, who is a heavy contributor to the Anti-Saloon League.

Not long ago one of the largest hardware stores of Topeka put on display in one of its windows a full line of equipment for making home brew. Over at the federal prohibition office they told me about it indignantly.

"Of course, it wasn't against the law for the hardware firm to sell this material," said one of the federal prohibition officials, "but it didn't look right." (Things in Kansas must always *look* right.) "We sent a man to the hardware store owners to ask if they wouldn't remove the display. They told us that they didn't want to violate public opinion and so they removed the display."

I do not give this because it is an instance of Kansas hypocrisy; I give it as an instance of an effort at cold, calculated job-holding on the part of federal prohibition officials in the Kansas office.

With about 30 federal enforcement officials to cover the states of Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma, including the great cities therein, and involving 5,000,000 people, how can the federal prohibition office in Topeka do any more than make tiny gestures? These few federal men dash righteously about the state, make speeches to women's clubs, try to make the state *look* dry—and draw their pay. They told me all the good things they could about themselves, but when I asked critical questions they referred me to Washington. They were as secretive as Philadelphia policemen.

Where All is Not as It Seems

Appearances, in spite of the wishes of federal office holders to have them so, are not always dry and decent in Kansas.

The first and only store I have ever seen in all these United States for the exclusive open sale of home brewers' or bootleggers' appliances and devices I found in Topeka, Kan., under the very eyes of the federal prohibition officials. The address is (unless the place has since been closed) 1125 Kansas Avenue. Kansas Avenue is the main thoroughfare of Topeka. Across it, at Sixth Street, passes a great transcontinental motor highway. Up and down it, on both sides, are the great stores and business houses of Topeka.

You will see a photograph of this strange Kansas store on the upper right of this page. It is a peculiar-looking picture, but the fact of the matter is that the photographer was being menaced by a waving rifle in the hands of the alleged owner. During the excitement, which ultimately resulted in the arrival of the police, the photographer took a double exposure.

Shortly thereafter all apparatus was removed from the window so that another photograph would have shown only an old chair on display.

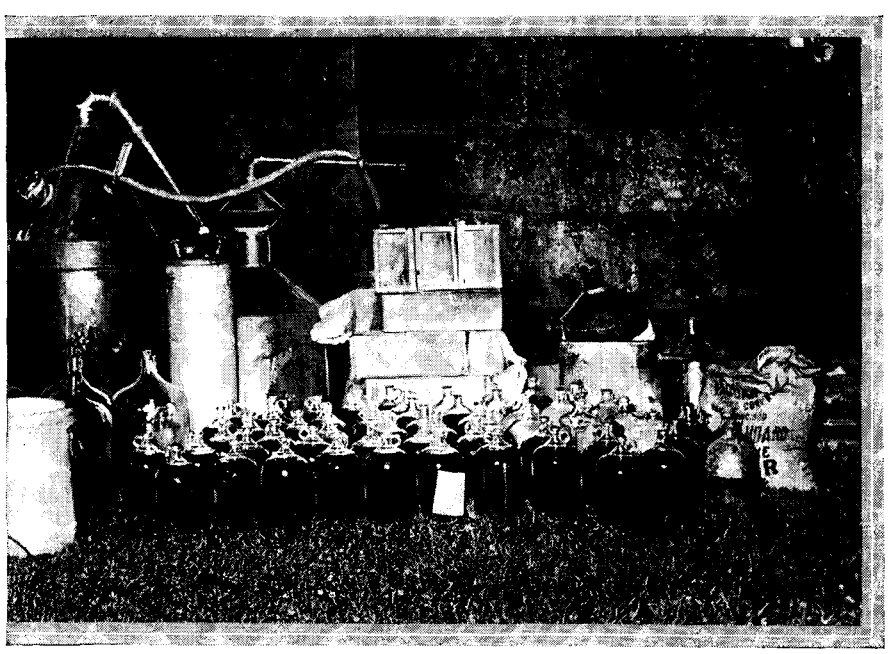
For sale in the place were one-ounce alcohol bottles, one-quart beer bottles, five-gallon glass bottles, and stone jars ranging in size from one to ten gallons. The proprietor had bottle-capping machinery and a new apparatus which I had never seen before, a machine for putting colored tinfoil on the top of whisky bottles so that these bottles looked as if they had come directly across the ocean from Europe.

Now, I am not saying that Kansas is entirely a beer-drinking land like Germany. It is very easy to come across traces of other liquor.

The enforcement of the prohibition law is in the hands of county sheriffs and of the federal prohibition administrator. There are no state prohibition inspectors or officers who travel in search of prohibition violation. But there are inspectors of other Kansas state departments who get about the state and cannot help seeing prohibition violations.

Wherefore, I went to the Agricultural Department—agriculture being a lively industry in Kansas—and asked to see an inspector who was a field man.

Here's a flashlight that brought a night squad of Topeka, Kan., policemen to the spot where it was taken. The excited Topeka photographer, acting for Collier's at the time, cannot well be blamed for taking a double exposure for the simple reason that while he was taking this picture of this "bottle supply" store on Topeka's main business street he was exposed to a swaying rifle in the hands of the store owner, who didn't want his store front displayed in any magazine



This Kansas still could fill 12 of the neat one-gallon bottles shown here with $12-a-gallon whisky in 12 hours

A. E. Langworthy was the inspector who chanced to be in the office. Mr. Langworthy assured me he had been in favor of prohibition long before Kansas went dry as a state.

"I see traces of booze around," he said, "but no more than in the old days. Folks will break laws whether they're prohibition laws or some other kind. Now see what we agricultural experts have to put up with.

"Not long ago we found a fellow who was selling supposed shorts at a lower price than other makers. Now shorts is supposed to have wheat in it to fatten the hogs. Well, sir, this fellow had found a way to grind up limestone and bran so that the mixture weighed just exactly what shorts weigh. There wasn't a single fattening thing in that bran and limestone, yet Kansas farmers were buying it for shorts and wondering why their hogs didn't get fat. 'Course they didn't—they got thin.

"We found another fellow selling a hog remedy for from $10 to $17 a gallon. I suppose the farmers who were feeding their hogs with limestone shorts were also treating them with this $17 hog remedy. The remedy was 90 per cent water.

"So you see somebody is always breaking the law whether it's the prohibition law or some other kind."

Mr. Langworthy took from his desk a license as a pharmaceutical chemist.

"Now that license shows what I am talking about," he said. "I worked in drug stores in Kansas for many years and I can work in one now any time I want to because I'm up-to-date.

The Druggists' Contribution

"I have had the proprietor of a drug store throw a glass of whisky right in my face."

"Was he mad at you?" I asked.

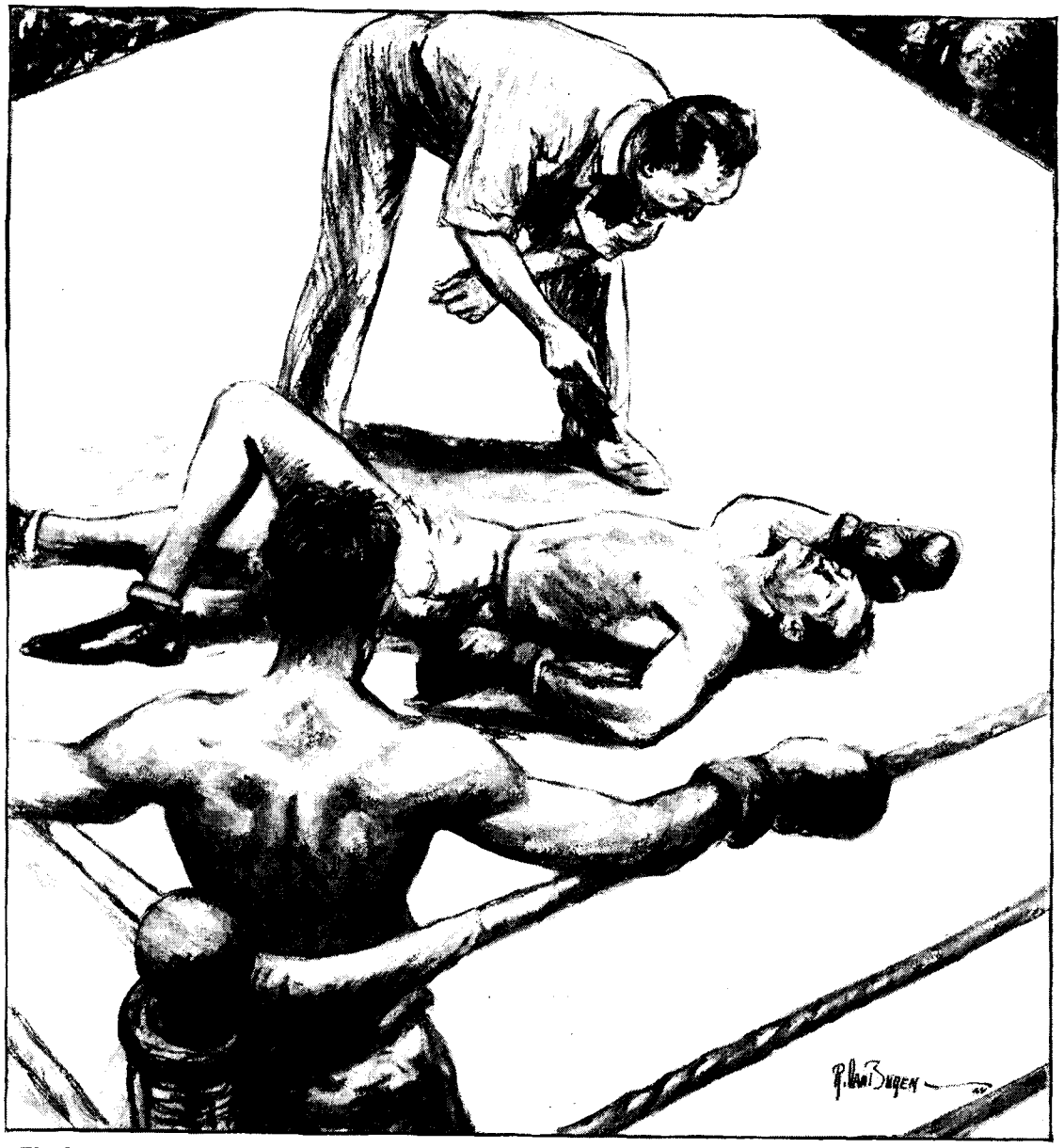
"Why, no," replied Mr. Langworthy, "he was only trying to get rid of a glass of whisky because he didn't want to drink any more that night with the business men who would come in to drink behind his prescription case. He didn't know I was behind him. There were some druggists I worked for in Kansas who were really dry. They wouldn't sell whisky to anybody except on a prescription for medicinal purposes. But there were some other druggists I worked for who drank and encouraged other folks to drink.

"There were regular bars behind some of the prescription cases. The druggist would set out a big bottle of *Spiritus Frumenti* on the prescription counter and would have a flock of glasses beside it. I had to sell many a drink of liquor in those days, but I rarely had to pour it. The old-timers would come in and pour themselves a drink of whisky and lay 15 or 25 cents—I forget which—on the counter beside the bottle. They were leading business men, for druggists wouldn't permit bums or loafers to hang around their places.

"Every evening after dinner you could be sure that six or eight men would drop in to liquor up with the druggist. He had to go carefully, of course, because every now and then he would have to wait on a customer."

In the southeast corner of Kansas are Cherokee and Crawford counties. In these counties are the deserted stripped coal mines from which Kansas citizens, many of them now permanently rich, took black coal directly from the surface of the soil. In these deserted districts are rows of miners' cabins which are seldom visited by outsiders and in these deserted mine districts sugar whisky is made. Agricultural inspectors and other persons whose business takes them into these deserted communities are aware of these facts. So, I discovered, were the officials in the offices of the prohibition administrator. In fact, when I brought up this question of stripped-coal-mine "moon" I was informed that all statements concerning such matters must come from Dr. Morris Doran, the Chief Prohibition Administrator at Washington. The Prohibition Department at Topeka is the most secretive, (*Continued on page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by R. Van Buren

The bell ending the fight rang with the champion still on the canvas, as cold as a polar bear's kiss

King High

By H. C. Witwer

Reel ten of "Bigger and Better"—in which Luck deserts Jackie at a crucial moment, and comes back at another

TOMMY MOORE—namely, one of the snappiest poets which ever wins himself a splitting headache trying to find a word which will rhyme with "oblige"—once got the following out of his system:

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells!"

By a odd coincidence, gang, bells has told many's the pungent tale to *me*, likewise: ship bells, church bells, school bells, dinner bells, fire bells, cow bells, wedding bells, shooting gallery gongs, clock chimes, old-clothesmen's and scissors-sharpeners' bells, burglar alarms, doorbells, Isabelles, telephone bells, small-town belles, Mabels, belladonna, or which is the main entrance? But of all the bells which ever clanged, I'll state they's one whose music is as familiar to me as the smell of arnica and resin. In round numbers, I refer to the bell which starts and ends each frame of a prize fight. One of them gongs made boxing history—hark ye!

I'll have you know that managing the logical contender for a world's championship, like hypnotism, sword-swallowing, or driving a car in Los Angeles, calls for ability along peculiar lines. Honest to Rickard, a guy's got to have the nerve of a blind aviator, the brains of the chief warden of Yale, the showmanship of a revivalist and the patience of a flea-circus trainer. This master mind's got to be his fighter's governess, cash register, yes-man and pal, standing between him and the raft of loudspeakers which infests the training camp of the Grade-A scrapper, craving to live off him while he's out in front.

Them poisonous gate-crashers spray the highly pleased kid with "Hello, Champ!" before he's ever peered from behind his guard at the title-holder—and should he finally do so and get himself knocked off, well, "I told you he was just another bum!" sneers his former wild admirers.

Them eggs, other managers which wishes to steal the gold mine you created, and the Good-Time Charleys with their hotsy-totsy ladies, is what the boxer's teeth-gnashing pilot's got to kick out the door in a diplomatic way. You can wager all the tire-irons in Detroit that to do this and keep peace with your battler is a difficult feat, my masters. Fighters is made, but managers is *born*—many with two strikes on 'em!

"Well, to get down to cases, as the bootlegger says, I'm afraid I was all broke out with what it takes to front for a mauler, so making championship material out of Jackie King, a flashy welterweight, was simply a matter of routine. Jackie made canvas-inspectors out of all the other challengers in jig time and finally Jimmy McCabe, the champ, run out of excuses and had to box him, for fear the kiddies would tag after him in the streets and howl "For shame, for shame!"

TO LURE this pacifist into a ring with us, we had to cross the palm of his owner, Shylock Wiggins, with fifty grand and this was to be returned to us intact should McCabe go crazy and win. If, on the other hand, Mr. Champ should get slapped stiff, they would take the fifty thousand dollars to buy enough ammonia to bring him back to life.

That pact was merely the usual "just-in-case" protection a title-holder rates in what is now a high-class racket with the small-time yeggs eliminated. It's against the rules of the boxing commissions in every state where assault and battery is okay if tickets is sold for same, but then so's selling booze against the rules. Ha, ha!

A heavy rain postponed the Battle of Eternity for a week and this steamed up my bold Jackie, which was anxious to flatten McCabe so's he could co-star with the breath-taking Fay Daniels in a great, big talkie. For no reason at all, Jackie had worked as a type in a flock of epics on the Coast and this break was promised him at fat wages and a fatter percentage, should he click. The proposed seven-reel attack on your intelligence was to be directed by Melbourne Maxim, our buddy and one of the greatest megaphone flaunters which ever admitted the word "No" was simply a typographical error in the dictionary. So much for that.

A hopeless victim of girl trouble, Jack was about to commit marriage in cold blood with Fay Daniels; viz, the ace peasant-player of Colossal Productions' speakies. Unlike four thirds of her Hollywood playmates, my dears, this pretty trouper could talk Park Avenue English and also packed a singing voice which passed through your ear drums without inflicting mortal pain therein. To many's the oversold exhibitor, block-booked silly and taking 'em on the chin, Fay was all which stood between him and a leap off the highest bridge in the county!

Much to Jack's delight, his weakness was still one of Manhattan's show places, though champing at the bit to take off for Los Angeles and make the biggest sound production she'd yet tried her larynx on. This poultice was Jeanette; i. e., last year's musical comedy smash which Colossal had bought for a hysterical sum, only to find that the legitimate producers of the show was nothing but Airedales in the manger. Them gents ejaculated that "motion picture rights" had nothing whatsoever to do with "songs and dialogue" and should Colossal make a noisy out of Jeanette they'd immediately be up to their ears in lawyers.

While matters was hanging fire, Moe Weinstein, Fay's press agent, which was known as Director General of Publicity for short, give birth to his annual idea. This gil favored us with a visit at our inn.

"JACK," he says, "Fay Daniels is going to talk over the radio tomorrow as a ballyhoo for her new picture, Two-Thirds Married, and likewise to smoke up the opera she'll toss with you, if you stop the champ. I'd like to have you make a brief sermon, too. Can I count on you?"

"Don't speak about *counting* on him, Dizzy!" I exclaims, jumping up nervously. "Where'd you ever see anybody counting over Jack King?"

"Pardon you," grins the pest. "I must have used the wrong verb, as the cross-word puzzle fiend remarked. But seriously, this radio gag would be a great boost for Jack."

"If the broadcastin' station's near, I'll do it," announces Jack. "But it's got to be close, so's when I finish my monologue I can bound back to this trap and hear myself talk on my own loud speaker!"

"Ha, ha!" Moe yesses. "You kill me! Say, can I print that nifty? It'll get a laugh!"

"Sure," says Jackie. "But don't try to print it in the Evenin' Howl."

"Why not?" inquires Chevalier Weinstein.

"Because that's where I read it," yawns Jack.

The following morning, the sun broke its own consecutive appearance record by rising again and, after inhaling a light breakfast, Jackie hopped off for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the broadcasting joint. He was to get a dress rehearsal before the mike first, though till midnight he'd howled his three-minute talk at me, selling it like all get-out. It was a yell—all about "The manly art of self-defense," and "spiritual and physical development that comes from facing an opponent in an honest contest of brains and brawn" and other such hooey. Personally, we was both satisfied it had been wrote by the Hon. James Joseph Tunney.

I'd promised my athalete I'd be on hand when he cut loose with this applesauce on the innocent millions listening in and as I was ankling across Times Square a very abba-dabba cutey sideswiped me and like to made me turn turtle. She nearly took a flop herself, so I grabbed her and we clinched till we both got our feet. The perfume almost had me set for a operating table, children, and then, either muttering a apology or swearing at me, she was gone. I immediately reached for my watch and pin, but they was safe at their moorings and so was the bankroll, as I felt with a touch of my hand in my pants pocket. Still scowling, I was just going to pull out the wad and take stock, when somebody calls:

"Marty Evans! What on earth put that look on your face?"

"My parents," I growls to beautiful Queenie Davis, my betrothed, for such, gentle reader, was whom which addressed me. This little panic was in tow of her mother, with which I was as popular as scurvy.

"I'm going over to hear Jack King speak on the radio for the first time in his life," I adds. "Come on with me and bring your delightful parent."

"Let's go, Mother," gurgles Queenie. "It'll be lots of fun!"

"You must get another dinner gown for your next picture," says dear old mother, putting on the chill. "And if I don't go with you, Heavens knows *what* you'll pick out. It certainly wasn't from *me* that you get your rather peculiar taste in dresses—and husbands!"

WITH that, she give me a dirty look and got it back with loan shark's interest, what I mean.

"I love that!" Queenie exclaims, burning. "What's the matter with Marty? He's honest, sober and reliable."

"So is Oscar, our German police dog," says Mother calmly. "If you'd played your cards as I directed, you might have married a millionaire—a Harvard cut-up or one of those Yale specials."

"Oh—money!" sniffs Queenie scornfully. "Don't worry, we won't starve. I'll be a star some day and Marty's smart—he'll always get change when he pays a bill no matter how big it is! I did lots of window shopping, Mother dear, before I selected him. My husband must understand me!"

"Humph!" replies my menace. "Why shouldn't he? Those women who say their husbands don't understand them are probably right now and then, but sooner or later they find out that nobody else understands them, either!"

"Well, let's hear my funny boy friend speak his piece," I says, to change the subject and the predicate likewise. "Jack can't turn a wheel if *I* ain't behind him."

"Another nice boy you ruined," snaps Queenie's charming female ancestor. "He wouldn't be a fighter if it wasn't for you!"

I consider that one of the greatest compliments I ever been paid in my life. That's exactly what I'd been trying to tell Jackie King for years!

My next imitation was to call a taxi, boys and girls, and when we clattered up to the radio station I squinted at the clicking cheater and seen the stick-up was two bucks and eighty cents. So I pulled out my roll, flipped back the dollar bill on the outside—and instantly swooned back in the seat with a moan! Under that dollar, mind you, was a mass of neatly cut strips from a newspaper. Creeping mackerel! That blonde which stumbled into me a little while before had sent me to the cleaners and Queenie coming along the next minute had stopped me from finding it out right away. I couldn't help but admire that lady dip's technic, but the burly taxi driver was scowling at me and I was as broke as a political promise! What to do?

"C'mon, send in, Brother, or I'll show you some John Laws!" grunts our chauffeur courteously, while Queenie gasps and her mother seems tickled to death. She was having a gorgeous time, for it looked like I'd get pinched. This is always a show-stopping act on the sidewalks of New York and already a audience was gathering to give me the bird. How we laugh when Life, that ace of slapstick comedians, hurls a pie at the other guy, hey?

"I'm Marty Evans, manager of Jack King, the fighter," I whispers, a bit weak. "I ain't got a thin dime on me, but wait till I dash upstairs and I'll come down with plenty."

"Now *I'll* tell one!" snarls the taxi driver. "You cheap gyppers is gettin' on my nerves!"

With that, he went to work and bawled to the traffic cop and that baby strolls over for a earful. While he's getting it, I butted in.

"OFFICER," I pants, "a woman bumped into me in Times Square and rolled me for the works. I—"

"Which of these dames was it?" demands the copper, stepping on the running board and frowning at the dumfounded Queenie and her mother. Both of 'em exclaimed indignantly and Queenie hurriedly paid off for me, while the crowd laughed heartily.

"And that," sneers my coming mother-in-law to Queenie, "is the clown you're going to marry!"

"Oh, hush, Mother!" snaps Queenie, as we backed into the radio building. "A thing like that could happen to anybody!"

"Anybody like *him!*" growls this fan of mine. I said nothing. I was fit to be tied!

Upstairs in the broadcasting-room, good folk, Jack and a merry crowd was on hand, most of which we knew. The first acquaintance I pegged was Kempton Calhoun, *née* Peter Dugan, a life guard, now a star for Colossal Productions and triple cuckoo over Fay Daniels, which he'd formerly been teamed with in box-office wows. They was likewise another of the eye-soothing Fay's victims present in the shape of Welton Gordon, a bald-headed millionaire playboy which loved to stall around wherever the front-page habitués held forth. Both these prancing jobbies was like something in your eye and they was perpetually trying to put over a fast one on Jack, but to date he had 'em cheated. They greeted us warmly—the snakes in the grass!

"That postponement of the championship bout was a lucky break for you, King," says Calhoun, which was East getting his voice vulcanized for the talkies. "You ought to pray it will rain forever!"

"Yeah?" remarks Jack softly, as Fay frowned and moved over to him. "How come?"

"Why, McCabe was never better in his life!" explains Calhoun loudly, so's all can hear. "He'll just about execute you, old son, when you *do* get in there with him. I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money in the world!"

I gazed at this sneering bozo and then over to where Fay had her arm around Jack. Digging my elbow in Calhoun's ribs, I pointed to the happy lovers.

"You wouldn't be in Jackie's shoes, hey?" I grins. "Don't kid me, Big Boy!"

Calhoun snarled viciously and turned away to get his feelings soothed by this Welton Gordon tomato.

WELL, the blah-blah announcer pattered a few pre-war wisecracks and then, as it was almost ten o'clock in the morning, some bird goes on the air with bedtime stories for chorus girls and night watchmen. Following that, lads and lassies, come a number which goaled me and Jack. They broadcasted a couple or three phonograph records over the radio—the height of something, I don't know what, but I'll say that's cutting down expenses, tough on the radio fans! Next, Fay Daniels released a nobby talk on her current movie, warbled a ballad and then come the dessert—Mr. Jack King.

Jackie was handed his recitation on a slip of paper, which, as had been carefully figured, could be read in three minutes flat. How the so ever, Calhoun's sarcastical side remarks had the kid running a temperature and his set speech on the mysteries of boxing went by the board. They snickered when he got up to speak, but before the astounded Moe Weinstein could drag him away from the mike, Jackie had turned loose the following in a high, shrill voice:

"The talkin' picture has come to go! The producers has simply hit a bum bottle and they'll be plenty headaches amongst 'em before this flurry about sound is over. The public was gettin' fed up on the machine-made hooey turned out by. (*Continued on page 51*)

She nearly took a flop herself, so I grabbed her. We clinched until we got to our feet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wings of

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN is court-martialed and dismissed from the United States Air Force on the charge made by Captain Lastry of striking his superior officer, Captain Lastry himself, and of cheating at cards. Stacked against him are the facts that he is adept at card tricks and that he speaks German perfectly.

The only one in sympathy with young Delavan is Major Henrichs, who thinks the charges absurd. After the court-martial Major Henrichs befriends the boy, who is heartbroken and disillusioned, and introduces him to his brother, Judge Henrichs, who listens to the story of the trial and further draws the boy out about his life.

Millard is an orphan, the son of a once famous actor who has been dead for many years and about whom Millard knows little, except that some rich woman "made a monkey out of him and sent him away." The boy, brought up by an aunt, a German woman, has lived very much by himself and in his imagination and has always wanted adventure.

At Judge Henrichs' home Millard meets Madame Seidler, Joyce Van Deusen and her aunt, Mrs. Van Deusen. Mrs. Van Deusen stares hard at Millard and after he goes breathlessly asks the judge where he found him.

II

JUDGE HENRICHS was seated at the desk of his private office—a pleasant room in an old-fashioned downtown building.

Three of the walls of his office were lined with legal reports—the treasured siftings of the grist-mills of the law. But in the fourth wall was a triple-casement which overlooked the confluence of Wall, Broad and Nassau streets—that is to say, the center of a golden corn field which fed a world at war.

The judge was not alone. To use the modern phrase, he was in conference.

On the other side of his flat-top desk sat a visitor with the brooding eyes of a prophet and the hands of a son of Vulcan—a man whose mouth twitched now and then as though he needed rest. On the desk lay a number of stock certificates. Judge Henrichs had just opened his check-book and was dipping his pen in the ink.

"Before signing the check," he said, leaning back in his chair, the precious drop of ink still held inviolate in the pen, "I think you ought to know one additional circumstance about Delavan. As I told you before, I am willing to vouch for him in every way. But I want you to know that he left the aviation service because of court-martial proceedings—striking his superior officer and—er—so forth. My brother, Major Henrichs, was on the court; and he is personally convinced that Delavan was well justified."

"As long as you vouch for him, Judge, and your check is good," cautiously remarked Vulcan's son. "I'll take a chance on him, even if he beat up his whole unit."

"The check will be certified," said the judge, leaning over his check-book again. "And while we're waiting for it, I'll ring for Delavan," he presently added, covering the stock certificates with other papers.

If you had been there when Delavan appeared—tall, pale and yet carrying himself with unconscious grace—you would have seen that, although perhaps the passing days had slightly softened its bitterness, he was still wearing the somber mask of those who walk the uncharted paths of the Vale of Disillusion.

"Delavan," said the judge, "this is Mr. Thomas of the Arrow Aero Manufacturing Company. I told you last night that Mr. Thomas was looking for a young man who knows something about aviation—and as soon as he mentioned his wants I naturally thought of you."

There was no mistaking the air of interest with which Delavan turned to Mr. Thomas—as a prisoner, it might be said, turns toward a possible way of escape.

"The Arrow Aero Company," he repeated. "Isn't your factory on Long Island?"

"YES," replied the other, reaching in his pockets. "Here's a picture of it—on our letter-head. I'll be glad to take you over and show you—when I get through here. We're working on a contract for the Greek Government and expect the planes to be rolling out of the assembly shop by the end of the week. We're also expecting a lot of work from Washington."

"The salary—" prompted the judge.

"Hundred a week to start," said Vulcan's son in the voice of one who repeats a lesson just learned.

"And when could he start?"

"Any time."

Delavan started that same day, thanking whatever gods there were for this diversion from the lonely paths of disillusion. The Arrow Aero factory, he found, was within commuting distance of the city; and although it was far from being as large as the drawing on the letter-head—the eyes of prophecy having probably guided the hand of the artist—it was by no means an unimportant enterprise.

"If this war only lasts long enough," said Vulcan's son, showing his new employee through the works, "we'll have Ford sweating before we're through."

Delavan couldn't have come at a better time. He spent his first day in the pattern shop, where the wooden forms were made. The next day he spent in the foundry, learning how models of wood are duplicated in aluminum, brass and steel. These parts he then followed to the machine shop, where he saw them smoothed and fitted as though they were so much pine. Then after a day in the assembly shop he helped to roll a new plane out on the flying field and after a long trial flight with Holquist, the chief inspector, it was decided that Delavan should fly alone the following day.

"You've had plenty of solo flying, you say?" asked Holquist.

"Yes," said Delavan, somewhat shortly.

"How many hours?" persisted the other.

"About a hundred."

"And you're not in the army?"

"Are you?" demanded Delavan, his voice slightly rising.

The two men stared at each other, their eyes alert like those of two fighting birds. Delavan's glance, however, was easily the more steadfast, as though at a word—at a move—he was ready to spring. Holquist laughed a little and stooped down to pick up a handful of sand.

"You needn't get mad about it," he said. "Me—I'm not in the army because I couldn't get mad about that, either."

He moved away and deep in his heart Delavan knew that he had made an enemy—an inquisitive enemy—where it would have been better to have had a friend. . . .

He went up alone the following afternoon. He had written Judge Henrichs of the coming event, but at three o'clock he decided to wait no longer.

HEADING against a light breeze which was blowing from the south, the earth was soon gently swaying and swimming away from him—only the roaring of the engine to convince him that he was not drifting over the world—a disembodied spirit, not far from being one with the gods seated on a cloud and whiling away an idle hour by glancing down at the scene of the human comedy. Away to his right were the distant towers and minarets of New York; on his left was the faded blue immensity of ocean.

"If I only had gas enough to fly over there!" he thought, with a wistful glance at a steamer's smoke at sea.

Being denied the straight-away, he accepted the merry-go-round—that is to say, he followed the common lot of men. Finding his plane was riding easily, he tried her on the turns, banking more and more steeply till he was all but pivoting on his wing-tips.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Destiny

Continuing a story of swift and perilous adventure

By George Weston

Finding that his plane was riding with ease, he tried it on the turns, banking more and more steeply

"She handles well," he exulted, beginning to feel that excitement which sooner or later always came to him in the air. "Now let's see how she takes the hurdles!"

He pushed the stick gently forward and opened wide the throttle. With a swoop and a roar his plane took the down-grade till her indicator finger pointed to 120 miles an hour. Then pulling back his stick, Delavan saw the plane's nose grandly rising—and rising—until it was pointed straight for the highest point of heaven. And then, just at the moment when it ought to have dropped, tail-down, to the hungry earth below, the never-failing miracle happened. The plane's nose, continuing its arc, passed over the pilot's head and brought him his second breathless moment, when he knew that he was flying upside down. And then, still grandly curving, he presently completed the loop and came once more to an even keel—and laughed aloud with sheer delight, and felt that tingle of the blood which probably came to Hyperion the first time he attempted to ride the wind. . . .

WHEN Delavan landed, half an hour later, he found that Judge Henrichs had been watching him.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get here before," said the judge, "but—you see?—I'm not alone. Mrs. Van Deusen is motoring through to her cottage at Glen Cove."

He led the way to a limousine which was parked near the roadway. At his approach, a chauffeur sprang out and opened the door of the tonneau.

"Oh, Mr. Delavan!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Deusen, leaning forward. "I never saw more beautiful flying in my life! But you shouldn't! You mustn't! Oh, if anything had happened up there—!"

Delavan bowed low, removing his helmet with a graceful gesture that would have adorned any page of chivalry.

Judge Henrichs was watching him closely, but there was nothing to show that the young man had noticed the tremor in Mrs. Van Deusen's voice—or the two spots of color which had risen above her rouge.

"If danger died today, madame," said he, unconsciously quoting from Steel and the Golden Age, "where could we turn for excitement tomorrow?"

MADAME SEIDLER'S dark-eyed face bent eagerly forward from Mrs. Van Deusen's side.

"Lovely!" she exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you the other evening that you were an eagle?"

Delavan bowed again, though in a different key.

"And didn't I tell you, madame," he responded with a somber smile, "that when eagles are flying the doves should beware?"

Almost impetuously Joyce jumped out of the car.

"Beware of nothing," she said in her clear young voice. "I'm going to ask Mr. Delavan to show me his plane."

They walked toward it together—the tall young man with the somber eyes—and the girl whose hair was the color of honey and whose smile was that of a child.

"Oh, bother!" she exclaimed beneath her breath, when Mrs. Van Deusen called her a minute later. "If Aunt Mildred weren't so old, I'd wonder if she were jealous!"

Before they left, Delavan was invited to spend the evening at the Glen Cove cottage; and in response to Judge Henrichs' serious nod, he accepted.

"Bring your dinner clothes," continued the judge as they walked around the back of the car together. "And white flannels and white shoes. Mrs. Van Deusen is influential at Washington—and I want you to look your best."

When the limousine started for the state road, Madame Seidler's piquant face appeared for a moment at the open window, and a faint but unmistakable "coo-oo-oo . . ." came floating over the flying field. . . .

Mrs. Van Deusen's cottage at Glen Cove turned out to be a Tudor mansion in art stone, complete even to musicians' gallery and leaded rondels. It overlooked the Sound. The grounds were bordered with such a hedge of blue spruce and cedars that, once inside the enclosure, the effect was the same as though the house had been built in the woods on an otherwise desert island.

In addition to those whom Delavan had previously met, the guests included a sallow-looking man named Chetwind, one of those invincible soldiers of society whose defenses are an imperturbable manner and the knack of wearing clothes, and whose weapons are a throaty utterance and a well-nigh perfect gift of conversation.

In this latter art he was assisted by Mrs. Stanwick, a gray-haired dowager who had apparently been everywhere and knew everybody, but had never had a great deal of wool pulled over her eyes.

"Delavan . . ." she thoughtfully repeated when Mrs. Van Deusen's latest and last guest was introduced to her. "It may have been in one of those illuminating dreams of which Dr. Freud tells us, but it seems to me that I've met you before."

"Madam," said Delavan with one of his courtly bows, "I have often wished that I were such stuff as dreams are made of—but not at this moment."

"You dear boy!" she murmured, and in an earlier age would have tapped his arm with her fan.

For a time they talked Washington scandal, and for the first time in his life Delavan heard the names of the great tossed around in intimate salty gossip. Nearly all the talk reflected the war.

"I think we shall get there too late to save either Paris or the Channel ports," said Mrs. Stanwick. "I wish myself that all the nations would simply call it a draw and go home."

"Trouble is," drawled Chet, "the Germans have won the first innings. And when you're ahead in a game, you don't much fancy the idea of a draw."

"Oh, please don't let's talk shop," said Madame Seidler, raising her dark brows. "There's a heavenly moon outside. . . . Do you know anything about astronomy, Mr. Delavan? Don't you study that with your flying?"

They went out on the veranda and were presently sitting on the steps, between the rippled water and its mistress in the skies. The sea whispered, and the moon listened—a night when dark eyes are wells of mystery—a night for murmuring voices and the forgetfulness of old resolves.

"If certain moments could only last for years!" said Madame Seidler in a low tone.

HER voice was muted music. Listening to its melody Delavan heard her say that she liked to be called Mitzi by her friends.

"And you," she murmured, "I hope you will be my friend."

Delavan caught himself repeating a strange triad of words, as though they were a charm to keep dangerous spirits away. "No girl living . . . no girl living . . ." he found himself thinking, over and over again.

"Though I suppose you've been spoiled long before this," she added with a sigh—"as all boys are, nowadays."

She was seated two steps below him; and leaning back to look at the attentive moon, her head rested against his knee.

"No girl living . . . no girl living . . ." thought Delavan with renewed intensity.

"We shall hear of a Turkish victory soon," she continued. "Do you see the bright star up there by the side of the crescent?"

"There are bright stars enough down here," Delavan managed to stammer, suddenly remembering his manners and following the philosophy of gallantry which the great Dumas had taught him.

Beneath her breath she started singing the song from Tannhäuser:

"Oh, thou sublime, sweet evening star!"

A door opened behind them, and Joyce and Chet came out.

"Where's this class in astronomy?" drawled Chet. "Two new pupils crave admission."

"Oh, booh!" murmured Mitzi. But aloud, "Come and join us. I was wondering how much longer you would stay with the old graduates!"

Chet took the step by her side. This left Joyce with Delavan. Without noticing his deeply drawn breath of relief, she seated herself by his side with childlike eagerness and said, "I've been dying to talk to (*Continued on page 36*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Whole Show

By Hugh Leamy

Joe Cook himself—and he is the best one-man vaudeville show on earth

As the One-Man Vaudeville, Joe Cook used to do everything from playing his own overtures to taking his bows

IT USED to be Four Hawaiians. Now it's a feed bill.

"And do you want to know why we didn't pay that feed bill over at Springdale?" asks the warrant-dodging Joe Cook—for the moment a circus executive—of the constable.

"No."

"All right then, I'll tell you. Things weren't always so bright as they are now. Back in the days of the telephone when the radio was the *only means* of transportation a person couldn't walk into a restaurant and *pick out a roll of* wall paper which *while* it might not have been gaudy was *at least* reasonable *and* in the tone of voice that one would use in speaking to dumb animals, especially the automobile, *providing—always* providing that you season it well and shake before using especially if you compute the compound interest without taking any chances of the stock depreciating. *Of course*, I can get it for you wholesale and naturally if we moved into larger quarters we might have a *bigger* overhead but a greater volume of business anyhow I'll *certainly* look you up some time and you ought to understand *why* we are doing it and just what for and that's why we didn't pay that feed bill!"

So plausibly does the engaging young man present this jumbled explanation that he leaves the constable quite convinced that it would be unreasonable to press the matter any further.

He used to convince vaudeville audiences, by a similar device, that, while he was prepared to imitate two Hawaiians playing the Hawaiian guitar or even three Hawaiians ("one of them beating time with his feet"), it would be both ungracious and unfair to expect him to imitate *four* Hawaiians—even though he could do so if he chose.

That Back-Yard Début

Joe Cook is, without a doubt, one of the most versatile comedians on the stage today. He can juggle, he can do acrobatics, he can dance, he can clown, and he can play about a dozen different instruments. And he can do them all well. Also, he can sing—after a fashion.

And, despite the fact that he reached stardom over a road that led from a medicine show, through amateur nights, small-time vaudeville, burlesque and "The Vanities," he's quite unspoiled. He couldn't have been much more ingenuous than he is today—not even when he was doing three different acts a week for Dr. Buckner's Corak Wonder Company back in Indiana. Even being taken up and raved over by the highest-browed critics didn't do anything to him. It was Gilbert Seldes who was quoted once as saying (this was before Cook had emerged from vaudeville) that he couldn't imagine enjoying anything more than John Barrymore's "Hamlet"—except Joe Cook's imitation of the Hawaiians.

Joe Cook's name originally was Lopez. His father was Spanish, his mother Irish, and he was born in Chicago. The parents were professionals, but they retired from the stage before Joe was born. His father went in for portrait painting on a chain-store scale, with studios in Grand Rapids, Chicago and Pierceton, Ind. His parents died when he was four years old; and he and his brother, Leo, were adopted by a family named Cook.

Mr. Lopez was drowned. Joe Cook remembers the time vividly. (Any time you talk with an accomplished clown you'll find that he can reach back into the past to at least one spot that doesn't fit in at all with grease-paint and laughter and applause from his admirers.)

"It stands out so clearly," Joe Cook said to me. "I think of it now when I think of my own kids. You know how it is. My father had been drowned, and of course there was a lot of confusion around the house. I was only four years old, but somehow or other I learned about the train they were bringing the body home on. Long before train time I slipped out of the house and trotted down to the station, and stood alone on the platform waiting and waiting for the train to arrive. When I look back now, it's just as if it were some other person entirely; but I can't help feeling so darned sorry for that forlorn, dazed kid on the station platform."

It was while living with his foster parents in Evansville, Ind., that Cook first went into the show business on an ambitious scale.

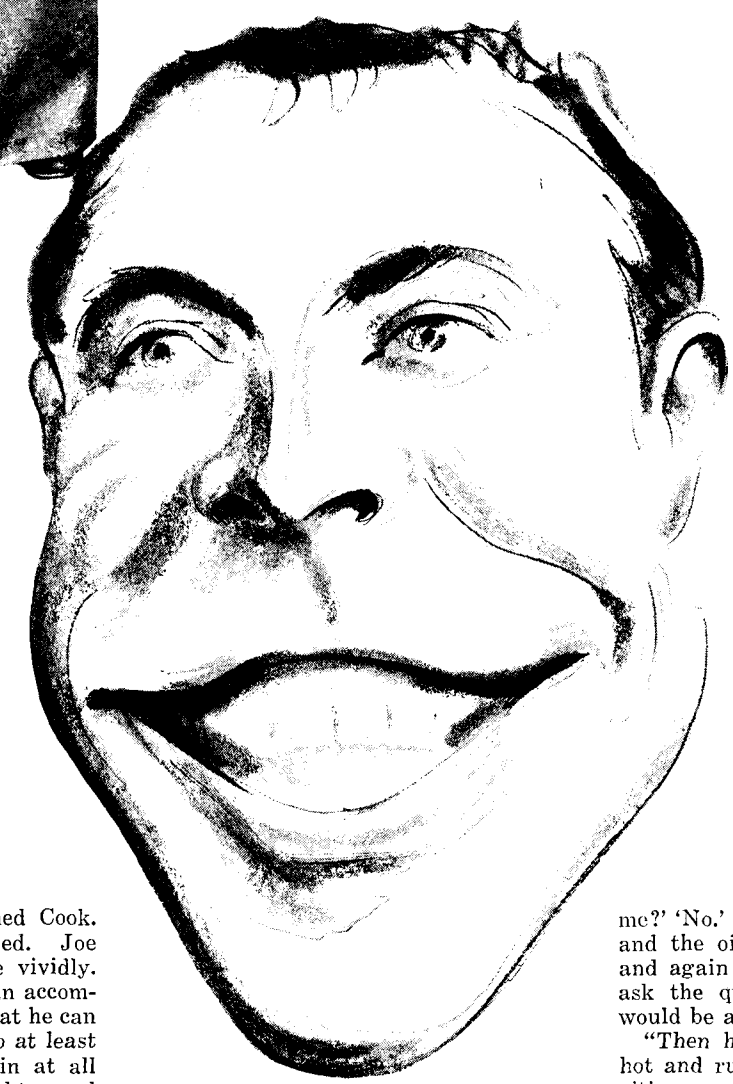
"We had the best back-yard show in town," he said. "Why, we were charging them a nickel admission at a time when the other kids in town were afraid to charge more than twelve pins!" Another showman had been born.

"I learned to juggle and do stunts on a wooden ball—the forerunner of the stunt where I roll up the incline and down again on a ball. Only the ball I used then was an egg-shaped one that I got for $2 from the Evansville Planing Company.

"My mother—my foster mother—made me a pair of tights which were originally intended for the back-yard show. However, I used to wear them under my street clothes; and whenever the gang needed some money for anything, I'd duck under the swinging doors of a saloon and peel off my clothes—down to the tights; and then do a few handsprings and other acrobatics. Sometimes we'd get as much as a dollar in one place.

"The shows we'd put on in the back yard were so good that the chief of police sometimes used to pull up his horse and buggy and sit outside the fence watching us. He was a swell chief, too. Once we needed some piping to build a trapeze frame and we couldn't afford to get it. There was a lot of pipe in the rear of the gas plant that didn't seem to be doing anybody any good. So we sneaked down one evening and were getting away with some pieces of it when a cop caught us.

"Just as he was hauling us off the chief drove up. 'Leave them kids alone!' he hollered. 'It's only Joe Cook and his gang. I'm one of their best customers.'"



The $1 Miracle

Cook's first professional engagement came during the summer that he was twelve years old. He and another lad were engaged, at $1 a night each, to appear for Dr. Buckner's Corak Wonder Company's show in Evansville. The show played one week in each town; but Cook's dream of collecting $7 faded when it was discovered that he and his partner could do only three acts—an acrobatic, a juggling and a "trick-house" act. As the good doctor played to the same audience every night it was necessary to vary the routine. So the boys collected only $3 a week each.

"The Doc didn't limit himself to selling Corak Wonder. He had several lines, including an oil that would cure deafness. I didn't realize what a fake it was then, and he impressed me a lot. One of his prime stunts was to get some old guy on the platform—some townsman who had been deaf for maybe twenty-two years.

"'You are all acquainted with your fellow-citizen, Mr. So-and-So of Clearpoint Street,' he would say. 'And you all know that he has been hard of hearing for twenty-two years. Now, by the aid of my magic herb-oil, I propose to cure him right before your eyes!' Then the Doc would begin rubbing the old guy behind the ears with some warm oil. Now, you know most deaf people, particularly if they've been deaf for years, get so they can read simple words by lip-reading, especially if the words are pronounced carefully.

"The Doc, after rubbing a while, would look at the man and say, without moving his lips: 'Can you hear me?' 'No.' Then he'd rub a while longer and the oil would be getting warmer, and again but a bit more plainly, he'd ask the question. The 'No' this time would be a bit more hesitating.

"Then he'd let the oil get scorching hot and rub some vigorously on a sensitive spot (*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

"It was my fault," said Joyce easily. "I could have made Larry stay in New York, but—he wants one, so to speak, all to himself"

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after an interview in which Helen Wilson tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton, Larry rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken and starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll.

Thinking of Helen and of revenge, Larry asks Joyce to marry him. Believing that this might repay him for his kindness, she finally consents.

To escape publicity they go to Biarritz, where they take a villa. Shortly after their arrival Larry, suddenly overcome with emotion, draws Joyce to him and kisses her. She threatens to leave him if such a thing should ever occur again.

Twice Larry has evidence of the strangeness of Joyce's past. A man named Ratty Rogan, in New York, unsuccessfully attempts to tell Larry something of his wife. Another time at Biarritz Joyce give 40,000 francs to a woman of the demimonde in the Casino and tells Larry she lost it at the tables. Larry later starts to question this woman but is overcome with disgust at himself and leaves her.

Joyce is overwhelmingly popular at Biarritz; especially with Billy Valdemagara, a Spaniard, and Jeanne Mazell, a lovely American blonde; also with Mr. Paul Weedon, whom she instinctively dislikes.

One night, at a fashionable restaurant, Joyce, because of an entirely unconscious, but nevertheless too warm, admiration on Larry's part, quite ignores him. Hurt, he goes outside. Suddenly he sees a figure coming toward him. It is Helen Wilson.

VII

IT WAS more than her old charm that was revived. Or, if not more, it was something different, this effect that her nearness, her surrendering forward step created within him.

She had been upon a pedestal, that pedestal upon which romantic mankind places realistic womankind, and from which woman too readily steps. For man is the romanticist. To him love is not a business, a career, a race-preserving urge. Rather, it is the culmination of youthful dreams, it is an end in itself, not a stepping-stone to something else. Home, children, family ties—these may be vaguely encompassed in thoughts of a man when he falls in love, but they are mere incidents in the great bewilderment that is masculine love.

Larry, adoring Helen Wilson, had not thought of her as the mistress of his home, as the mother of his children, nor as anything but an almost disembodied spirit. Of course, he knew that she had beauty of face and grace of figure, but he was aware of these only cloudily. That these were the attributes that had first attracted him to her he knew; he had never been insensible to a pretty face or form; but he would have indignantly denied that part of his anguish at her faithlessness had been due to the knowledge that he would never kiss those lips again, would never hold that graceful body in warm embrace. She was the fulfillment of a dream, that was all.

But now, for the first time, this was no dream woman who stood so near that he could hear her gentle breathing. This was a woman of flesh and blood, a woman of vitality unsuspected heretofore by him. He was not enough of a self-analyst to know that Helen had become clothed with flesh simply because another woman had awakened desire in him. He thought that this was love, a reawakened love, that made his hands reach gropingly for the girl before him.

She stepped back, in a simulation of alarm that was convincing.

"Larry," she reproached him.

He dropped his hands beside him. "Why did you come?" he asked tonelessly.

"Why did you do—what you did?" she demanded.

"Marry? Why shouldn't I?" He glared angrily at her. "I told you I would. What difference did that make? To you, I mean. What do you care?"

"Why shouldn't I care?" she countered.

He was in better command of himself now.

"You exchanged five millions for fifty," he jeered. "Wasn't the trade a good one?"

She half turned. "If that is what you have to say—"

"What did you expect to hear?" he asked.

HER lips pouted faintly, as though she were about to weep. It was an old trick of hers, but he had never known that it was a trick. In those lovers' quarrels in which they had occasionally indulged, she had always come out quick victor by this pretense at incipient tears.

"W-e-ll, we had been friends—hadn't we, Larry?"

Even to him, beset by emotions really incomprehensible to him, this did not ring true.

"Friends? God Almighty, Helen, we were lovers. At least I loved you. And we were engaged to be married. *Friends!*"

"I loved you, too," she said.

"But how much?" he sneered.

"That isn't fair," she told him.

"Fair? What do you know about fairness? Was it fair to throw me over for an old man—"

"You aren't a girl, Larry. You aren't a girl with a mother who—" She paused.

"With a mother who what?" he insisted.

"Who loves me," she finished.

Even he, none too acute at the moment, disdained this.

"Loves you? What do you mean—loves you?"

"Mothers are ambitious," she explained.

"Well—she couldn't *make* you marry Burton," he accused.

"That's what I have found out," she said.

And now, instead of stepping away, she swayed toward him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked. The hoarseness of his voice surprised him. It was as though someone else were speaking, and as though he were looking on, listening.

"Do I need to make it clearer?" she retorted.

"Are you telling me that you have decided not to marry him?" he asked.

"I don't know what I'm telling you—except that I—can't stand it if you—are cross with me."

Some day he would analyze these words of hers, would reduce them to their ultimate absurdity. But not now. She was young, she was beautiful. Another woman, equally as young and infinitely more beautiful, had denied him herself, had made it clear that she would always deny herself to him. But here was a woman, with whom he had been genuinely in love, in love with the spirit and not with the senses, who was intimating promise to him.

"Cross with you? I could never be angry," he heard himself saying.

"But look at what you did," she reproached him.

"Look at what you did," he rejoined with equal childishness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But I didn't—I only said I would," she retorted.

"You mean—look here, Helen, are you going to marry Burton or not?"

"What difference can that make to you? You're married, aren't you."

"Where is Burton?" he asked.

She gestured indefinitely with her right hand.

"You mean that he's here in France—at this restaurant?" He was incredulous.

"He brought Mother and myself here," she replied.

"Did you know that I was here?" he inquired.

"The papers told enough about your sailing," she said bitterly. "With your new bride, and—"

"I mean—did you know that I was in Biarritz?" he persisted.

"Why not? We read the Paris Herald like everyone else."

"But Burton—does he know I'm here?"

"Why not?" She was amazingly cool for one so emotional a moment ago.

"And your mother?"

"Mother knows you're here," she admitted.

He stared at her. She had flushed slightly, was less the doll than she had ever been in his acquaintance with her.

"When did you sail?" he asked.

"On the very next boat after you did," she cried. "Did you think that I could stay in New York—know that everyone was deriding—"

The very triumph for which he had craved; he knew now that he had achieved it. But what a pitiful, worthless, cheap thing it was! How could he ever, in no matter how mad a moment, have imagined that he would gain any satisfaction from such a bizarre revenge?

It never occurred to him to ask why, if she had fled derision, she had come to the very spot where, if it existed at all, it must be more pronounced even than in New York; to this resort where mutual friends, knowing of their broken romance, must wonder, tongue in cheeks. . . .

IT NEVER occurred to him to ask any questions, for he was beyond all questioning. For with her last word she had swayed even nearer, and he only knew that she was in his arms.

Twelve hours ago he had held his wife in his arms, and the passivity of her surrender had chilled and shamed him. But this girl, this girl whom he had loved, whom he had been pledged to marry, was returning his kiss.

He released her at length. Flushed, prettier in her shamed embarrassment than ever she had been as a cool, doll-like thing, she faced him.

"Well, what damned fools we've been, Helen," he said.

"You mean," she bridled, "because—that's not a pretty way to thank me for a kiss."

"But why should we kiss furtively?" he cried. "You and I—oh, Helen, what a mess you made of things."

"Are you blaming me?"

He wrinkled his forehead whimsically. "Well, *I* didn't break our engagement. But let's not blame anyone—me, you, your mother—anyone. A mistake has been made—that's all. Now we must rectify it."

"Suppose," she suggested, "that your wife doesn't want to rectify it?"

He laughed harshly. "She'll be glad to be rid of me, Helen."

"And you? What about you?" she shrewdly asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Will you be glad—to get rid of her?"

"You're the woman I love, have always loved, Helen," he replied.

"Marrying another woman is a strange way of proving love," she charged.

"Breaking an engagement was an equally strange thing to do, if you really cared," he countered. "But good lord, my dear—let's not recriminate now. Let's say that we both did something we're not proud of and do our best to remedy the mistake."

"Mistake? Mistakes are easily remedied—sometimes. But a marriage—"

"There's always divorce," he suggested.

"And your wife?"

"I tell you," he said coldly, "that she'll be glad to let me go."

"WHO was she? I'd never heard of her," said Helen.

He shook his head. "That doesn't matter. The point is that you and I—oh, Helen."

He took her in his arms again, and when he released her, it was because, through the misty haze that enveloped them, he became conscious of an alien presence.

He looked straight into the eyes of Paul Weedon.

"Sorry if I disturbed you, Larry," said Weedon.

Rumors that had come vaguely to Larry's knowledge, rumors of queer financial carryings-on, that hinted at shady indecencies barely within the law, came back to Tracy now as he stared at Weedon.

"Your wife," said the intruder, "sent me to look for you, and—I'll go back to her now—if you wish."

In his last three words he put all kinds of meaning, but Tracy, unaccustomed to dealing with Weedon's sort, was able only to read one kind. Weedon was threatening him.

"If I wish? Now just what do you mean by that, Weedon?" he demanded.

Weedon shrugged his too-heavy shoulders.

"Let's talk it over some other time, Tracy," he suggested.

Tracy moved toward him. "Let's talk it over now," he said.

Weedon lifted a fat palm.

"Now, don't make a scene, Larry," he advised. "Burton is here, and your wife is here—"

"And what have they to do with your being here, Weedon?" cried Larry.

"Nothing whatsoever. Nothing at all," replied the other. "Only—you'll admit the circumstances are peculiar."

"Why should I admit that—to you?" said Larry.

"Well, it doesn't matter whether or not *you* admit it," sneered Weedon. "They *are* peculiar. Less than a month ago you and Miss Wilson were engaged. Now she's engaged to another man; you're married to another woman—and I find you here. Kissing."

"You know, of course," said Larry quietly, "that if another man had found us here—he'd have stolen away—kept his mouth shut. . . ."

"The intimation being that I'm not a gentleman, eh?"

"The intimation being all of that and anything else you like," snapped Larry.

"And suppose I don't like your intimations?" suggested Weedon.

"Then," and Larry's teeth shone in the moonlight, "it's always my hardest effort to please. If a client doesn't like what I offer, I think of something else. Such as this."

His hands went suddenly out. They clasped about Weedon's throat.

"Now, you fat rat," he snarled, "how do you like this intimation?"

"Larry! Please!" Helen's voice cut staccato through the heavy strangled breathing of Weedon.

INSTANTLY Tracy released the man. Weedon adjusted his black tie.

"I might have been reasonable, Tracy," he snarled. "But now—"

"Now, you'll probably make up your mind that there's no possible blackmail to be obtained, so—you'll be nasty," said Larry.

He turned to Helen.

"My dear," he said, "I'm very sorry. I—you know how I've always felt about you. But I should have remembered that you—don't feel that way about me. I apologize for having offended you."

"*Offended* her?" Weedon's laugh was nasty. "Clever try, Tracy. Only—I stood, looking at you, for five minutes. The lady didn't fight very hard."

"May I take you back to the restaurant, Helen?" Tracy offered her his arm. He turned back to Weedon. "Weedon, each time I see you, from now on, I'm going to thrash you. Believe that as you believe in your God, Weedon."

"You can't," whispered Helen, as they moved back toward the dancing-place.

Tracy laughed bitterly. "I must," he responded. "Well, what are we to do, Helen?"

"Do?" The girl shrugged hopelessly. "I don't know—if he talks—"

Valdemagara (*Continued on page 49*)

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"Your wife," said the intruder, "sent me to look for you, and—I'll go back to her now—if you wish"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ugly Stepper

By Dorothy Perkins

The love story of a girl who could face anything but reality

"DYKE and DeVoe, Broadway's *Most Talented Eccentric Dance Team.*" Johnny Dyke was better than Lora, but most of the cabaret hounds wouldn't realize that. As long as there was plenty of supplementing ice and sparkling water, anything not too rotten would get by. Still, the applause was more than fair when they left the floor.

Lora leaned against the wall and said, "God, it's hot." She fanned herself with her handkerchief, and Johnny thought, "What's the use of that?" There were white splotches on her face from the heat. It was fierce for September.

"Encore," Johnny said. "C'mon, Lor."

She wouldn't. "Why should I sweat my heart out for a lot of dumb eggs that don't give a damn anyway? They've had all they'll get tonight, 's far as I'm concerned."

Johnny pulled at her. "Gee, Lor, we've *got* to!"

All of a sudden she wasn't so hard-boiled. "Treat 'em to a solo, will you, Ugly? Honest, I can't go back—I'm all in."

You could see she was, too. Johnny said, "Well, all right, if you're shot."

"Thanks, Ugly, you're a good kid. I want to see you before I go. I'll wait for you."

He slid back onto the dance floor and disposed his body easily in a succession of the most absurdly incredible attitudes. Everyone laughed and applauded.

They liked his solo so much that he gave them another before he left the floor. He was good-natured, and he was glad that they liked his dancing, because he liked doing it.

LORA got him in a corner when he went back, and her eyes looked all around; she didn't want anyone to hear what she was saying. "Listen, Ugly, I'm not goin' to tell Rosy, because I don't feel like any row, see, and I wasn't goin' to tell you, but you're a good guy, 'nd I don' wanta double-cross you, see? But Saturday 'll be my last night, 'nd if you're goin' on teamin' you'd better be breakin' someone in. Costello's 'll get you a girl, plenty of 'em. It don't much matter who you get, so long as she can follow all right, 'cause you're the brains of the act, anyway." She sure did look all in.

Johnny was surprised, and he was worried, too. No fun breaking in new ones. Besides, he liked Lora such a lot; better than any partner he'd ever had. She was a square kid, and kind of sweet, under the hard-boiledness.

"What do you want to quit for, Lor?" he wanted to know.

Her eyes moved around swiftly again. "Well—I'm goin' to have a kid. 'Nd this heat gets me."

Embarrassment made him hotter than he was. "Gee, that's tough, Lor. Gee, it sure is."

She read his thoughts. "Oh, I'm married, Ugly. He ain't much good, 'nd I don't even know where he is, right now. I'll have to land on Ma, 'nd that won't make her do any cheerin'. But I always kinda wanted a kid. Shut up. Here comes Rosy."

Mr. Rosenfeld wanted Johnny. "A lady wants to dance with you, Ugly."

Johnny was depressed. "Oh, gee, Mr. Rosenfeld, it's too hot!"

Rosy said, "You'll have to dance with this one if you're roasting in hell. It's Anita Henderson, A. D.'s daughter, and what she wants, she gets, see? You come along."

Johnny went gloomily after Rosy to a table at the edge of the dance floor.

Rosy was bending elegantly from the waist. "Here's Ugly, Miss Henderson."

"How do you do?" said Miss Henderson.

Rosy introduced him to the man with her, and then this girl got up and began to dance with him. Johnny took hold of her gingerly, but after they'd gone once around the floor, he forgot that she was a knock-out, and everything else except Lord! how she could dance. He did all his stuff, but she was right with him all the time; he couldn't worry her with his trickiest steps. "You aren't a professional?" he asked her after a while.

She said she wasn't, but she'd studied with Ted Washburn ever since she was a child. "I love dancing. It is the medium by which I express my ego." She laughed and turned her eyes up to him, and the roots of Johnny's hair prickled. Her eyes were as green as cold sea water, and he gulped over the way her lashes curled up at the ends.

He looked somewhere else and paid attention to his dancing again. "Well, you could get a job any time you wanted to."

"Would you take me on for a partner, Ugly?"

She knew she had him going. "You're hired right now," he said.

"You don't believe me, do you?"

She looked at him and made him gulp again, but he said: "Sure. And my old man died and left me a million, and Ziegfeld's waiting outside with a contract."

She said, "You're very hard to convince, but I mean it. Will you come and see me tomorrow morning? And we'll start rehearsing on the spot. That is, if you really mean what you say."

He'd see her again, anyway. He said the address over, and then he had to take her back to her table. The man said, "Now that you've had your excitement, I suppose we can go, Anita?"

But she turned her back on him to speak to Johnny. "Tomorrow at eleven, and thank you." She smiled, and her mouth tipped into a soft, red loveliness. Johnny was abashed, because he was so ugly.

In the morning, he put on a blue suit that wasn't as loud as some of his clothes, picked out his quietest necktie and took a taxi to the address Miss Henderson had given him. A man with beautiful manners let him in and took his hat.

Johnny looked around while he waited. He was in an enormous room, the most beautiful room he had ever been in, and there was nothing fancy about it, either. Funny how it looked so—rich, and there were no gold chairs—not any pictures, even.

He took her out on the floor and danced as he never had before. When they finished they had the place in a riot

Anita came in and said, "Good morning, Johnny." She looked wonderful. She had on a gray dress with the skirt all pleated, and flat dancing shoes that tied up around her ankles with black ribbons. She looked—valuable, but it wasn't just because she had a lot of jack.

THEN he remembered to say, "Good morning, Miss Henderson," and she asked, "Are partners usually so formal, Ugly? Or didn't you know my name? It's Anita."

He sat down beside her on a divan with a hundred pillows on it. "I guess you were kidding me, last night. But I thought I'd come and give you a laugh, anyway."

Anita said, "I wasn't kidding you. I'm going to be your dancing partner, if you'll have me."

He looked at her, and he could see she was in earnest. "But what I can't get is what you want to do it for!"

"Were you ever bored?" she asked him. "I am. I've nowhere to go that I haven't been, nothing to do that I haven't done. I think that work will do me good, and this is the only kind of work I can do."

"Well, that makes it fine for me," he said, and he told her about Lora's quitting. He said Lora felt rotten; he didn't like to say she was going to have a kid.

"I picked the right moment to decide on you for a dancing partner, didn't I?" she asked. Johnny thought that she could have had him for a partner if he had to get rid of all the Loras in the world, but he wasn't much good at saying things like that, so he kept still.

Anita said, "Now we'd better get to work, hadn't we?" She put his routine number on the phonograph and showed him how to roll back the rug.

There was nothing to it. She was as light as a feather, and when he showed her a step once, she had it. Johnny got balled up a couple of times, himself, because it was hard to keep his mind on his feet when he had her in his arms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her flesh was cool and firm under the silk, and she smelled sweet. It wasn't perfume; more like the way the woods smell, after a rain.

She made him feel queer; sort of gone in the stomach. Johnny had never been in love, but he knew that must be what was the matter with him. He knew he was crazy, too, but he didn't care. When it was time for him to go, he just stood there hanging on to her hand, forgetting to do anything but look at her, until she started laughing at him, and the polite man handed him his hat.

ON MONDAY night Johnny went to fetch Anita in a cab. He was excited, but he was anxious too, because he didn't know what Rosy would say, and he was afraid that having Anita in his arms might make him forget his steps. Anita had on a dress of green chiffon that matched her eyes, and some kind of perfume that filled the cab and made his head swim dizzily. All the way downtown he sat as far away from her as he could and mopped his face and thought, "Gee, I'm a lucky bum! Gee, I am!"

He took her in the back way, and Rosy came out and saw her there.

Rosy stood there with his mouth hanging open, looking as dumb as a saxophone player. Anita laughed at him. "You *are* surprised, aren't you? But please let me try it tonight, and then if you aren't satisfied, you can say so." She smiled at him, and Johnny watched Rosy getting all tangled up in it.

Anita was much calmer than Johnny when their turn came. She said, "You have stage fright for me, haven't you, Ugly? Don't worry, I won't let you down."

Well, he wouldn't let her down either. He took her out on the dance floor and danced as he never had before, and Anita synchronized her step to his as if they were both moved by the same clockwork. When they finished they had the place in a riot.

Johnny had to laugh at Rosy. He was all excited because they'd made a hit, but he was worried too. He knew a good act when he saw one, and he knew what a lot of publicity he'd get, with A. D. Henderson's daughter dancing in his place. His face looked funny. "But, Miss Henderson, I can't take the responsibility! Your father would never forgive me!"

Anita said, "Dad's away on a hunting trip in Canada, and won't be back for six weeks. But even if he doesn't like it, there's nothing he can do about it, is there? I'm well past my twenty-first birthday, you know."

Rosy felt better when he heard that A. D. was away. He said, "Well, I guess we'd better talk business. What is your idea about salary, Miss Henderson?"

Anita said she hadn't thought about it. "What are you getting, Ugly?"

"Seventy-five a week," Johnny told her.

Her eyebrows went up, and she looked at Rosy. You could see him getting nervous. "I'm not working for Rosenfeld's, Mr. Rosenfeld, I'm working for Ugly. I think it will be fair if you pay him two hundred and fifty a week, and he can pay me a hundred out of that."

Rosy was wild, but Anita just smiled at him and said nothing, and in the end he had to give in. "I'll have the papers ready for you tomorrow, before you decide you should have a half-interest in the business," he said.

Johnny was living in a beautiful dream, only he was afraid, all the time, that it might come to an end, as dreams will. Every night he held Anita in his arms, and sometimes he was able to forget that people were watching and laughing at them. And there were times when he did have her to himself for long hours when they drove in her roadster somewhere out into the country, or when she would call him on the telephone: "Come on up, Johnny, I want you. I'm sunk."

SHE would curl herself up in a corner of the divan and talk to him, and her topic was invariably the very one Johnny would have chosen; she talked about herself.

"I'm a worthless person, Johnny," she told him frankly. "I am selfish and spoiled, and I must always have my own way. I'm savage when I'm crossed. I suppose that's why I've never liked my father; he's always trying to make me do something I don't want to do, or stop me from doing the things that amuse me. But he can't do it; no one can. It's probably because you're so different that I'm so fond of *you*, Johnny. It rests me to be with you, because you never demand anything of me." (She was very sweet to him, as a queen is gracious to a loyal and useful subject.) "Lots of men have loved me, but they all want too much. Sometime I'll marry, though, when I find a man who will adore me, and ask nothing in return, and when I'm tired of everything else." Johnny's heart contracted painfully when she said such things.

On an afternoon in early October, Johnny went back to his room after lunch, and his landlady came up and knocked at his door. "A Miss Henderson's been calling you every fifteen minutes since you went out. A body'd think I didn't have anything to do but answer the phone!"

He got Anita right away, and her voice was as sharp and cold as a thin steel blade over the telephone. Johnny took a taxi.

Anita's eyes were narrow bits of green ice, and her mouth was a hard red line over her teeth. "I hate my father, Johnny. He thinks he owns my soul. I'm to stop making a fool of myself and cheapening his name, and I'm through with this dancing nonsense, or he'll know the reason why! Well, he'll know the reason. I wouldn't stop now if I were dying. He'll see. I hate him."

There was nothing soft about her now. She looked—hard as nails, and Johnny couldn't bear it. Seeing her like this did something to the image of her he had in his heart. He had to stop her, and he put his arms around her and held his hand over her mouth. "*Stop it, 'Nita!*"

She went limp in his arms and began to cry. Her face was against his shoulder, and he held her and patted her back. Pretty soon she was quieter, and her arm reached up and clung around his neck. She said, "You're sweet, Johnny." And then she kissed him.

Johnny's arms fell to his sides, and he stood there rigid, afraid of the emotion that swept through him. Anita's eyes were gentle again. "You like me a lot, don't you, Johnny? But why are you afraid of me?"

He spoke very quietly: "I love you, 'Nita. And I'm not afraid of you. There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do, or give, to make you happy. I know I'm—fresh, to tell you, but I guess you knew it, anyway."

He waited to hear her laugh at him, but she didn't. She said, "I did know it, Johnny. And I'm not worth it. But—do you love me enough to marry me?"

Johnny Dyke was not without pride, and he answered her with dignity: "To spite your father? No, 'Nita, not enough for that."

She shook her head impatiently. "Don't make me *beg* you, Johnny. Not to spite Dad. Because you love me, and because—I think perhaps I love you too."

They were married within an hour, by a disillusioned-looking gentleman with tobacco juice on his mustache.

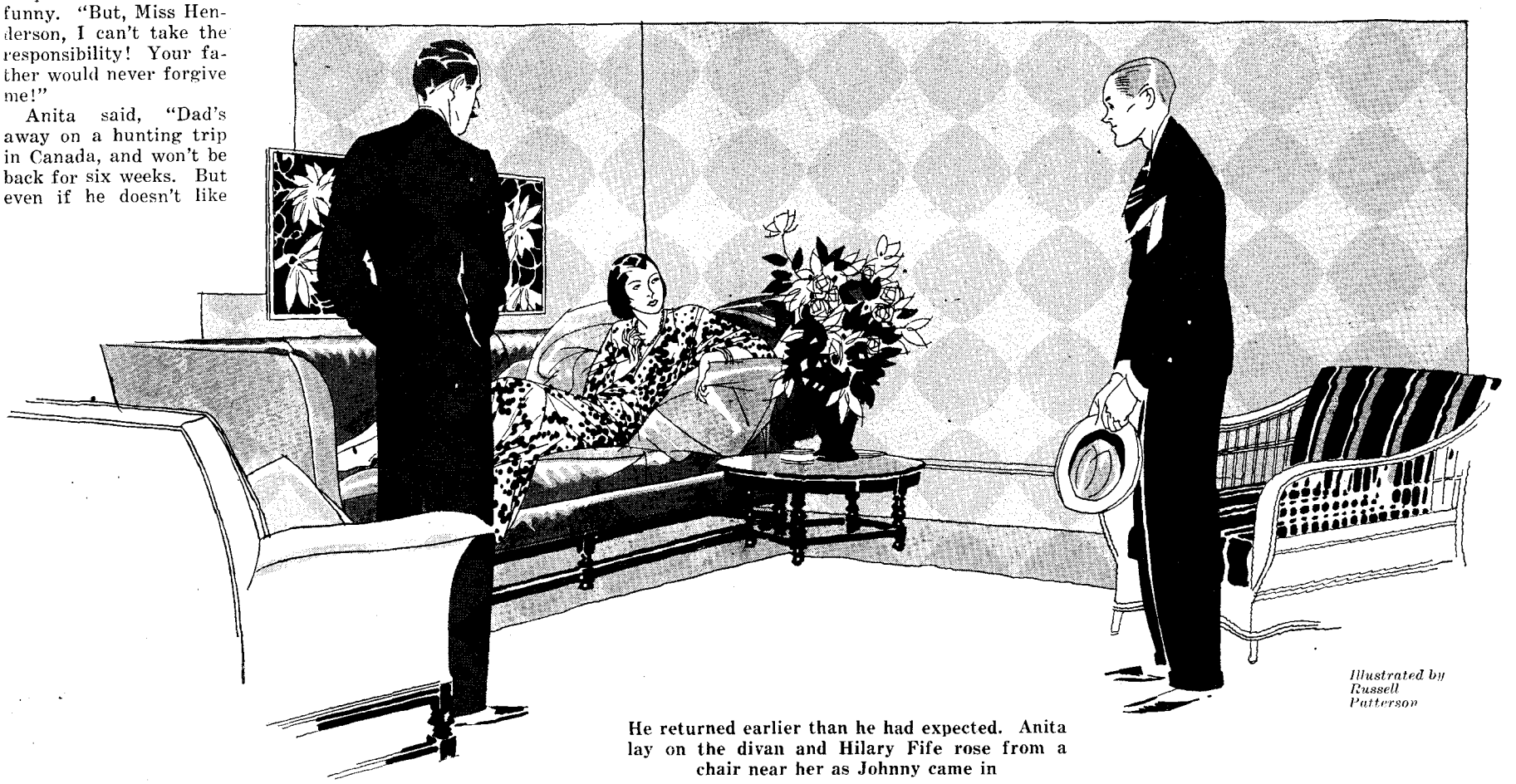
Happiness was what Johnny felt when he had a good job, or a good meal, or when he'd given a quarter to the blind man on the corner, or watched the children playing in the park. And pain was different and terrifying; the way he felt when his mother died. And the time, when he was a kid, that his kitten had been crushed beneath the wheels of a moving van. But now happiness and pain were all mixed up together inside him, because he loved Anita so much that it hurt.

ANITA and Johnny had come away from the City Hall, and Anita had Johnny's ring on her finger, and Johnny's heart was bursting with the things his mouth didn't know how to say to her. Anita had been cool enough, though; she had thought of everything. From the City Hall they had gone directly to Rosy and told him the news.

"We'll have to have more money, now, Mr. Rosenfeld," Anita said. "At least double what we're getting. We've come to you first, but after the papers come out tomorrow we could go to almost any manager in New York and get any salary we asked for, even if we weren't any good, just for our publicity value." Rosy didn't even argue.

The newspapers made the most of it; there were front-page pictures of both of them and columns of details under such headlines as: "Society Heiress Elopes with Cabaret Dancer." There was even an interview with Mr. Henderson, in which he said tersely and with finality that he had no daughter.

Anita's friends descended on them in a body, excitedly vociferous, or coolly amused, or (*Continued on page 44*)



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

He returned earlier than he had expected. Anita lay on the divan and Hilary Fife rose from a chair near her as Johnny came in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ben B. Wells

Only two men were killed, but the carnage might have satisfied even Napoleon

The Battle of the Century

By Walter Davenport

The righteous Jacob Hays, High Constable of New York, wouldn't tolerate it in his town. So they staged America's first prize fight in Jersey City. Before it had ended, every one of the 2,000 spectators was himself a combatant, some lout had stolen Citizen Bradfield's breeches off his very legs, and the dignity of High Constable Hays was irreparably dented

IT WAS late in June that Jacob Hays, America's first detective, dropped in at Jeremiah Beamish's pothouse near Peck Slip for a tankard of ale and, perchance, a few bits of information which would aid him in the discharge of his duties as High Constable of New York.

Jeremiah Beamish's tavern, which no woman was ever permitted to enter, was the nightly gathering place of the sporting gentry of the day—1813.

Mr. Beamish was by way of being the Tex Rickard and the Harry Stevens of that early American era. Under his calm direction various sporting events were promoted, and having promoted them he would attend them in the capacity of purveyor of beer and spirits, fried fish and roasted oysters to the assemblage. It was as he was thus dispensing food and drink at a great skating festival that he came to an untimely end. He had set up his commissariat tent on the ice and was far too busy to observe that his stove was melting its floor. He and the stove vanished into the black waters, and an inspired reporter for the New York Gazette recorded that Mr. Beamish had gone into the cellar for supplies and never emerged.

It is highly probable that when High Constable Hays sauntered into Jeremiah Beamish's pothouse that evening in June, 1813, his austere eyes rested upon such festive spirits as Redbreast Benkert, the odds-layer; Van Wirt Slocombe, gentleman owner of Elegance, the fastest mare in America; Fancy Cline, the cockfighter; Erdwin Lansing, the lawyer whose fees were always in the nature of bets with his clients; Country Blake; Waterman Williams; and Dennis McCaul, a Sandy Hook pilot for whom the war with England, then in progress, had ruined business. They were all persistent patrons of the Beamish pothouse.

High Constable Hays was without exception the best-known man in New York; likewise he was one of the most feared if not the most respected. A tyrannical autocrat, he brooked no interference nor permitted advice. Once the City Council secretly voted him two assistants, thinking thereby to please him.

When notified of the council's thoughtfulness, High Constable Hays went into a terrible rage and threatened immediately to resign. And there was nothing to do but hurriedly repeal the ordinance and send ambassadors to the great man to soothe him and assure him that no offense had been intended.

Disguising Jake

As America's first detective he was a man of numerous disguises, none of which had ever been known to deceive man, woman or child. But woe betide him or her who dared make so bold as audibly to recognize him as he strolled Bowery Lane on an evening's sleuthing clad in the revealing uniform of a sailorman, the shovel hat and cassock of a dominie or the haphazard garments of an itinerant laborer. He was fond also of faring forth disguised as "a conservative merchant" and "a decayed gentleman."

If he entered Jeremiah Beamish's tavern in disguise that night we may be sure that he was not addressed by name as he called for his pot of brown, not that anybody present would have had the remotest doubt of his identity. There was one eventful occasion when, got up to represent a Yankee tin peddler, he entered Conrad Noble's place in Roosevelt Street and was instantly hailed by the genial host.

"Bless my soul," cried Mr. Noble to the assembled drinkers, "if here isn't the good High Constable himself all got up. Three hearty cheers for his honor and the drinks for all."

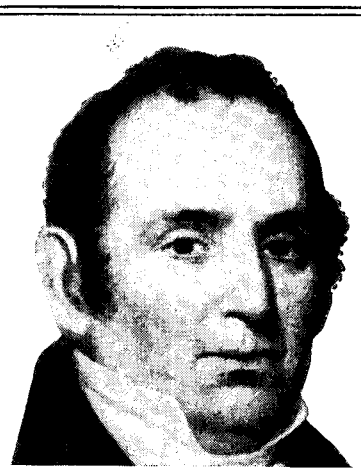
High Constable Hays left the place verging on apoplexy, taking with him Mr. Noble, who spent the next twelve days in the Bridewell for thus outraging the dignity of America's first detective.

Thereafter when the High Constable entered a public house in disguise he was addressed punctiliously as "Stranger," and the landlord dared not smile when he thus addressed the mighty man.

Disguised or not, High Constable Hays passed unnoticed in Jeremiah Beamish's that night because, to his amazement, he found the place ringing with defiance of the law, and the talk did not abate during his presence.

Mr. Beamish himself was deep in the throes of promoting a prize fight!

It is difficult to understand why the High Constable did not forthwith assert himself and arrest Jeremiah Beamish for boldly plotting against the law which forbade prize fighting in New York. Perhaps he did try to raise his voice, but it is wholly possible that this outrageous challenge to government had left him inarticulate. There had never been a prize fight in America.



Jacob Hays, High Constable and Detective Extraordinary

The Winner Gets $100

He strode out of Beamish's, his ears benumbed by what they had heard. Two swaggering bullies, two lawless ruffians —Dennis McCaul, the Sandy Hook pilot, and Sergeant John Martin, a British marine deserter from H. M. S. Athene —were matched to slug each other to a finish at some convenient spot in New York City on July 4th for a purse of $125: $100 to the winner and $25 to the loser.

The site of the conflict favored by Jeremiah Beamish was Cow Bay, at the Five Points, because that would be a convenient place for him to dispense oysters and ale to the multitude.

High Constable Hays hastened back to City Hall, where he devoted himself instantly to the writing of a furious manifesto of several thousand words, the gist of which was that he and the watch might die, but that only afterward would there be a prize fight in the city of New York.

He caused the edict to be printed in the New York Gazette and had to be attended by his physician when it appeared in that newspaper boiled down to its essence and stripped of his favorite apostrophes to the majesty of the law. He had the proclamation read aloud in the streets and from the pulpits of the Brick Meeting, St. Paul's, St. George's Chapel and other churches of the city, and at his request the ministers preached fiery sermons against Jeremiah Beamish's hellish plans.

He served notice upon Mr. Beamish that he, Mr. Beamish, would be arrested the moment a blow was struck, whether Mr. Beamish was present or not, and he rounded up Dennis McCaul and Sergeant John Martin and told them they were vagrants and that they had precisely six hours to leave the city. Whereat Mr. Beamish sent Mr. Lansing, the lawyer, to High Constable Hays to prevent the exile of the two bully boys, and Mr. (*Continued on page 48*)

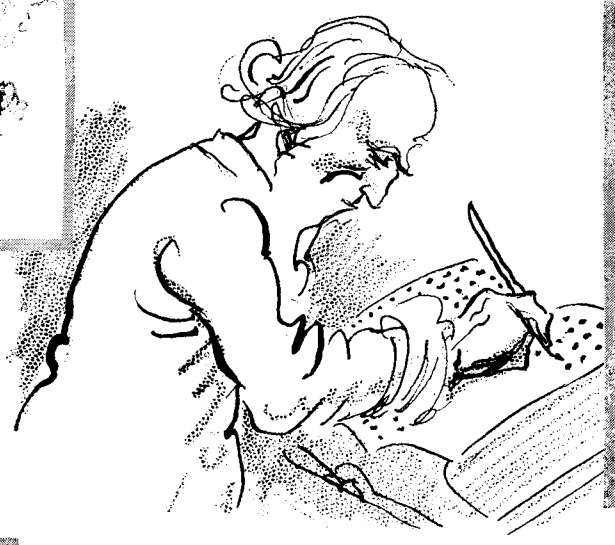
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

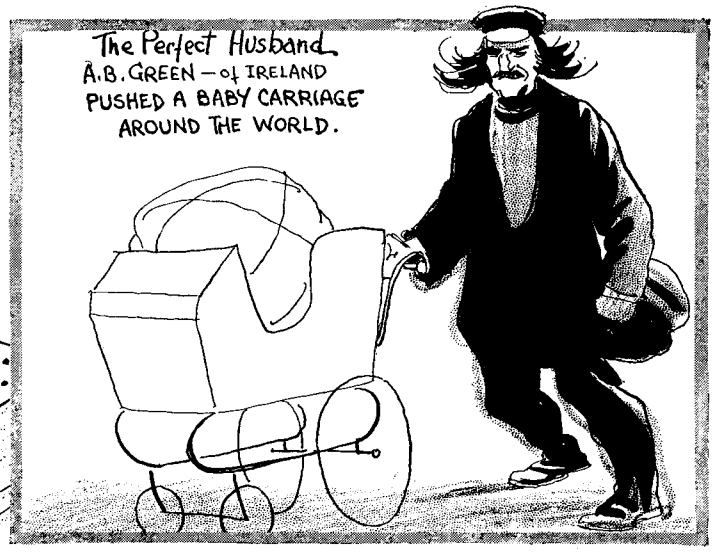
Believe it or Not!

And if you doubt it, drop a line to Robert L. Ripley in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. These drawings were selected from hundreds which he has published. From now on his work will be a feature in Collier's

A WELL THAT SPEAKS

IN TROO, MONTOIRE, FRANCE, THERE IS A WELL THAT REPEATS WHOLE PHRASES WHEN SPOKEN INTO





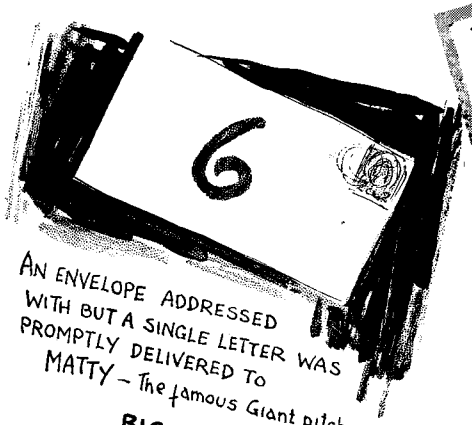
THE NAME OF

W. H. Hill

— of Indianapolis

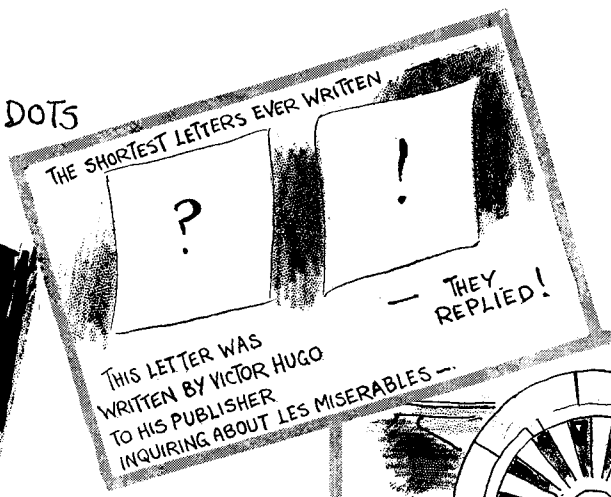
READS THE SAME UPSIDE DOWN

M. METHLEY COMPILED A BOOK OF DOTS. He covered 500 pages WITH ONE MILLION DOTS

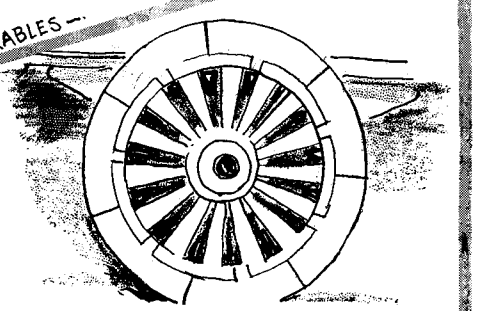


AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED WITH BUT A SINGLE LETTER WAS PROMPTLY DELIVERED TO MATTY — The famous Giant pitcher.

BIG SIX.



THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY VICTOR HUGO TO HIS PUBLISHER INQUIRING ABOUT LES MISERABLES —



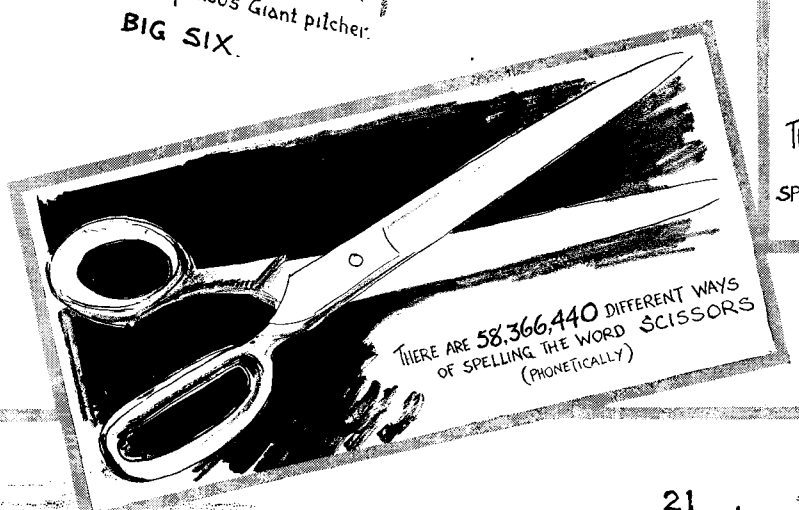
THE WHEEL OF SEVEN SAD SOUNDS

used on the hearse of the late Jap Emperor

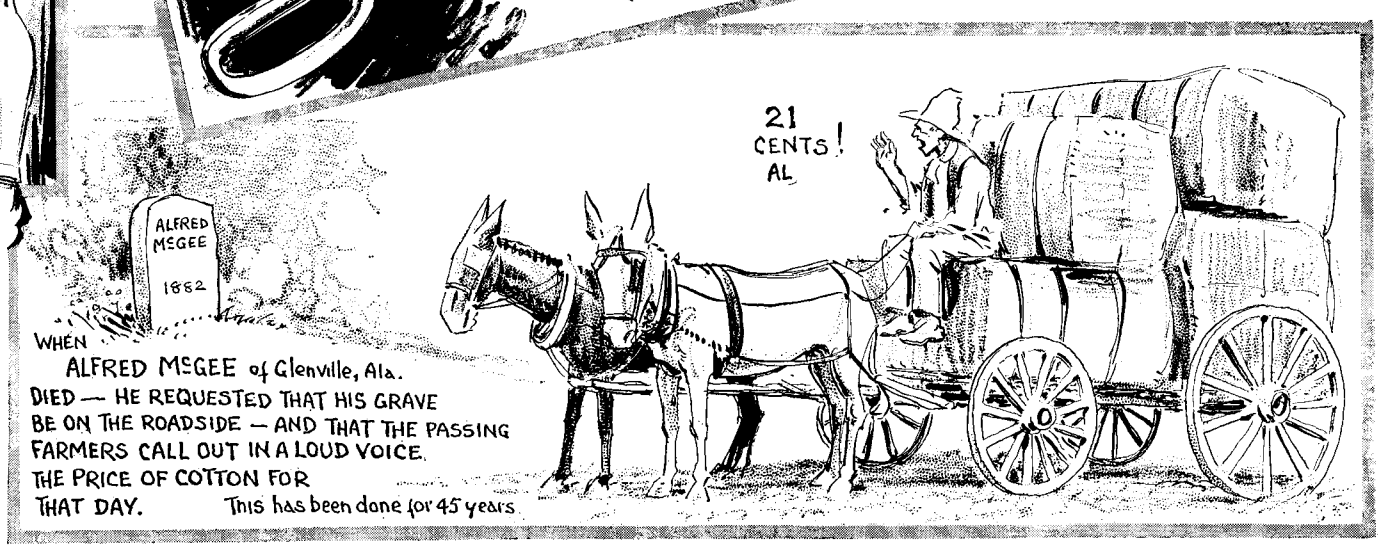
SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO PRODUCE SEVEN DIFFERENT SQUEAKS AT EACH TURNING

ANTHONY BROWN of CINCINNATI WON PRIZES AT BASKETBALL, BASEBALL, TENNIS, HANDBALL, BOXING, CYCLING, FOOTBALL, RACING, RUNNING, WALKING, SWIMMING, SHOOTING, JAVELIN, SHOT-PUTTING, POTATO-RACING, TREASURE HUNTING, HAMMER THROWING, HIKING —

Also WON BEAUTY CONTEST (Mr. San Francisco) FLOWER SHOWS, FISH SHOWS, DOG SHOWS. AND DOLL MAKING CONTESTS.



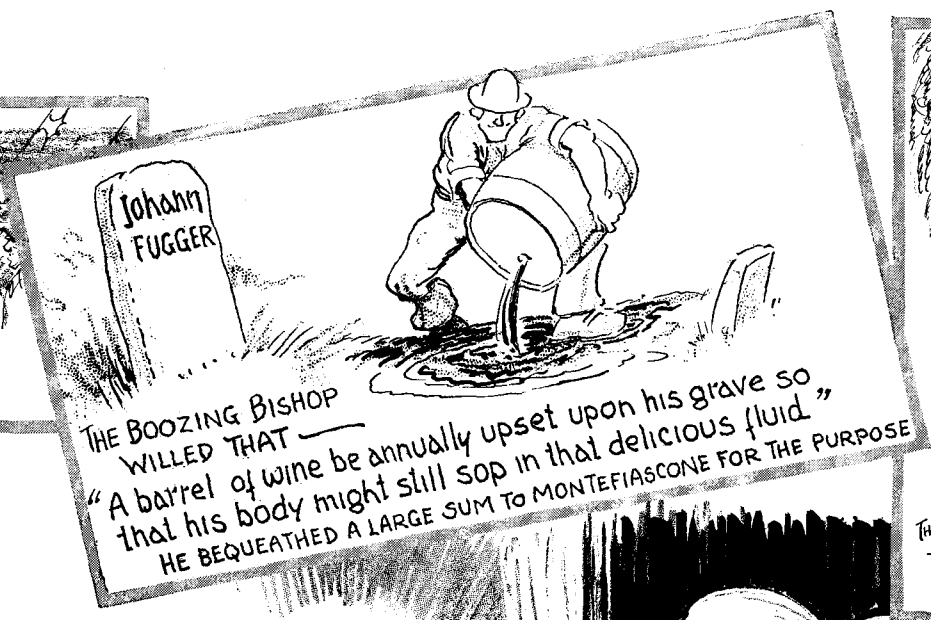
THERE ARE 58,366,440 DIFFERENT WAYS OF SPELLING THE WORD SCISSORS (PHONETICALLY)



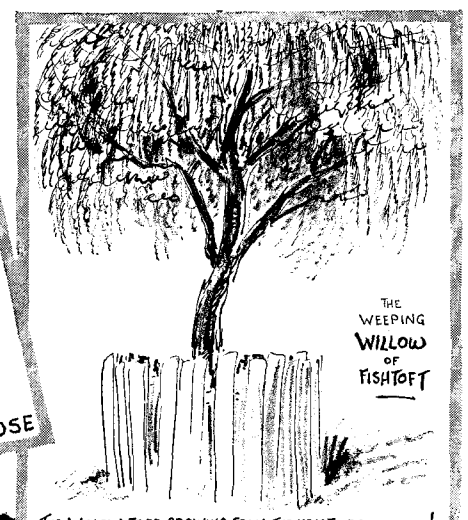
WHEN ALFRED MCGEE of Glenville, Ala. DIED — HE REQUESTED THAT HIS GRAVE BE ON THE ROADSIDE — AND THAT THE PASSING FARMERS CALL OUT IN A LOUD VOICE THE PRICE OF COTTON FOR THAT DAY. This has been done for 45 years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN ZISKA — Bohemian Hero
ORDERED HIS OWN SKIN
TO BE MADE INTO A DRUM
TO LEAD HIS TROOPS
AGAINST THE GERMANS



THE BOOZING BISHOP
WILLED THAT —
"A barrel of wine be annually upset upon his grave so that his body might still sop in that delicious fluid"
HE BEQUEATHED A LARGE SUM TO MONTEFIASCONE FOR THE PURPOSE



THE WILLOW TREE GROWING FROM THE HEART OF A SUICIDE!
— ORIGINALLY WAS A STAKE DRIVEN INTO THE HEART OF A SUICIDE BURIED AT THE CROSS-ROADS IN THE VILLAGE OF FISHTOFT
The stake took root and grew into a tree.

The Girl He Left Behind Him

MISS MATTIE COWAN
AGED 78
STILL BURNS A CANDLE
FOR HER CONFEDERATE SOLDIER SWEETHEART
WHO NEVER RETURNED.
Charlotte, N.C.

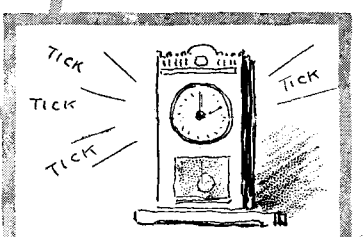
Señora
SALOMEA WOLF
HAD THE PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND TATTOOED ON HER TONGUE TO ATONE FOR NAGGING HIM TO DEATH.
Jerez, Spain, 1927.

THE WORD
UNCOPYRIGHTABLE
CONTAINS 15 LETTERS
WITHOUT REPEATING
A SINGLE LETTER

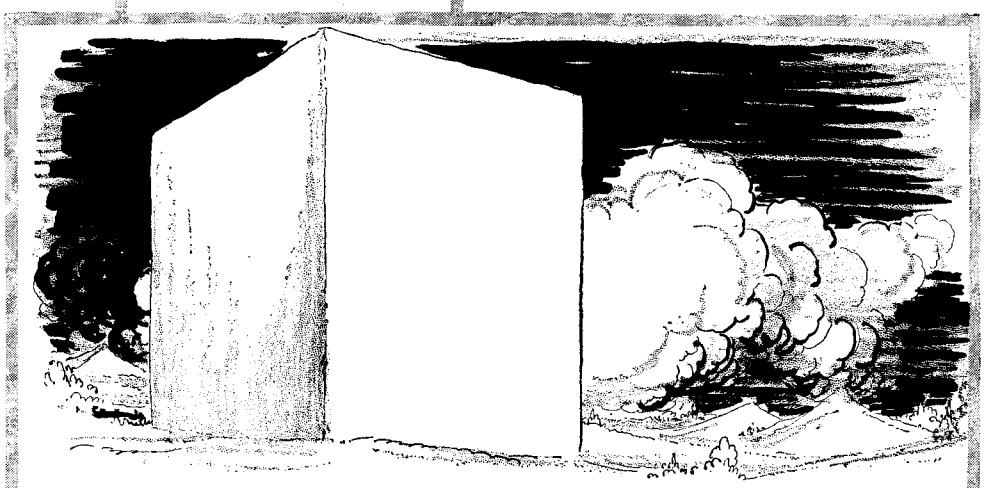
JOHNNIE BASSLER — DETROIT CATCHER
DID NOT MAKE AN ERROR LAST YEAR
He caught 63 games.

MULAI ISMAIL
(Shanfian Emperor)
MOROCCO
WAS THE FATHER OF
888
CHILDREN
548 BOYS
340 GIRLS

CLIFF
JORDAN
JUMPED ROPE
WITH A 85 LB.
WEIGHT ON
HIS HEAD
Brooklyn
1927



A CLOCK
owned by Peter Crowley
of Medford, Mass.
HAS BEEN RUNNING
SINCE 1492



ALL THE PEOPLE ON EARTH
COULD BE PLACED IN A CUBE ½ MILE SQUARE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Harvé Stein

"It'll cost you more than that!" blazed Beatrix. "I'll break my contract! And just try to put this show over without me!"

A Short Short Story

(Complete on this page)

By Viola Paradise

Revolt in the Zodiac

ASTROLOGY had struck The Show. Jim Carey, the astonished playwright, stared first at the glowering producer, Dixon, then at Beatrix Ainsdreth, the enraged star. Until now—from the moment Beatrix had flung herself in ardent, though impersonal, embrace upon Dixon, declaring The Show "the perfect medium for my genius"—rehearsals had gone without a snag. "Almost too well," Dixon confided. "I've got my fingers crossed. Beatrix hasn't broken out once."

And now Dixon himself had thrown the monkey wrench. He consulted an astrologer, and was told his stars would be "unfavorably aspected till the ninth of next month." And today, with the opening scheduled for this coming Tuesday, he had blandly postponed The Show three whole weeks.

"Not the ninth! I will *not* open on the ninth!" Thus Beatrix. "Nine is unlucky for me. The original plan was right according to my stars. I won't have it changed."

"This is a play, not a wagon," Jim had begun lightly, "you don't have to hitch it to a star. Besides you don't really believe that stuff!"

"I believe it two thousand dollars' worth—that's what it cost me to postpone it," growled Dixon.

"It'll cost you more than that!" blazed Beatrix. "I'll break my contract! And just you try to put this play over without me!"

"But use your reason!" Jim urged. Upon which they pooled their hostility in an angry glare. Then they ignored him and resumed recriminations.

Jim slipped miserably away to tell the bad news to Helen. It looked as if the wedding he was hoping The Show would float might have to be postponed.

"Absurd!" Helen laughed. "They'll cool off tomorrow. Don't worry."

"YOU wouldn't be such a bright little Pollyanna if you'd heard them. They're actually *religious* about their astrologer. She used the same words on both of them, but different dates. 'Don't start any important undertakings before the ninth,' she told Dixon. And she had warned Beatrix 'never to start any important undertaking on the ninth of October.' Dixon said The Show wasn't her undertaking, and she said it was nobody else's, that she had 'created the part,' that producers were 'only a means to an end, a medium for histrionic genius. It would have been funny—if it hadn't been otherwise."

"I hope you told them it was *your* undertaking. Who wrote that play?"

"They'd have agreed on the negligibility of playwrights. Don't, for heaven's sake, suggest that *I* go to an astrologer and get a pet date!"

Instead, Helen suggested a picnic supper in a certain secluded spot they had discovered on Long Island. There was nothing they could do about Dixon and Beatrix. They might as well enjoy the evening.

They did. Replete with sandwiches and fruit and coffee, they stretched themselves out on the beach and listened to the lapping of the waves, and looked up at the stars.

"We ought to do this oftener," said Jim. "Somehow I never notice stars—the sky-ey kind—in the city."

"Mmmm. Gorgeous," murmured Helen. "Which one do you suppose is Dixon's and which one Beatrix's?"

"Beatrix wouldn't be satisfied with any star smaller than Betelgeuse. But I can't point it out to you. I remember its name but just can't recall its face. However, if you want to meet the Big Dipper—"

"Silly! I can go you one better. Mister Carey, shake hands with Orion—those three stars are his belt, see? But seriously, isn't it flabbergasting that anyone can think himself important enough to be picked out for special attention by a star? Look—billions of them!"

"And lots of them big enough to give the earth an inferiority complex."

"As if they care whether a play goes on next Tuesday or three weeks later. Once I read, somewhere, that a woman sent her pup's birthdate to an astrologer. You might send The Show's."

"The *very* idea! Helen you're a whiz!" Jim sat up suddenly. "No, I'm not crazy. Come on, let's make for a phone—I'll explain on the way. We may be getting married after all."

Jim contrived—no mean task!—to corral Beatrix and Dixon. At first they sulked and glowered, but presently they pricked up their ears, for Jim was saying: "a wide assortment of astrologically favorable days. A play is no one person's undertaking. Even your consummate genius, Beatrix, couldn't reach the public without a producer. Even your producing genius, Dixon, needs a Beatrix to express it. And both of you would waste your sweetness on the desert air, without an occasional playwright.

"But our personal stars don't count. The play's the thing. Didn't Shakespeare say so? Now if you count The Show's birthdate the day I first got the idea for it, that brings the lucky opening the twenty-fourth of this month. If you count the day when you, Dixon, accepted it, and got Beatrix to create the part, that makes the lucky opening come on the twenty-seventh. If you count the day I completed the manuscript, the third of next month will be about right. . . ."

YOU may not remember that The Show opened on the twenty-seventh, but you know it's still running to capacity houses.

One day, about three months after astrology had struck The Show, and shortly after Helen and Jim returned from their wedding journey, Dixon phoned. "I'm getting ready to put on a new comedy. What's the address of that astrologer of yours who doped out The Show?"

"Oh, that!" Jim grinned at the mouthpiece. "That was just a little thing I tossed off myself."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wash Wounds *with soap and water*

© 1929 M. L. I. CO.

When an accident happens, the cut whether shallow or deep should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere —streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes. It should be assumed that all accidental wounds may be infected.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment. But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart. But the slight temporary discomfort caused by a liberal application of soap and water is of little consequence when compared with the protection afforded by a thorough cleansing.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be *thorough* so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away. The wound must be clean before healing begins.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound.

Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.

According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925; and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home". It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-C. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was glad to get off that road and into a state which did not remind us of the mortality of motoring"

As Collier's famous writers dash hither and yon in search of facts they pick up amusing little yarns. Someone ought to hear them and it might as well be you

In One Ear

Waiter!

HE HOBBLED along, making a valiant effort to maneuver the consommé toward the table without losing a drop. The silk lapels of his threadbare tuxedo were fuzzy with age and his shapeless shoes were bulging with bunions from years of monotonous plodding.

"Here," said the diner to himself, "is a nameless sacrifice upon the altar of greed. This poor soul is doomed to carry food to us gross, selfish gour-

mands until his palsied hands gradually loosen their grip upon the tray and he is shoved into the discard with the other minute particles of life's débris."

When the diner paid his check, he pressed a ten-dollar bill in the moist palm of his shrunken hand and turned aside to wipe a tear. As he got up to leave, a vulgar individual, oozing crass materialism, beckoned the poor fellow to his table. The other patron was close enough to hear their conversation.

"Anything good today, Otto?" asked the gross person. Otto bent low and whispered: "Buy all the Consolidated Garden Hose Preferred you can get. I got 2,000 shares at 87 and it's good for a ten-point raise."

Now the diner eats exclusively in self-service cafeterias.

Gruesome Highways

EVERYWHERE on the main roads of Ohio where a person has been killed in an automobile accident, either a passenger in a car or a pedestrian or a driver in a wagon, there is a white cross to mark the spot. How the numbers mount up! A friend who recently made a trip in the state reports that in seventy-five miles he counted sixty-nine white crosses on the roadside. In one place there were six crosses indicating a bad accident. In another there were two white crosses on one side of the road and two on the other, indicating two accidents, perhaps, or a collision that sent one car to one side of the road and the other to the other.

Your imagination might run on how the catastrophes occurred and who were killed, the young or the old, the safe, careful driver or the mad one who endangers other lives by taking wild chances.

"It didn't exactly give me the heebegeebies," said the man who had counted sixty-nine crosses in seventy-five miles, "but I was glad to get off that road into a state which did not remind us of the mortality of motoring. I tell you I went around the turns where those white crosses were the way the losing horse you have your money on comes around the turn into the stretch, almost going backward!"

They say that the Ohioans do not like the crosses, but Governor Vic Donahey believes they are a good thing and remind people more forcibly than anything else can to obey the laws of the road and drive carefully. And other states have taken on the idea. The people of Ohio think they are lugubrious things that deter people from other states from riding along Ohio's highways.

Alien Property

A GREAT deal has been printed in the papers in recent years about the German property seized by the United States after the declaration of war and held by the Alien Property Custodian pending a plan of settlement. There has been discussion of ships, radio stations, patent rights and other property, but nowhere in the debate in or out of Congress has there been any mention of what is perhaps the most interesting seizure.

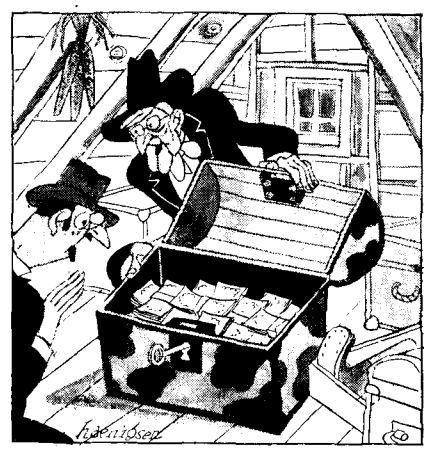
When the United States began taking over German property in 1917, the possessions of Dr. —— were seized along with those of thousands of other Germans. Among them was a glass jar filled with alcohol. For more than ten years it has been guarded by the United States while Dr. —— has awaited its return. He prizes it because it contains the appendix of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, the former Alice Roosevelt, upon whom he operated.

The Corn Baron

A PHYSICIAN who practices in Baltimore came from the South, as so many physicians in that part of the world do. He spent a recent vacation back in his old home town. West of it rises a wooded ridge, Stony Ridge, one of the foothills of the chain of mountains toward which the Atlantic coastal plain rises. To that ridge a farmer clung precariously when the physician was a youth. The two knew each other well. The physician used to hunt over the ridge when he was a medical student on vacation.

They met in the village on this recent occasion, the old farmer driving his Packard car but looking otherwise very much as he had in the old days before the war. The doctor knew pretty well the origin of the Packard car, for the fame of the Stony Ridge product had spread even to the Maryland Club in Baltimore. So when the old farmer urged him to come up on the ridge and have something good to drink, he accepted the invitation.

After a swallow or two, the old man said, "Come up into the attic." There he opened an old trunk, one of the kind you never see any more, a cowhide trunk with the hair on the outside, heavily locked. Taking out the tray revealed the bottom of the trunk covered several inches deep with bills of from $5 to $500



denomination, the prosperity of years of post-Volstead moonshining. There were several other trunks in the attic; perhaps they were similarly floored with paper money.

"Heavens, man, why do you keep all that here! Why don't you put it in a bank?" asked the physician.

"I can't put it in a bank," replied the old Stony Ridge moonshiner. "Everybody knows I have no way of making that much money. The government would seize it."

"Take it to some city at a distance where you are not known and bank it. Somebody will rob you here."

"No," answered the old man, "it is perfectly safe here. I have guards armed with rifles all over the place. I pay them well and they are loyal. They would kill anyone I told them to."

There is a little picture of one of the many Baronies of Corn. The baron with his treasure trunks and his armed guards is a gentle soul, one hundred per cent old-stock American.

Excuse It, Please

WASHINGTON diplomatic and social circles have a great deal of fun out of the fact that a Mr. Wright is a member of the staff of the Embassy of Great Britain while the recently established Canadian legation has a Mr. Wrong. Michael Wright is the third secretary of the British Embassy and Hume Wrong the first secretary of the Canadian legation.

"This is Mr. Wright," says Mr. Wright on occasion when inquiry is made of him pertaining to the affairs of the kingdom. "You should see Mr. Wrong."

"Yes, I am Wrong, but you ought to see Wright," the other official sometimes advises callers.

Washington finds it an amusing situation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

The dearest two in the world!

SHE smiled up at you—with your son in her arms! Remember how you nearly wrung the doctor's hand off trying to thank him for bringing these precious two safe out of the shadows of a timeless night?

Medical Science has not yet completely dispelled all danger in child-bearing—perhaps it never will. But around the motherhood of today it has built a powerful protecting fortress of scientific equipment, of asepsis, of anesthesia, of obstetrical skill, of pre-natal and post-natal care.

To provide this modern protection, workers in Medical Science have had to wage an almost incredible struggle against human ignorance, indifference, and prejudice.

The battle against indifference and dogmatism

Less than a century ago, for example, child-bed fever was considered a mysterious "accident" or "act of Providence."

"But it is no accident, this menace that carries off thousands of mothers," said Semmelweiss, a young Hungarian physician, to a skeptical and scoffing world in 1847. "It is an *infection*—and I can tell you how to prevent it!"

Semmelweiss died broken-hearted, crazed by ignorant criticism and opposition—yet not before he had demonstrated the effectiveness of his method. Working in a Vienna maternity ward he was able in a single year to reduce the child-bed fever loss from one in ten to one in a hundred.

Slowly the doctrine of preventable infection gained ground. In America Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—poet, essayist, physician—championed it against violent prejudice. In England, Joseph Lister pursued epoch-making investigations into similar *antiseptic* (germ-killing) methods of controlling infection.

The brilliant discoveries of these and other devoted workers led finally to modern *asepsis*—surgical cleanliness—nowhere of greater value than in the protection it offers to women in childbirth.

Parke, Davis & Company know of no greater responsibility, no greater opportunity to serve humanity, than is offered by the privilege of preparing the medicines required in modern obstetrical practice.

Every needed resource of a vast organization, every measure of precaution known to science is used in our laboratories in making, in testing, and in safeguarding the purity of the Parke-Davis medicines relied upon by physicians in helping to bring new lives into the world.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is light in color and so *pure* that it is practically odorless. It is also free from harmful fats, and is so highly refined that it leaves no unpleasant after-taste. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking for Trouble

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

These days the road to the top in any sport isn't a Lincoln Highway

Is it harder sport to play good golf than it is to play good polo? Devereux Milburn says it is. But what is hardest of all? Tennis, hockey, water polo, football, boxing, baseball—which would you nominate?

IN a swift-moving age, chuck full of action, when over 30,000,000 people are playing some game of their own, the playing difficulties surrounding each sport carry any number of interesting features. What is the hardest game to learn—and to play?

It always seemed to me that the harder games must be a combination of other games, where the player has to absorb different techniques and blend them into one sport before he can become a star. Among such games are polo, water polo, hockey and football.

Polo calls for first-class horsemanship and after that a certain knack at hitting the ball. Water polo demands swimming ability and a combination of basketball and football. It is probably the roughest of all sports—one of the roughest at least. Hockey first demands ability to skate and with that the art of hitting the net. Modern football is a mixture of football and basketball, with a touch of baseball. Which is one reason why the dinosaurs of the game who can't throw and pass and who lack speed are fading out.

I put this problem up to Devereux Milburn, one of the greatest of all polo players and one of the most famous of all the international leaders. "One has to be a good horseman, if not a great one, to be a first-class polo player," he said. "In most other games you can stay on your feet where it isn't necessary to learn how to ride. There is of course a definite art in hitting the ball as it ought to be hit. Tommy Hitchcocks are extremely scarce and always will be. But while it would seem to be the hardest thing in sport to ride at full speed and hit a ball correctly, to my mind a polo ball is a much simpler proposition than hitting a golf ball. That might sound ridiculous. In the first game you are handling your pony, you are moving rapidly and from an elevated position you have to hit a ball that may also be traveling. And you have to do your hitting from any number of unexpected angles. That would seem infinitely harder than hitting a golf ball, where you and the ball are both stationary and where you can take all the time you need. Yet it is easier to play consistent polo than it is to play consistent golf."

Polo calls for a combination of timing—pony speed and hitting. Yet timing a golf stroke correctly seems to call for much more complicated coördination of mind, nerves and various muscles, where one slip can wreck the entire machinery.

Tennis or Golf?

There has been many an argument along this same line between tennis players and golfers—between football and baseball followers.

Is tennis or golf the harder game to learn? Tennis undoubtedly demands more physical qualities. It calls for greater foot speed, greater quickness, more stamina. In tennis also the player and the ball are both moving when the stroke is delivered. Tennis calls for more strategy and for quicker judgments. There are far more high-class golfers than there are high-class tennis players.

Yet tennis form is much more easily standardized than golf form. The form of an average tennis player, facing an opponent of about equal merit, will vary, of course, but not like the wide divergence in results that a golfer will obtain from one day to another. Few sports have nearly as many moments of complete despair and utter inability to do anything correctly as golf.

One reason may be that it is easier to keep relaxed while in motion than it is to keep relaxed while standing still. The rush of tennis makes every action more instinctive.

Is football or baseball harder to learn? Here is another subject for many a burning debate. I put this problem up to John W. Heisman, for more than 30 years an able football and basketball coach.

"That isn't hard to answer," he said. "Football is infinitely harder to learn—I mean, to learn well. A good baseball player has to learn how to throw a ball, how to catch a ball and how to hit a ball. Then there is also the art of sliding. But a modern football back has to learn how to throw a queer-shaped football and how to catch one. Also how to kick one. He must also learn the science of ball carrying. He must learn how to block and tackle, an intricate assignment if nothing else is considered.

"The football is much harder to throw and much harder to catch than a baseball is. Its shape isn't designed for easy handling, while the shape of a baseball is. In baseball there are rarely more than three or four men in action on any one play. In football there are twenty-one men in action on every play with the safety man also waiting for his chance. Baseball is much easier to teach than football—much easier—if the pupil has any knack for the game. Good Rugby players have shown us the possibilities in the way of handling a football, but remember they have handled the ball for years."

Then there is hockey to consider. First of all a good hockey player must be a fine skater. After this he must acquire the knack of hitting a rather small target with a small elusive disk of rubber while moving at dizzy speed. Hockey is one of the fastest of all sports and it calls for extreme quickness of foot, hand and eye. Basketball is built along simpler lines, which accounts for much of its popularity. But here again you have a game that demands much greater continued speed than football or baseball call for.

What Boxing Demands

What about boxing? It must be one of the toughest of the lot to learn, since the collection of top-notchers is so numerically thin. This is especially true of heavyweights, where skill, speed and hitting power are almost never combined.

The ideal heavyweight would have the aggressiveness and the hitting power of Dempsey, the boxing skill of Corbett or Tunney and the durability of Jeffries.

Just at present none of these qualities can be located among the few surviving candidates for Tunney's vacated throne.

The high-class boxer has reached one of the highest of all the scientific sporting planes. His reflexes must be instantaneous. He must have speed of hand and foot. His judgment of distance and his timing must be almost perfect. He has fewer things to learn than a football player, but what he must have is harder to acquire. Few have the needed coördination that championship boxing demands, plus the knowledge of correct punching.

To become a high-class boxer who can also hit is the hardest job of them all. Don't forget that it took Gene Tunney just ten years of almost constant work and training to reach the form he showed against Tom Heeney in his final stand.

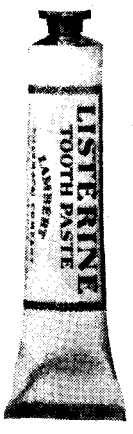
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tooth paste starts Baby's bank account with a $3 deposit

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it really isn't. Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is $3. With this $3 you can open a savings account for your youngster. Or you can buy yourself gloves, or hosiery. There are countless items to choose from —the choice is yours.

A *remarkable* tooth paste at a *remarkable* price

You be the judge



Large Tube
25¢

As makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of tooth paste—and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, and its price is but 25¢ for the *large tube*. Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new gleaming whiteness.

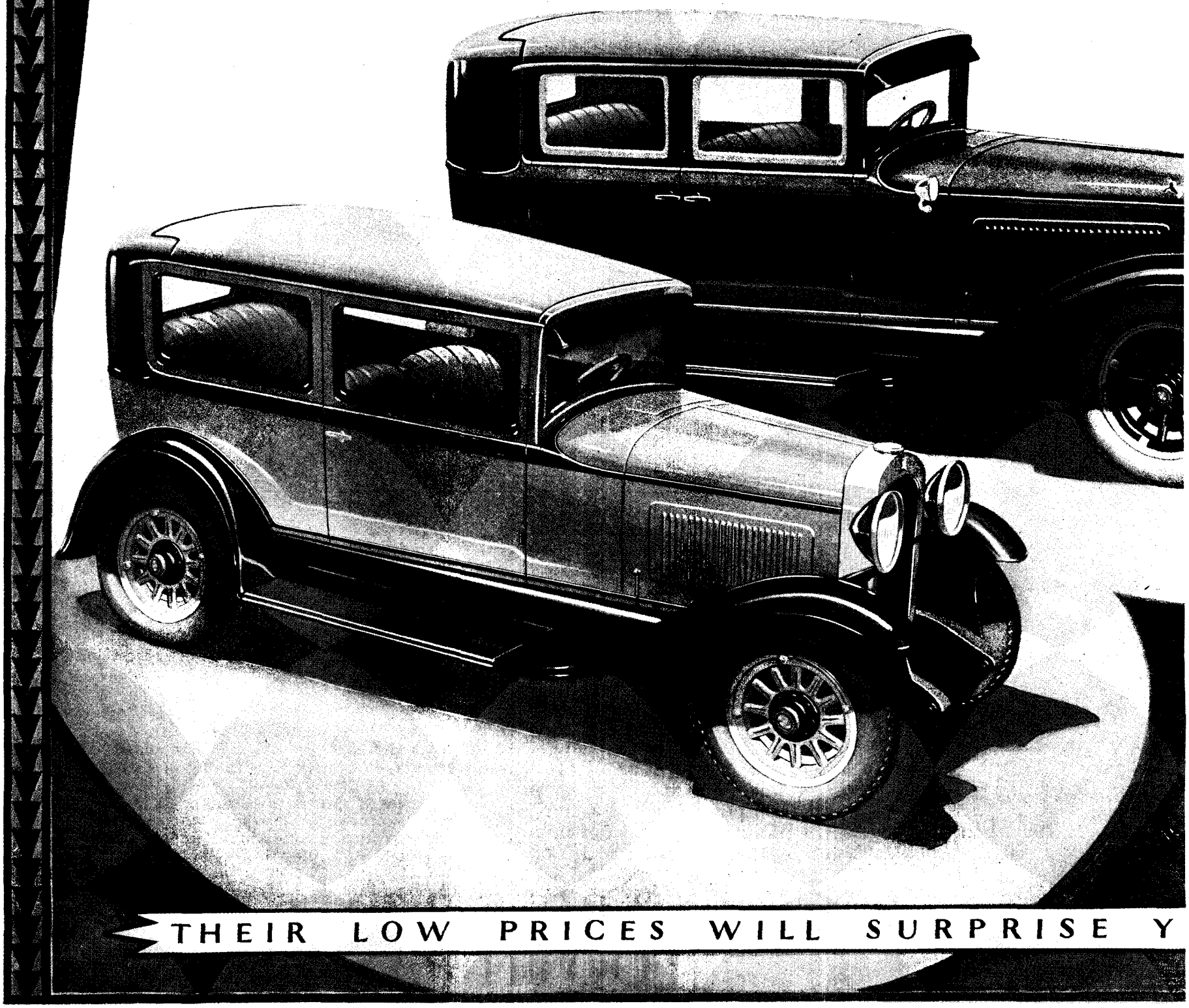
* * *

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month per person is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING THE NEW



THEIR LOW PRICES WILL SURPRISE Y

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUPERIOR WHIPPET

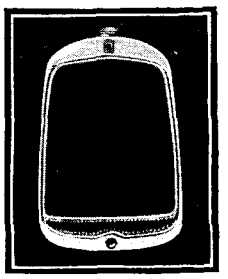
THE STYLE CREATION OF MASTER DESIGNERS

♦ ♦ ♦

INTRODUCING THE NEW

"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

THE MOST NOTABLE ADVANCE IN DRIVING CONVENIENCE SINCE THE SELF-STARTER



THIS week Willys-Overland presents the outstanding light car achievement — the new Superior Whippet, one of those epoch-making advances that change the trend of automobile history.

In modish design, the new Superior Whippet is as far ahead as the first Whippet was ahead in engineering advantages. With longer bodies, higher radiator and hood, low graceful lines, one-piece full crown fenders, mechanical 4-wheel brakes, rich, harmonious colors —the new Superior Whippet establishes an ultra-modern style trend for Fours and light Sixes.

Larger, Roomier Bodies

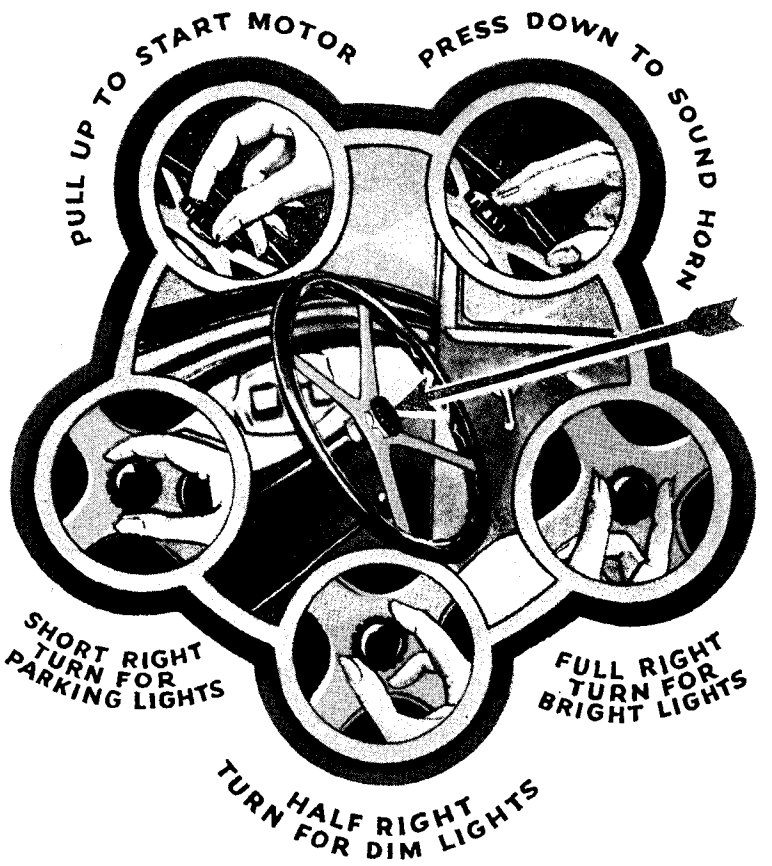
More spacious interiors, with 3 inches added leg room, together with longer springs both front and rear, and form-fitting seats, insure maximum riding and driving comfort.

"Finger-Tip Control"

The Superior Whippet is the first car to offer the new "Finger-Tip Control"; a single button, conveniently located in the center of the steering wheel, controls the starter, the lights and the horn. Illustrations at the right clearly explain the operation of this wonderful new improvement.

New Mechanical Superiorities

The Superior Whippet's higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower, with resultant increase in power, speed and flexibility. Higher second gear speed gives faster pick-up. Low consumption


PULL UP TO START MOTOR
PRESS DOWN TO SOUND HORN
SHORT RIGHT TURN FOR PARKING LIGHTS
FULL RIGHT TURN FOR BRIGHT LIGHTS
HALF RIGHT TURN FOR DIM LIGHTS

of gas and oil, and dependable performance, result in marked operating economy and minimum service costs.

A demonstration of the new Superior Whippet will give you an entirely new idea of light car beauty and performance. An immediate order will aid in early delivery.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Air Command

Continued from page 7

a streak of bright flame burst forth as the two planes mingled in a mass of falling débris.

A full half dozen of Thornet's companions saw him crawl from his cockpit and drop, to become a limp puppet in the air with frantic limbs. And it was too much. The whole flight, forgetful of combat or formation, lit out for home.

They wriggled and twisted, as they flew, each ship fighting for itself against those winged machine guns, designed especially to bring them down. Hurdlock's ship went sideslipping down with a sheet of flame behind it, and its pilot on one wing. Schuyler's ship dived madly for the earth with its gunner crawling forward over the pilot's body, seeking the controls. Two more were missing in the illimitable expanse wherein they fought. And only MacFane and Miller had good hunting.

THROTTLING down behind the wheeling, struggling formation, MacFane prepared to die game. He fought with forward guns and aft, using his embattled squadron as decoys. True to his design, and backed by a deadly gunner, he saw his system work.

Unnerved by that slow-moving, seemingly invulnerable Salmson which was coolly used as a sort of shooting seat by the two crack shots which it contained, the enemy gave way. While six pilots of the Eighty-first gazed longingly, desperately upon the battle lines below, with no hope of crossing them alive, eight German scouts saw two of their number go down under MacFane's fire, and decided it was enough. Incomprehensibly the air was clear. Inexplicably the enemy had gone. The remnants of MacFane's sortie flew home.

Pale as death and cold as ice, MacFane stood on the flying line and held the returning pilots as they arrived.

"You lost your nerve," he pointed out coolly, when they all stood gathered about him. "If you'd kept formation and covered one another, we'd have come back, probably, intact. Tomorrow we'll go out and try for those pictures again."

Slowly, and very stiffly, he walked toward his hut. Arriving there, he sat very stiffly upon the edge of his cot and said something about a doctor. When the M. O. arrived MacFane was lying face down, upon the floor, and a tiny trickle of red was crawling from beneath one shoulder.

In one hut a dozen pilots were gathered, regarding with a sense of awe the realities of aërial warfare.

"We go back for 'em tomorrow!" said Gifford slowly. "Go through that again tomorrow!"

"I'll be damned if we will!" raved Madison suddenly. "It was cold-blooded murder today! That's what it was, murder. Hurdlock . . . oh, God, did you see him? He didn't have a chance! None of us had a chance. It was luck that brought us through. Thornet, Schuyler, Murphy . . . he killed 'em. Murdered 'em just as sure as if he shot 'em down himself. That's the kind of a C. O. we've got! . . ." He broke off into a stream of hysterical blasphemy.

They stared at him gravely, in silent and perturbed commiseration.

"Shut up, Madison," warned one.

"Let him listen, if he wants to!" cried Madison. "I tell you, if you have the guts of a louse there isn't one of you fellows will go up again for him. I tell you we've drawn a killer. That damned swine would kill every one of us to get the results he wants. And, by God, he will, too!"

Manfield entered the hut quietly.

"MacFane's wounded," he announced. "They say it's serious."

"Kill himself, too, if he has to!" screamed Madison. And then he collapsed suddenly, on the edge of a bunk. There was a moment of stifled silence in the hut.

"Well," breathed Gifford, at last, "that doesn't look as if we go up tomorrow."

BUT, for MacFane, one thought persisted through pain and weakness, sickness and fatigue. The squadron must get those pictures, and it must get them quick. A bullet had stripped the flesh from his collar bone as neatly as a scalpel, and various tendons had been ripped away. His entire arm and shoulder were strapped up, useless. He could not turn his head; and there was a weakness upon him, and a burden of searing pain. But the thought persisted. . . . The pictures had to be obtained.

It was scarcely dawn when he arose from his cot and began to put on his clothes.

The surgeon, with a lively curiosity, wrapped a flying coat about his shoulders and investigated the light in his patient's window.

"None of that, Mac," he said, grinning. "If you spend a morning on your feet we'll have an ambulance here for you by lunch time."

MacFane stopped in his dressing long enough to breathe deeply between clenched teeth, while he held himself rigidly against the spinning of his head. He spoke finally between white lips.

"Better put in your order," he said. "I'm getting up."

MACFANE spent hours in the orderly hut, where he took his breakfast, and debated with Hardy, his Operations Officer.

"It can't be done," was Hardy's unoriginal viewpoint. "With you leading them, perhaps. But alone, it's just slaughter. You can stick up your orders, but I'll bet we turn back before we're well over the lines. Our fellows can't stand attack without protection."

"Who said without protection?" MacFane sat like a mummy, stiff in his chair, his face immobile, pale as death. "You write the orders, Hardy, and you see that the men go up. You've got to trust me. I'll get the protection."

"How?"

Grotesquely the death's head winked.

"You put it down in the orders. Our ships will fly to the canal three kilometers southeast of Apremont where an escort of pursuit planes will meet them. With that escort, and what they should have learned about fighting yesterday, no excuse will be accepted for returning without those pictures. Tell 'em that. Put it in the orders." The dummy swayed in its chair. "And now, if you don't mind," it said in a diminishing voice, "I'll have that ambulance."

He stared at the table while he waited, and, with the ambulance outside, lingered until the orders were prepared and read to him.

"That covers it," he said gravely. Then, to Hardy, a queer, indomitable spirit in his eyes: "You've got to trust me, Hardy."

Hardy helped him into the ambulance, and saw the machine slide away along the muddy road. That, he reflected, would be the last of Major MacFane; and the poor devil hadn't got his pictures after all.

It was late in the morning when Captain Brennan, for the moment in command of Pursuit Squadron 203, was surprised by the visit to his field of an ambulance. The vehicle drew up at the orderly hut and Brennan, having no dignity, strolled forth to see what it contained. He was in time to see a long man emerge from the rear of it with the aid of an orderly, who was visibly embarrassed. This embarrassment arose from the fact that, although the long man obviously needed the orderly's assistance, he was extremely outspoken in his objection to it. Then the long man was out of the car, and at the door of the orderly hut. And Brennan found himself facing a major of the Air Service who stood with a queer rigidity and stared at him from a face which might have been carved from white marble. In his bones Brennan felt that at last he was face to face with the ultimate thing in commanders; with the ideal soldier; with the uncompromising leader. . . . The orderly hovered at MacFane's elbow, while that officer strove mightily not to sway.

"Major Callan here?" questioned MacFane.

"No, sir. He's up at headquarters. Big things cooking, I believe." Brennan was fascinated by the other's steady gaze.

"Are you in command?"

BRENNAN nodded, and mentioned his name. MacFane gave his own, with particulars.

"I need your coöperation," he said. His words had the ring of an undeniable order, and MacFane saw in the eyes of the young ace before him that the coöperation would be his. It was a relief. This was the fourth squadron he had visited, and his time was getting short. . . . He should have been in the hospital before this.

"I have a photographic flight going up at 11:10. Our escort has failed us. It's imperative to get pictures today. I want you to take up a couple of flights and protect them."

Brennan glanced at his wrist watch.

"I'd like to, sir. But in the major's absence—"

"Headquarters wants those pictures. It's a chance for you to do a good job—" MacFane halted, caught his breath, swayed slightly, and then drew himself rigid with a grin. "And you can be sure of action," he said. "We went up and fought them yesterday. They'll be laying for us. I'll take all responsibility."

(*Continued on page 32*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

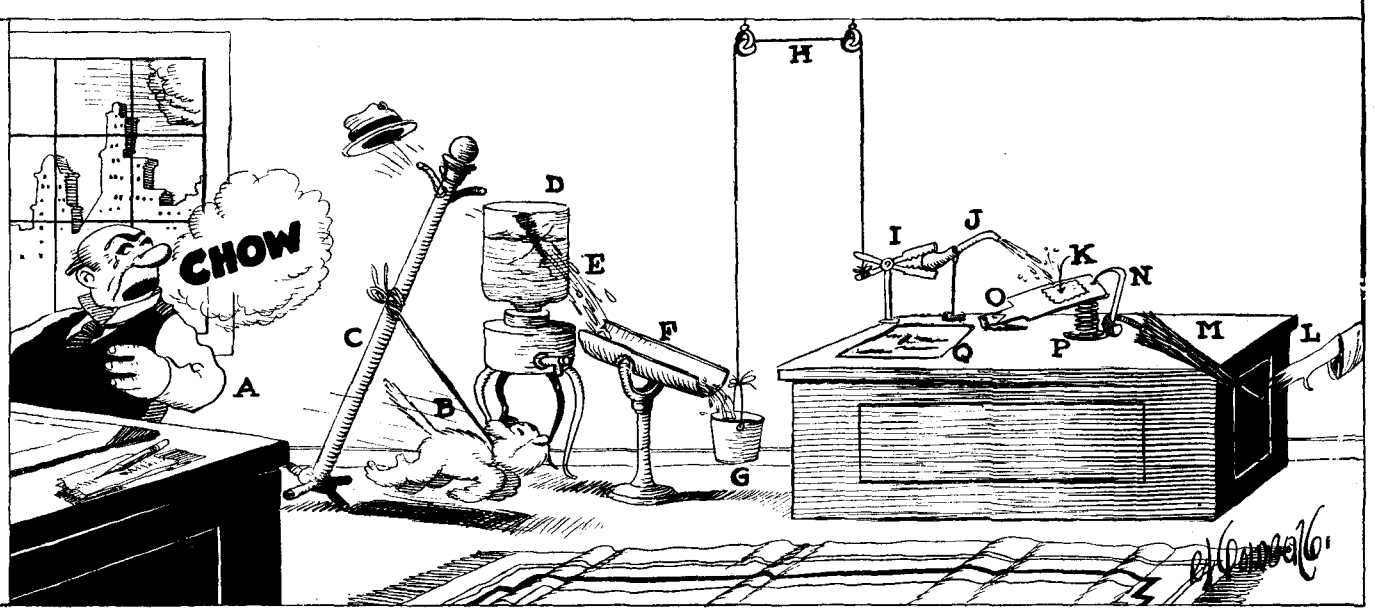
By Rube Goldberg

THE MASSIVE INTELLECT OF PROFESSOR BUTTS EVOLVES A SIMPLE APPLIANCE FOR PUTTING POSTAGE STAMPS ON ENVELOPES.

BOSS (A) SNEEZES, SNOZZLEHOUND (B), FRIGHTENED OUT OF A SOUND SLUMBER, RUNS OUT OF THE OFFICE, UPSETTING HATRACK (C) AND BREAKING ICE WATER CONTAINER (D). WATER (E) IS SPILLED INTO TROUGH (F) AND IS THEN CONVEYED TO BUCKET (G).

THE WEIGHT OF THE WATER IN BUCKET CAUSES STRING (H) TO COMPRESS NUTCRACKER (I) WHICH SQUEEZES BULB ON MEDICINE-DROPPER (J) AND MOISTENS POSTAGE STAMP (K)

STENOGRAPHER (L), ABOUT TO GO OUT TO LUNCH, HEARS THE SPLASHING OF WATER ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS DURING THE OPERATION OF THE APPARATUS. SHE THINKS IT IS RAINING AND PICKS UP HER UMBRELLA (M), WHICH PULLS BACK SMALL HOOK (N), CAUSING SPRING (P) TO THROW PADDLE (O) OVER ON ENVELOPE (Q) AND PRESS MOISTENED STAMP IN PLACE.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ethyl is good for *any* car"

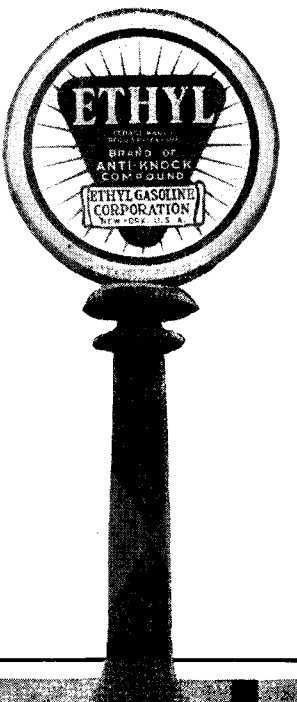
WHATEVER your car will do on gasoline, it will do better on *Ethyl* Gasoline. And the reason is simple.

Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline *plus* Ethyl "anti-knock" fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) which automotive science developed to give the motoring public the advantages of high compression. These are: more power from each gallon of fuel; stronger, smoother engine action; less shifting; quicker pick-up—better performance and control in every respect.

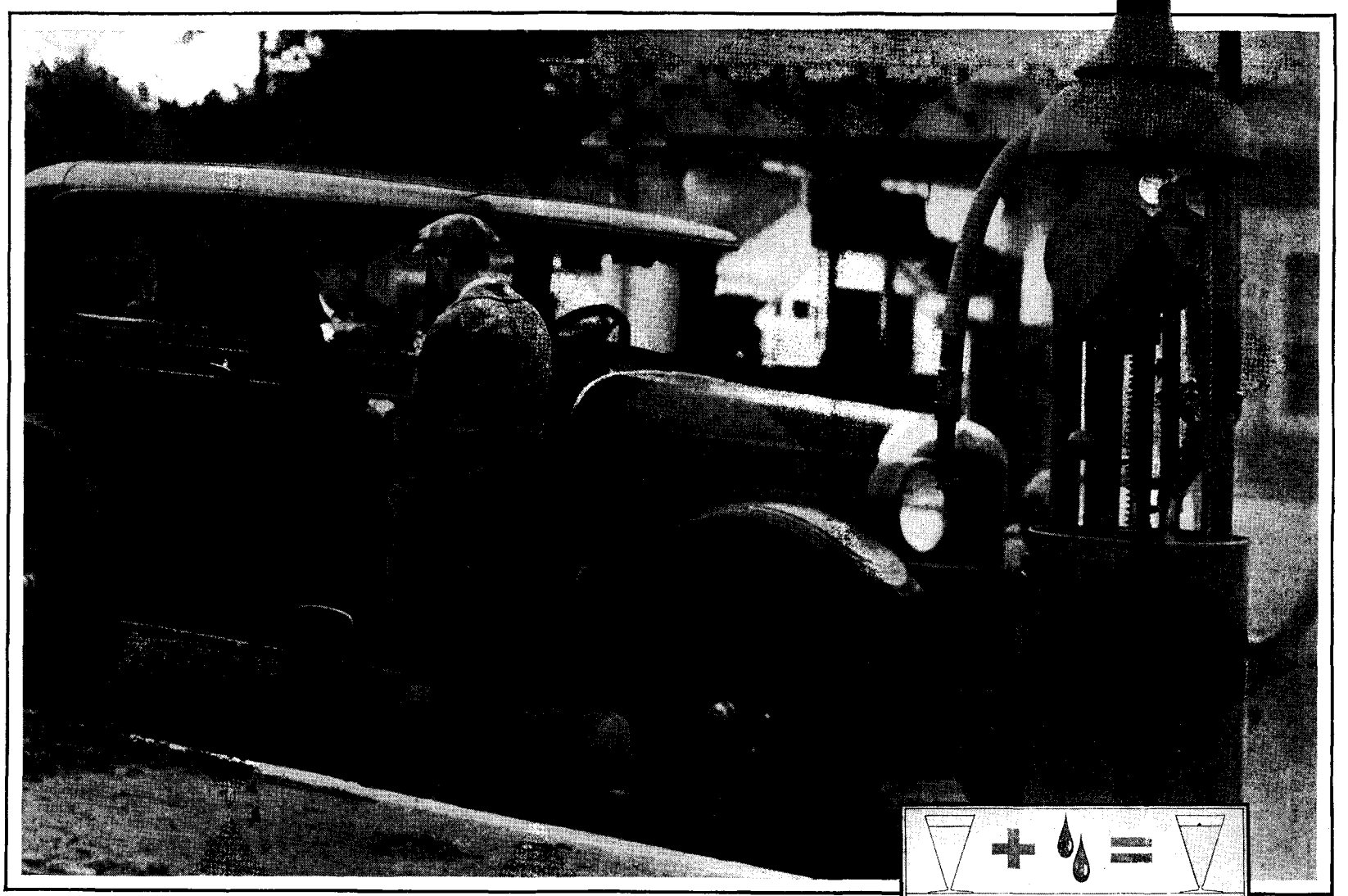
Distribution of Ethyl Gasoline by more than 30 of the leading oil companies has enabled motor car manufacturers to introduce new models with engines of higher compression. Their full measure performance requires fuel of Ethyl's "anti-knock" standard.

But the millions of cars of average compression will also run better on Ethyl. For carbon formation automatically raises their compression and Ethyl, by keeping out the "knock," turns the extra pressure into extra power.

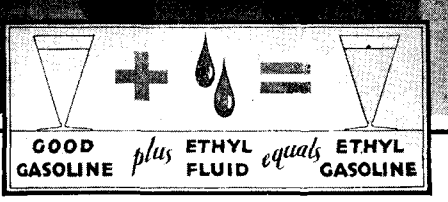
Your pump or garage man is right when he tells you that Ethyl is good for *any* car—whatever its age or make or type.



ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION 25 Broadway, N.Y. 56 Church St., Toronto, Can. 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.



© E. G. C. 1929



Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—and Sauerkraut

YOU naturally have confidence in what your doctor tells you. And you should. No one has contributed more to the advancement of the human race than the physician. He is an eternal student—ever studying to help us and relieve our ills. He knows medicine; he knows foods and their effects, and he prescribes them as he does his medicaments. Therefore you respect your doctor's orders. You take his advice. You follow his directions. You believe in him.

Then you should believe just as implicitly in the many famous doctors who tell you of the health-giving qualities of Sauerkraut. You should believe Dr. Arnold Lorand, of Carlsbad, one of the noted men of Europe, when he tells you that Sauerkraut "has advantages, due to its lactic acid of exerting a disinfecting process in the intestine; that its pleasant sour taste has a stimulating effect upon the appetite."

You should believe Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of the famous Battle Creek Sanitariums when he says: "Sauerkraut deserves a larger place in the National bill-of-fare. The cabbage is a valuable source of iron, vegetable salts and vitamins."

You should heed Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, for many years Commissioner of Health of Chicago, when he says: "Besides the necessary food elements that Sauerkraut contains, it is good food to combat constipation."

You should take the advice of Dr. Juan Antiga, well-known physician of Cuba, when he declares that "Sauerkraut is a scientific and invaluable food treatment for stomach, bowels and blood."

In short you should have complete confidence in the statements of the many authorities quoted in our booklet "What Doctors Say About Sauerkraut" which we will gladly send you FREE on request. These statements were not made at our suggestion, but were written in praise of Sauerkraut for the good of all mankind.

Our companion booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" gives many other truths about Sauerkraut and in addition 49 tested recipes for serving. It is also FREE. Everyone interested in health through right eating should send for these books, and when purchasing Sauerkraut should make sure to get the kind which bears the

Emblem of First Quality

The emblem printed herewith on can or container—used only by licensed members of the Association—always means First Quality Sauerkraut—Sauerkraut made in the most sanitary way; in absolutely sanitary plants and in accordance with the highest Government standards. Look for the Emblem—Send for the booklets.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio Please send me postpaid your free booklets "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," and "What Doctors Say About Sauerkraut."

Name

Address

C-5 City and State

Air Command

Continued from page 30

Brennan saw the picture whole. This man was wounded. Wounded fighting in the air with Salmsons. It was something fine, something unusual. All the enthusiasm of a fighting, fiery nature arose to that. The opportunity of a lifetime to do the unusual. To give this amazing man a hand; to take the reins from authority and have a magnificent fling. It was too, too good. Again Brennan glanced at his watch. There was time.

"Eleven-ten, you say? Where do we meet 'em?"

The grin which passed over the taut white face of the commander was a sight that was good to see.

"Great stuff," said MacFane. "My flight is to meet its escort over the canal, three kilometers southeast of Apremont. They take off at 11:10. Eleven-fifteen should be good time."

"We'll be there!" said Brennan.

At 10:55 A. M. Major Callan returned to his squadron in time to view with amazement two flights of his Spads disappearing into the sunlit skies of the east. And since he had returned with a definite plan of action that demanded every plane at his command, it was with something more than the common, or garden, variety of wrath that he plunged for the orderly-room.

AT 11 A. M. fifteen Salmsons stood ready along the flying line of the Eighty-first. But the pilots were not in their cockpits. They stood grouped around Captain Madison in the mouth of one yawning hangar, and an atmosphere of nervous doubt, of vague unuttered shame, of bewildered indignation hung about them.

"As far as I'm concerned, it's off," repeated Madison. "I'm not going up."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Gifford, with an increasing consciousness of what forces they were dealing with. "We've got our orders, and we can at least make a demonstration. Just fly over the lines and return."

Madison shook his head.

"No. I'm going to cut the issue clear. MacFane wants to make a showing and he doesn't care how many men he kills. It's murder. That's all."

"But he promised protection. He's no fool—"

"No, but he hopes we are! Could he get protection when he was here in command? How can he get it now he's in hospital?"

Hardy pressed into the group. He was holding a slip of paper in his hand. His brow was immensely furrowed.

"You fellows ought to know this," he said. "Look here. I just took it over the phone."

They read it in bunches, crowding around the operations officer. The words danced before Madison's eyes:

I am informed that Major MacFane has without authority ordered two flights of pursuit planes to escort his observers on photographic work this morning. He will immediately relinquish command of his squadron and report at these headquarters to explain this unprecedented abuse of his authority.

Very quietly and fervently Lieutenant Gifford swore.

"My gosh," he said, or words to that effect. "I thought he was bound for hospital."

"He's been calling at every Spad squadron in the sector," cried Hardy. "Seventy-nine phoned in that he could hardly stand up."

"He promised us protection," murmured Treadwell softly.

"And by God, we've got to use it!" cried Gifford. "Madison, you old fool, we've been all wrong! All set to retire on sick leave, he puts his head in the noose to get us protection when he can hardly stand. Did those Spads go out, Hardy?"

"Sure, that's what they're so mad about at headquarters—"

"Get into those ships!" roared Gifford. "Get into those ships, you sky hogs, and get the pictures!"

"And make it snappy!" The voice of Madison outroared him. "God, what bloody fools we've been!"

They stampeded to their cockpits and as they scrambled in an ambulance drove up.

From the ambulance emerged a man who advanced and stood at the flying line. He stood gaunt and strangely stiff. His face was a white wedge against the cavernous entrance of the hangar behind him.

A harsh, strained sound arose above the roar of the motors. It was the sound of thirty voices greeting him. A reassuring roar of sound which had the quality of a cheer.

The Salmsons swung round and waddled forth onto the field. Following the leader in pairs they roared off into flight, until the field was hidden in a mighty column of dust. And MacFane was standing there, rigid, with Hardy's slip of paper in his hand.

He saw them rise, fifteen great birds, soaring into the sun, and the white faces of the gunners looking back at him. They became dark, winged forms in the distant air, and he closed his eyes against the swirling in his head.

He opened them to gaze upon the paper. He read the message, and he grinned. Hardy, standing beside him, seemed to be obscured in a queer haze, a mist.

"Tell them, Hardy," he said, still grinning. "Tell them—I can't come—I can't—"

"Catch him!" snapped the surgeon, running toward them. But before Hardy could catch him MacFane had fallen like a log.

The Eighty-first squadron came back late to dinner. One machine, as a matter of fact, didn't come back at all, and two pilots and a gunner were taken from their cockpits to the ambulance. But the essential point was that the squadron which came back was not the same as the squadron which had gathered about Madison that morning. It was a spirited, elated squadron. Its ships were clipped and splintered with new bullet wounds, the fabrics of some fluttered in the wind; and there were blood marks on the cowlings. But Brennan and his observer had done their stuff, and the rest, who did not take pictures, had held their own. Madison, exultant, rushed to MacFane's quarters, and shouted down upon the man who lay there, pale, upon the cot.

"We got 'em, Major!" he cried. "Got 'em clean, and brought 'em in safely. Four enemy aircraft down; and, baby, how those Spads did scrap!"

MacFane smiled up at him with a queer spirit in his eyes.

"Thank you, Madison. And thank all the other fellows for me. We'd never have done it without the proper crowd."

HE PAUSED, and the smile on his gaunt face became almost seraphic.

"Send the pictures up to headquarters," he said. "Perhaps they'll accept 'em in lieu of my explanation."

It is among the odd inconsistencies of an inconsistent service that they did. MacFane had abused his authority. MacFane had reprehensibly used Spads which were allotted to offensive patrol for the protection of his photographers. But in the light of his explanations this was forgiven him. He had been ordered to get those pictures and, in the light of incontrovertible evidence, he had got them.

The Cross-eyed Southpaw

Nobody knew the answer to this droll bird who sneaked into fistic fame through an open window. Nobody knew and nobody ever found out until it was too late.

By RICHARD CONNELL

In Next Week's Collier's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Act

of the Select *and* Common Councils

127 years ago

that saved money for Philadelphia taxpayers in 1928

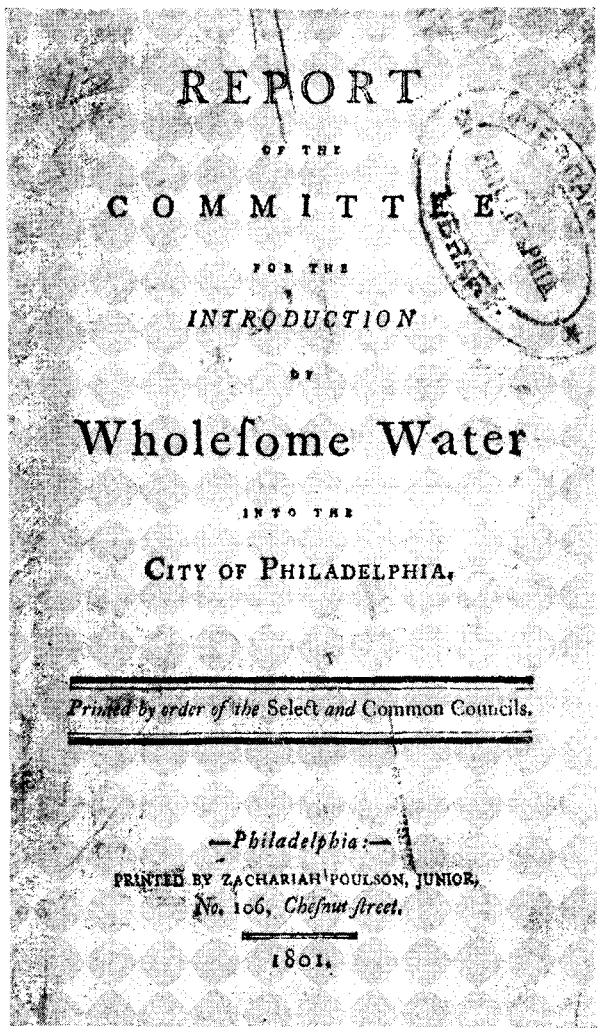
A lesson in public economy which will be of interest to property owners everywhere!

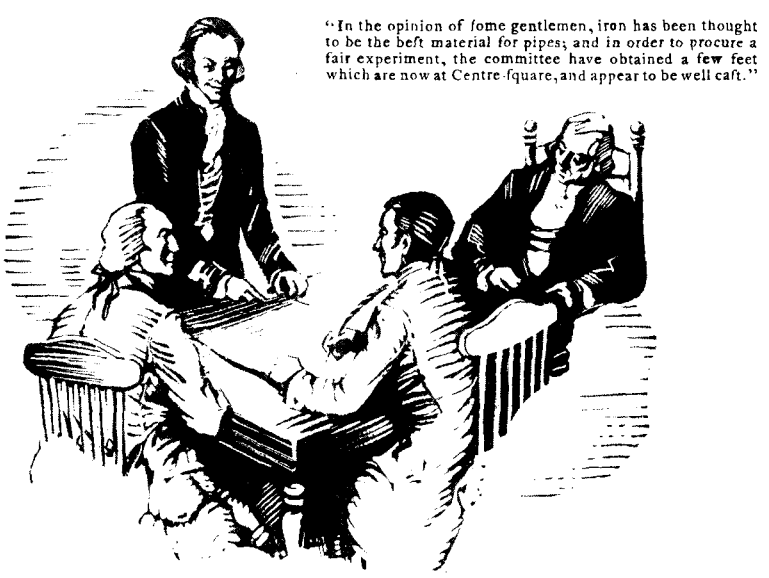
In the year 1801 the City Fathers of Philadelphia passed an act authorizing experiments which would determine the best possible pipe for the city's new water system. Testing was continued for fifteen years. Cast Iron Pipe was then officially adopted as the longest-lived material possible to secure for water-main construction.

A century passed. Tall buildings replaced colonial structures. Mud roads were covered with cobblestones; later, brick; then, asphalt and concrete. Today, beneath the roaring traffic of a great city, Cast Iron Pipe laid more than 100 years ago *is still in service.* The predictions of the forefathers have been fulfilled. No longer-wearing pipe has been discovered. Cast Iron Pipe has saved Philadelphia taxpayers millions which would have been required had shorter-lived material been used. And Cast Iron Pipe has saved millions for the taxpayers of other cities, large and small, throughout the country.

We do not need to experiment with water mains today. Cast Iron Pipe is now the unquestioned choice of engineers whenever permanence is important. For Cast Iron Pipe's full span of life has never been measured. Mains that have been in service for 250 years are still in use.

Cast Iron Pipe made by the members of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is manufactured under laboratory control to the modern standards of the Association members. The Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on every subject pertaining to the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost or obligation. Address: Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.


REPORT
OF THE
COMMITTEE
FOR THE
INTRODUCTION
OF
Wholesome Water
INTO THE
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,
Printed by order of the Select and Common Councils.
—Philadelphia:—
PRINTED BY ZACHARIAH POULSON, JUNIOR,
No. 106, Chesnut street.
1801.


"In the opinion of some gentlemen, iron has been thought to be the best material for pipes; and in order to procure a fair experiment, the committee have obtained a few feet which are now at Centre-square, and appear to be well cast."

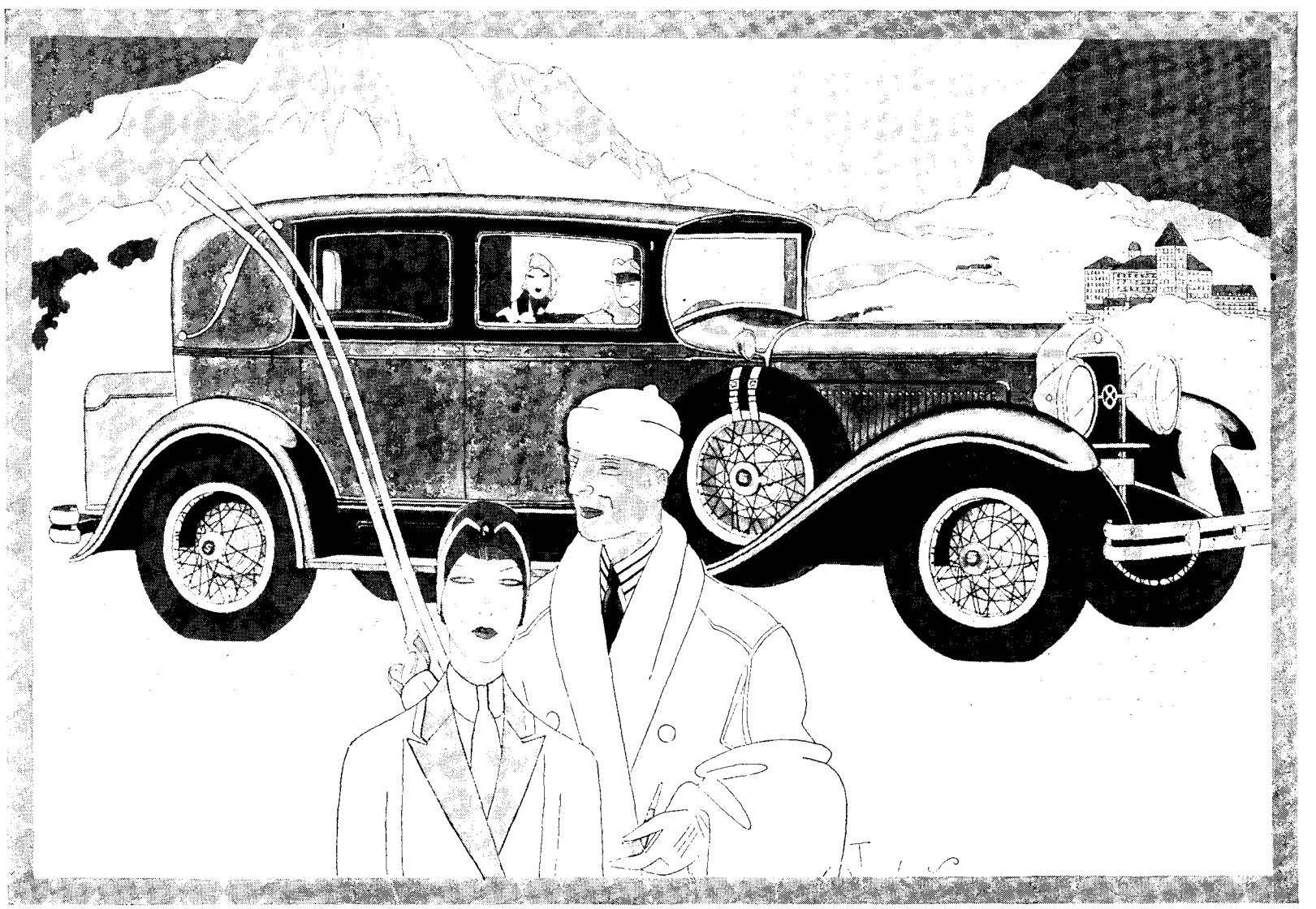
The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and proper use of Cast Iron Pipe. Inquiries may be addressed to: American Cast Iron Pipe Co., Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe & Foundry Co., Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Cast Iron Pipe & Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York City.

CAST IRON PIPE

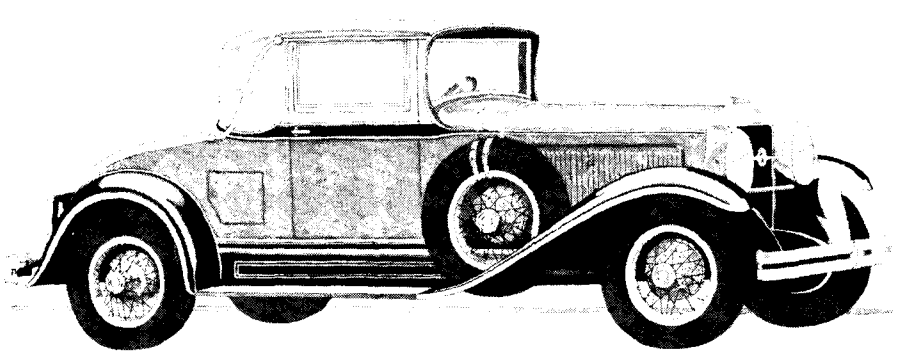
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STYLE HAS BEEN SET TO SWIFTER TEMPO

...and none so fleet, so smart, so stalwart as the new Studebakers!



The New President Eight Brougham for Five bespeaks eloquently the velvet road-mastery of its 115-horsepower world-champion chassis. Broadcloth upholstery of French pillow type, with folding center arm rest in rear seat, and adjustable driver's seat. Priced $2350, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

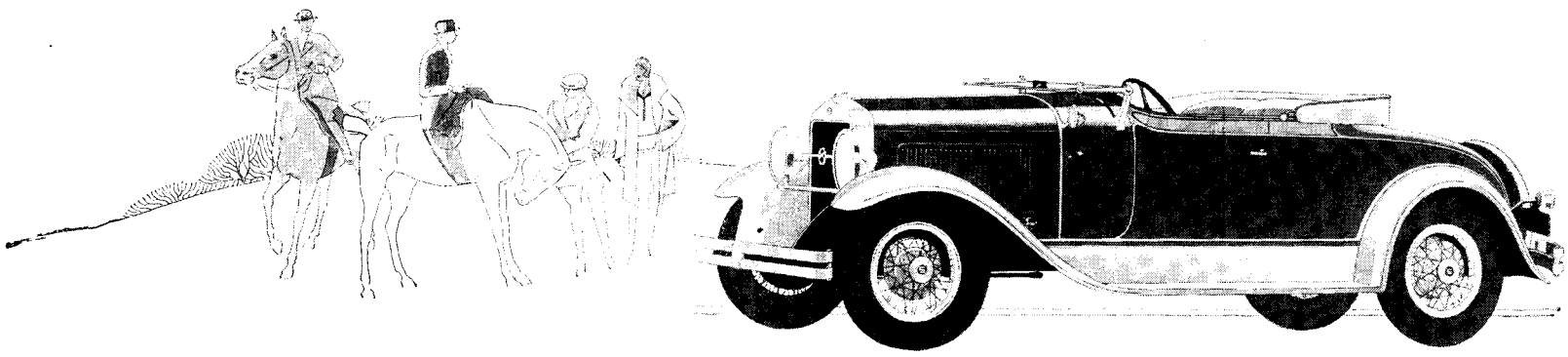


The New President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four splendidly interprets the unmatched performance it provides. Folding top permits this smart closed car to be converted into an open roadster. Dual carburetion. Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1895, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

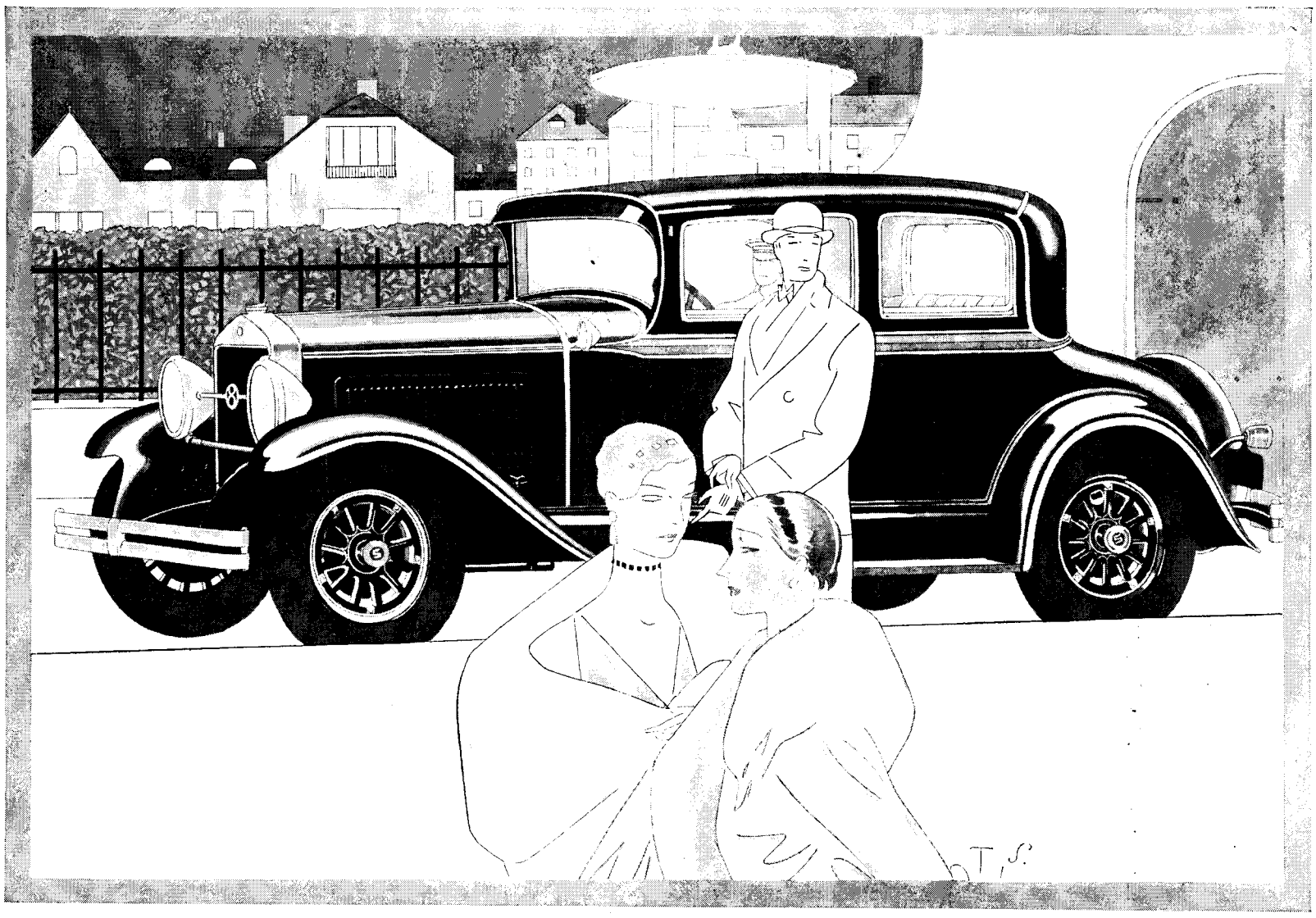
JUST as a musician weaves the pattern of his theme in rhythmic harmony, so have Studebaker's artists in coachcraft expressed the brilliant spirit of these new champion motor cars.

Fleetness, stamina, and trustworthiness—far beyond what other motor cars have ever proved—are the qualities which enable Studebaker to hold *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. And these are the very attributes interpreted in every virile line and contour of these incomparable new Studebakers!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The New Commander Regal Roadster for Four offers thrilling performance and smart appearance. Available with six-cylinder or straight-eight engine. Ball bearing spring shackles and hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1450 or $1595, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.



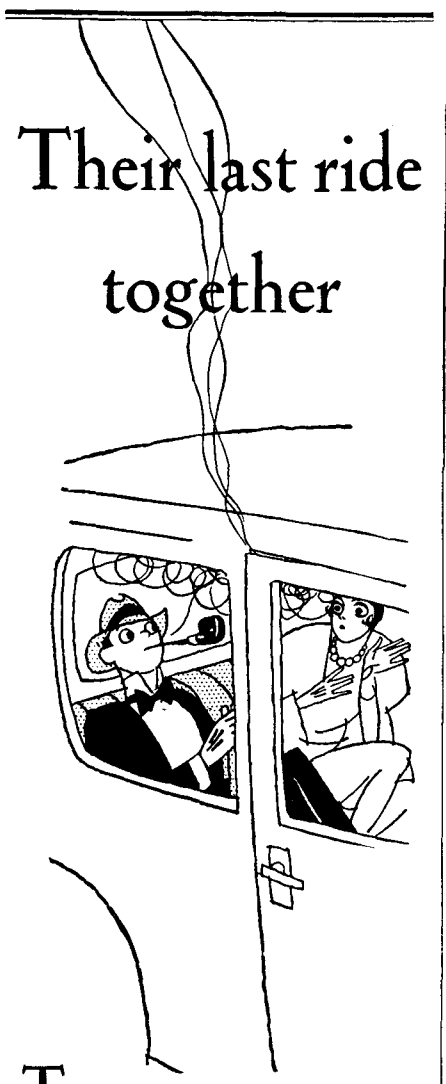
The New Commander Victoria for Four provides companionable transportation with generous roominess. Individual chairs for driver and companion. Lounge seat for two. Non-shatterable windshield. Double-drop frame. Priced $1375 or $1525, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

Studebaker's undisputed performance leadership, remarkable riding ease and traditional reliability, are here linked brilliantly with forward styling. Turn to Studebaker for world champion swiftness. Turn to Studebaker for beauty unapproached in Studebaker's four great price ranges. Turn to Studebaker if you would not pay more than you should for less than Studebaker provides.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Their last ride together

THERE'S more than one reason why girls walk home. There's more than one bachelor who wouldn't have to stay that way if only some one would tell him about Sir Walter Raleigh. Oh well, for that matter, *we'll* tell him. It's milder, men, a lot milder, and it will do a lot to make that strong old briar of yours fit to enter decent company.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 48, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

B.W. PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 13

you. Tell me . . . aren't you afraid when you're up in the air and the wind tries to tip you over? It's the queerest thing, but you've been on my mind ever since I saw you flying the other day. . . ."

"Don't rush him, dear," said Mitzi over her shoulder. "He'll take alarm."

Even in the moonlight Delavan could see the color rising to Joyce's cheeks—opals taking the place of pearls.

"You don't think I'm trying to rush you?" she wistfully asked.

"My dear child, no," he assured her. "Why should I be conceited enough to think that?"

Chet chimed in then, and it wasn't long before they were enjoying the cakes and ale of lively chatter, with now and then a bit of ginger hot i' the mouth as well. Delavan, to his surprise, enjoyed every minute of it.

"Wait till I start the phonograph," said Joyce, jumping up. "It's near the window."

BUT when she returned, Dell and Mitzi were already dancing together.

"I suppose you're tremendously busy at the factory," Mitzi murmured once as they gracefully turned and stepped together in a bay of the veranda.

"I'm beginning to think I've been too busy," he told her, still following the forms of his philosophy.

"How adorably you say that!" she breathed, smiling at him—with her face bathed in moonlight. And a few moments later: "These planes that you've made for the Greeks: To what port are they being shipped?"

"To Liverpool."

"Trans-shipped from there," she thoughtfully nodded. "And—do you know if there's been any trouble about payment? I heard in Washington last week that the Greeks aren't keen about paying—someone told me that London had to finance their last order twice. Didn't they have some sort of a row about it?"

As it happened, this was supposed to be a secret in the Arrow Aero office. So Delavan was startled for a moment.

"But, madame—" he protested.

"Mitzi—" she breathed.

"But—Mitzi—surely you don't believe all you hear?"

"No-o-o," she answered, looking up at him. "But anything *you* told me—I think I'd believe."

Joyce, though, didn't talk about business when she was dancing. Sometimes she hummed a few bars of the melody. Once she looked up and said, "I liked that—when you called me your dear child! Tell me, though: have you any other children?" But most of the time she danced in silence.

It was nearly midnight when they went in, and to amuse Joyce, Delavan nearly made her eyes pop out with his card-palming tricks.

"Do some more!" she eagerly cried.

So he did some others, more mystifying than the first; and watching her niece's excited interest both in Delavan and his magic, Mrs. Van Deusen caught the judge's eye and silently called his attention to the play.

Joyce was the first to say good night, and Chet soon followed.

"I know I shan't sleep yet," said Mitzi. And, turning to Delavan: "Let's go down to the edge of the water—to the very dangerous edge—and you shall tell me what the ripples are saying."

But Mrs. Van Deusen vetoed dangerous edges—almost with a touch of sharpness in her voice.

"And so to bed," pouted Mitzi. "But I warn you, I shan't sleep. I shall be late in the morning."

Delavan and the judge were the last two up the stairs, and the former had hardly entered his room when he heard a knock upon his door.

"Mrs. Van Deusen's compliments," said the butler, bowing gravely, "and could she have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation?"

Still with his grave demeanor, he led Delavan to the end of the corridor where a door was partly open.

"In here, please," said the butler.

Delavan entered the room; and the door was gently closed behind him. . . .

For a few minutes, he was alone—evidently in Mrs. Van Deusen's private sitting-room. He was still looking around at the rose-colored beauty of the furnishings when she appeared from the room beyond—dressed in a black and white Japanese negligee.

"Sit down, please," she said, settling on the sofa and patting a chair by her side. "I think I should warn you about Madame Seidler.

"As long as we weren't in the war," continued Mrs. Van Deusen, "one foreign agent was as amusing as another. But now that we're in, I don't want to see you fall into trouble through any false sentiment of mine."

This, of course, was different. Delavan thought of Mitzi's ear, so invitingly near his lips, as they danced and stepped together in the checkered bars of moonlight.

"Madame Seidler is a German agent?" he asked.

"Her name is Von Seidler—Baroness Von Seidler, really," said Mrs. Van Deusen, "and she is extremely well related both in Berlin and Vienna. I think she's planning to leave next week. But before she goes, please don't let her hang your scalp on her belt."

"Thank you for the warning; I will be careful," said Delavan, bowing. "You are very kind to tell me this."

"Not if you know how deeply I feel toward you," said Mrs. Van Deusen with a new earnestness. "But perhaps you will understand if I show you something which no one but myself has seen for many years."

She disappeared in her bedroom and returned with a photograph in a morocco frame. As Delavan glanced at it he might have been looking into a mirror—so similar were the features, the eyes, even the deep cleft in the chin.

"Your father and I were very good friends," said Mrs. Van Deusen, her voice low and uncertain, "and—I would like to feel—that I am renewing the attachment—through his son—"

DELAVAN almost felt a prickle at his scalp. In the corner of the photograph were the words "From yours more than my own—Millard—Christmas, 1895."

"The month before my mother died," he thought; and with a leap of memory, Gabby Garfield's words returned to his mind: "They say he went nutty over some rich dame . . . They say she made a monkey of him and sent him home—but he got back home too late. . . ."

"In fact, your father wanted to marry me at one time—said he would get a divorce—anything—" he heard Mrs. Van Deusen saying in a muffled voice. "And when I recognized you at Judge Henrichs' the other night, I felt so anxious to help you—"

Delavan's mind, however, had unconsciously turned to a question which had often asked for an answer. His eyes upon his father's picture, only half hearing what Mrs. Van Deusen was telling him, he said, "Did you ever hear how long he lived—after he went home?"

Again in her muffled voice she answered, "Less than a week, I believe. It was hushed up as much as possible. In fact, myself, I never had the least doubt that he was cleaning his revolver—"

This time there was no mistaking the prickle at Delavan's scalp; but he himself could hardly have told you how he returned to his room.

The next morning Mrs. Van Deusen arose late; and pleading important business Delavan caught an early train for the Arrow Aero factory.

"Thank God she told you in time," he solemnly told himself as the train left the Glen Cove station. "Thank God you owe her nothing, and have your work to do. . . ."

For the next few days Delavan sought forgetfulness in work. Mr. Thomas, returning from Washington, brought an order for a hundred observation planes to be delivered at the rate of one a day. Night and day shifts were established. Advertisements were placed for skilled workers. Orders were telegraphed for new equipment and material.

"What the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas the next morning, quickly rising from his desk at the sound and jar of a crash.

Delavan hurried through the door and found the workmen running toward the foundry. An overhead traveling crane had slipped from its track and smashed a pile of patterns.

As it happened, no one was hurt, but the accident couldn't help causing a delay in the delivery of the new planes.

"Looks queer to me," said Mr. Thomas, returning to the office half an hour later. "They say the rail spread, but I'm inclined to think the track was blocked. However, we'll soon know. If the track was blocked, it won't be long before something else happens."

THAT night Delavan worked late, and when he arrived at the office next morning he found that a fire, apparently starting in a metal wastebasket, had charred the front of the blue-print cabinet.

"There you are," said Mr. Thomas, beginning to sweat a little. "You're sure you didn't throw a match in the basket before you left last night?"

"I know I didn't," said Delavan earnestly.

"We'll get another watchman, and have him armed. A good thing none of the blue-prints burned. We'll have them in a safe by night."

The next morning Holquist called Mr. Thomas to the assembly-room. A new engine had overheated on a trial run, and investigation had shown sand in the oil.

"That wasn't done by anybody on the outside," said Holquist. "I cleaned the engine myself yesterday afternoon, and put new oil in it."

Dell was due to make a test flight that morning. For the first few minutes he kept himself ready to glide down to the landing field if any fault developed. The plane, however, cut through the air like an eagle soaring down a canyon. He came down for an adjustment to the rudder, and just as he started up again he saw Captain Lastry in earnest conversation with Mr. Thomas in front of the hangars.

"He's here on inspection," thought Delavan. "I must warn Mr. Thomas about him."

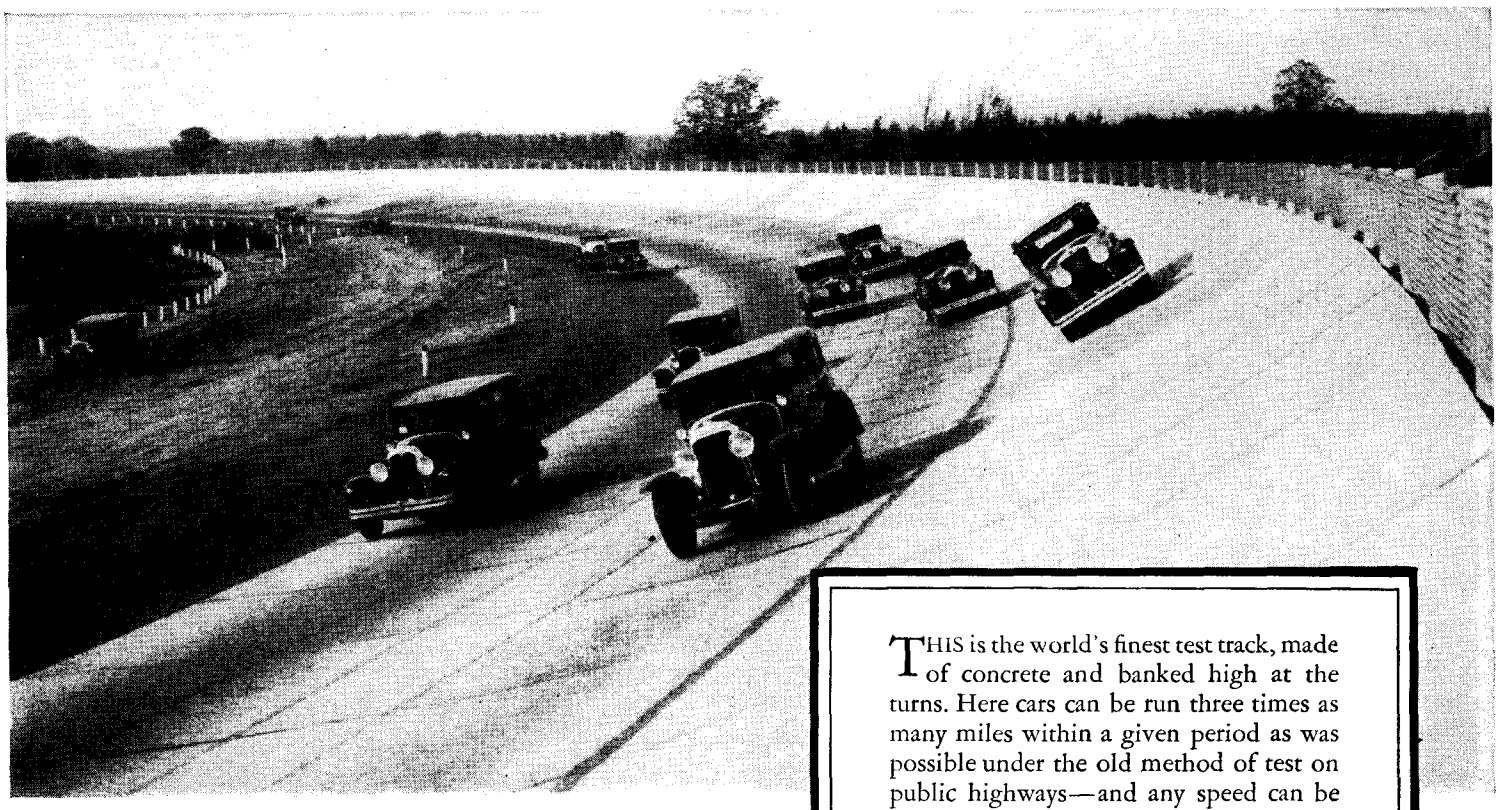
But when he reached the office an hour later, he soon discovered that Lastry had put in his warning first.

"I've just had a visitor," said Mr.

(*Continued on page 38*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No. 1. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*



THIS is the world's finest test track, made of concrete and banked high at the turns. Here cars can be run three times as many miles within a given period as was possible under the old method of test on public highways—and any speed can be maintained day or night.

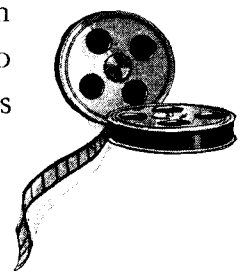
The finest test track for automobiles

THE Proving Ground occupies 1268 acres near Milford, Michigan, convenient to all General Motors' car divisions. It is a great "outdoor laboratory" where automobiles can be tested in a scientific manner under conditions that are exactly comparable. Specially constructed roads and hills duplicate every driving condition.

At the Proving Ground cars of different American and European makes are tested after they are put on the market, thereby enabling General Motors to know precisely how its products compare with others in their respective price classes.

Here also the General Motors car divisions test and prove their new models before they are offered to the public.

The tests involve speed, power, endurance, braking, riding comfort, handling ease, fuel, oil and tire consumption, body style—every phase of car construction and performance. And claims and opinions are reduced to *facts*.

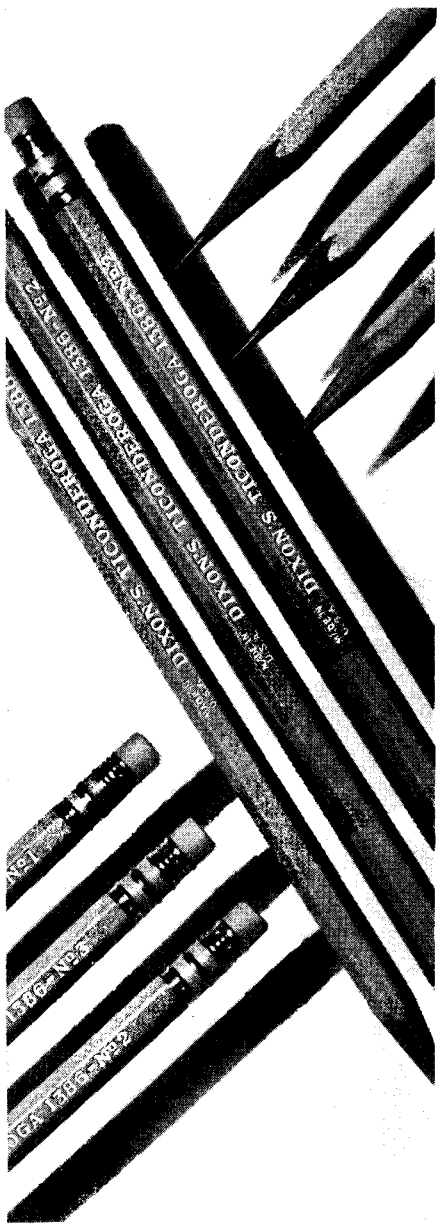


A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation may be borrowed in lengths of one, two or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. Write to Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit.

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*

FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator* · DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Plants* · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fit a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" in your fingers. Swing its smooth, even point across the paper. Then you will know why it is America's favorite 5¢ pencil.

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

© 1929

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 52-J Jersey City, N. J.

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 36

Thomas, leading the way into the private room.

"I saw you talking to him," nodded Delavan. "Captain Lastry, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Er—you know him well?"

"Too well," said the young man, trying hard to speak without bitterness. "How much money did he ask for?"

"He didn't ask for money."

"No?" said Delavan incredulously.

"No," said the other with a gathering frown. "He didn't ask about money. He *talked about you.*"

"Yes? Then I fear he flattered me." (This, too, from Steel and the Golden Age, and delivered in a tone of ironical banter.)

"Don't you believe it!" said Mr. Thomas.

"What?" exclaimed Dell. "He didn't tell you that I thrashed him twice?"

"No; he didn't tell me that. He told me that you were dismissed from the army for cheating at cards."

IN SPITE of himself Delavan couldn't help wincing—as though the words "cheating at cards" had in themselves the power to sting and wound.

"I see I shall have to thrash him again," he said, still trying to carry it off lightly.

"And he said you were German," continued the other, "that all your mother's people were Germən—that you could speak the language like a native—"

"Wait! Wait!" said Delavan, his voice beginning to ring. "First about the cards. Any man who says I cheated—lies! Is that clear enough?"

"But you were dismissed for it; weren't you?"

"What? Do *you* believe it?"

"I didn't say so," hurriedly replied the other. "I only said that you were dismissed from the army for cheating."

"And I say it's a lie! I simply had a dead hand. I had six cards instead of five. Lastry was drinking *curaçao* and two of the cards were stuck together. Do you understand now?"

"But what about this business of being German?"

"What did Lastry tell you?"

"I've told you already. And then he asked me a few questions."

"What did he ask you?"

"He asked me if any 'accidents' had happened since you'd been here."

"Yes?"

"And I told him about the crane in the foundry—and the fire in the office—and the sand in the engine."

Delavan's voice was deadly cold as he leaned over the desk:

"Do you mean to say that I was responsible for any of those things?"

"No," said the other after a moment's uneasy pause, "but I've phoned Judge Henrichs to come over. He ought to be here any minute."

"Why did you phone the judge?"

"Because I'm willing to buy his stock back—and—and see if he can't place you somewhere else. Put it this way if you like. You aren't lucky here—either for yourself or for me. So why not call it off?"

Delavan's eyes were round with wonder.

"You mean to say the judge bought stock in your company—just to get me a place here?"

"Sure he did," said the other. "Ten thousand shares for Mrs. Van Deusen and five thousand for himself. You'll only queer your friends' stock by staying on. Lastry won't pass on anything as long as you're here. You know that. To say nothing of these accidents—"

Delavan turned to the door, his heart cold, his mind suddenly numb with the phrase "Ten thousand shares for Mrs. Van Deusen—"

"Let me know when Judge Henrichs comes," he said, "I want to see him as soon as he gets here."

He walked slowly through the factory to a desk which had been set up for him between two windows of the assembly shop. The workmen, he imagined, looked at him frowningly as he passed.

"Holquist has probably passed it on," he thought. "He was standing on the other side of Lastry when I went up."

Grimly nodding, he hastened his step and went out in search of Holquist.

"Just one look! Just one word!" he warmly promised himself.

But Holquist, he found, was up on a test and didn't come down—not even after a quarter of an hour's waiting. Delavan was back at his desk, getting his books together, when he heard Judge Henrichs' pleasant voice behind him.

"Well, son—" And as Dell turned, "You don't look very happy. What do you want to do?"

"I'm packing up," said Delavan.

"Perhaps you're right," nodded the judge. "A bit of bad luck—Lastry turning up—just after those 'accidents.'"

"If it was only that I might stay on and fight it out," said Dell, his shoulders straightening. "But when I heard that you and Mrs. Van Deusen had bought stock in here to help me—"

"Why not?"

But Delavan wouldn't answer that. Again, you see, a question of honor stood in his way. As he might have written in Steel and the Golden Age, "She had told him her secret under the implied seal of confidence—a blood-red seal slightly discolored with the smoke of a revolver shot, and partly hidden by the shadow of his father—"

The judge had driven from the city in a taxi. It didn't take long to pack Delavan's belongings.

"You've said 'Good-by' to everyone?" asked the judge a few minutes later.

"To everyone but Holquist," nodded Delavan, looking up in the sky and longing again for the days of eager challenges and the joyful play of swords.

As they swung out into the state road a plane flashed over them, flying low, its fuselage, newly aluminumed, like a long, keen blade of steel.

"A sword with wings!" thought Delavan, his eyes shining at the phrase. And then, more thoughtfully, "Yes, sir. Swords with wings . . . I wonder if they'll come next. . . ."

IT WAS one of those days in June of which the poets sing—only if they had piped their songs that day, you would have heard an undercurrent of martial strains and the heartaching tramp of those who march to distant wars.

Every town—every village—was a verse of the same song. Rallies for the current Liberty Loan were being held in every square—with minutemen exhorting and women standing with outstretched, pleading hands. Now and then the judge's taxi was caught in a parade, and was obliged to follow slowly—to hear the blare of the band—to see the shouting, damp-eyed throngs upon the sidewalk.

"Oh, the devil!" muttered Delavan, more to himself than to the old man at his side.

"What's the matter?" asked the judge.

"This!" exclaimed the young man, flinging his hand toward the window. "The greatest adventure in the last hundred years and I'm not in it—and can't get in it! Thrown out like a dirty dog and everybody's foot raised to kick me!"

Which last, of course, was youth's hyperbole.

"If Carl were here," said the judge in his quiet tones, "he would say that this was the effect of mob psychology. . . . A great adventure, yes," he nodded, "but *I wouldn't be too sure that you can't get in.*"

They were still moving slowly with the parade.

"But how can I get in?" asked Delavan, pulling himself together. "You saw what happened this morning."

"That may have been to show you a better way," said the judge. "Did anyone tell you about Mitzi the other night?"

"That she was a baroness? Yes. That she was working on the German side? Yes, I heard that, too."

"Did you think any the worse of her?"

"No-o," said Delavan, considering. "I thought she was doing something dangerous—and something that might be awkward for her friends."

"That's part of the excitement she gets," interrupted the judge. "For always remember this: that of all branches of military service, there is none so exciting, so absorbing or so useful as Mitzi's."

They were still moving slowly.

"Mitzi is sailing on Saturday," continued the judge, attentively watching the young man by his side.

"For Europe?"

"Yes. On the Paris. She is going to Switzerland, I believe, where she likes the climate."

"YOU mean then—that I might work with her?" asked Delavan, as though he couldn't believe his own question.

"No," said the judge. "I think you would find it more interesting if you worked against her. My brother had something of this in mind when he first brought you to see me. Don't you remember how he told you that your adventures hadn't started yet?"

A touch of color had appeared on each of Delavan's cheeks.

"But, Judge!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I could do it?"

"If you wish to do it. And the start will be easy enough."

"I should think that would be the hardest."

"You are interested, then?"

"Yes!"

"Then I'll tell you something else. Why my brother brought you to me, of all men. I've been asked to take charge of American Intelligence in Switzerland. It may be a few weeks before my appointment is confirmed and in the meantime I would like some clever young lieutenant to slip over there ahead of me—and find out a few things which I would like to know when I get there."

"And you think I could do it?" asked Delavan, as the car began to roll along faster.

"I know you could!"

"And you could get me a passport—and whatever I needed?"

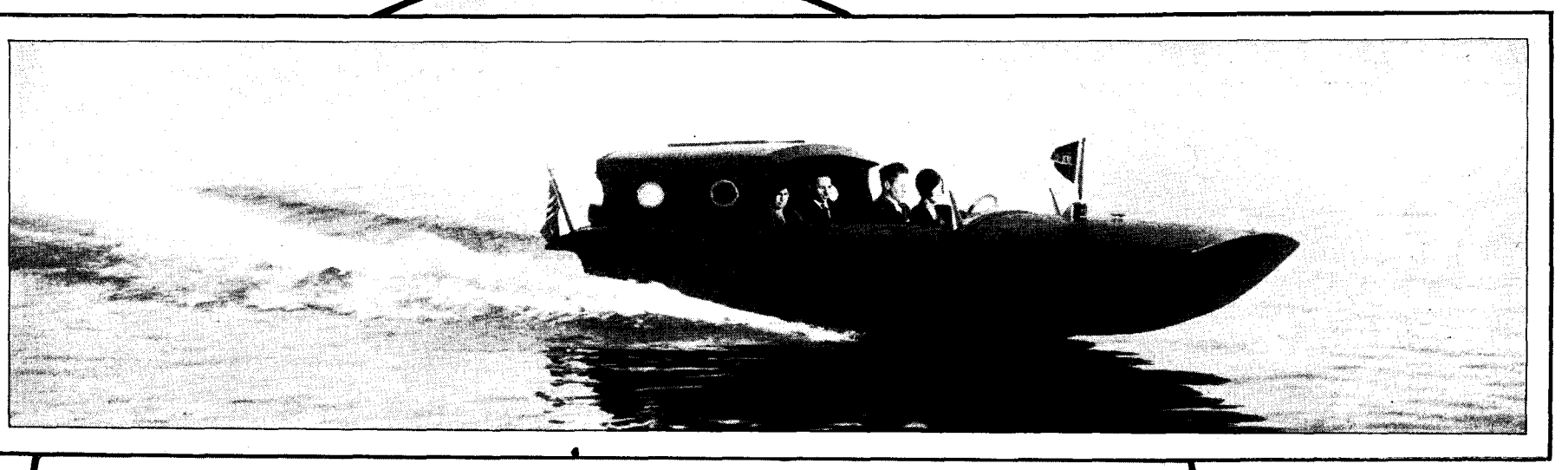
"Any time!"

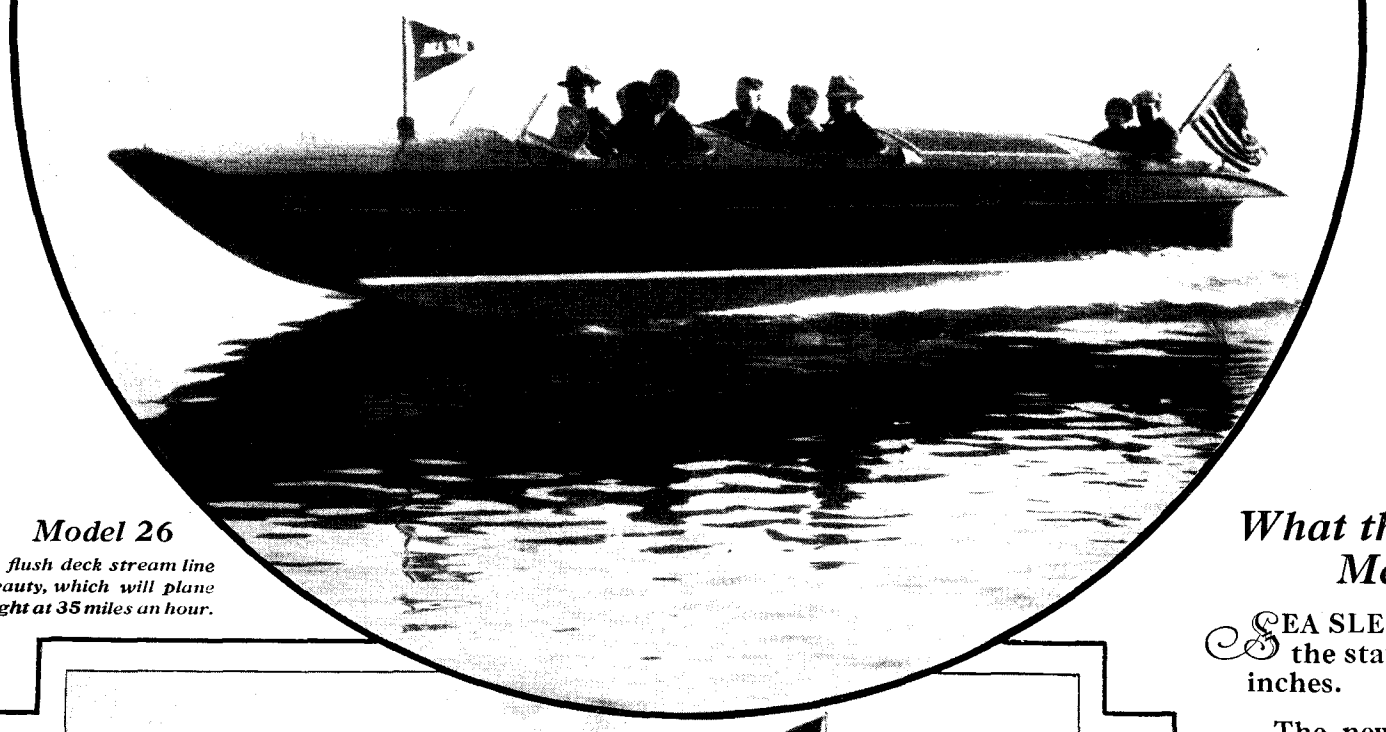
"Then that's settled!" exulted Delavan with glowing eyes. "I'll start for Switzerland whenever you like, and see how the climate there agrees with me. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

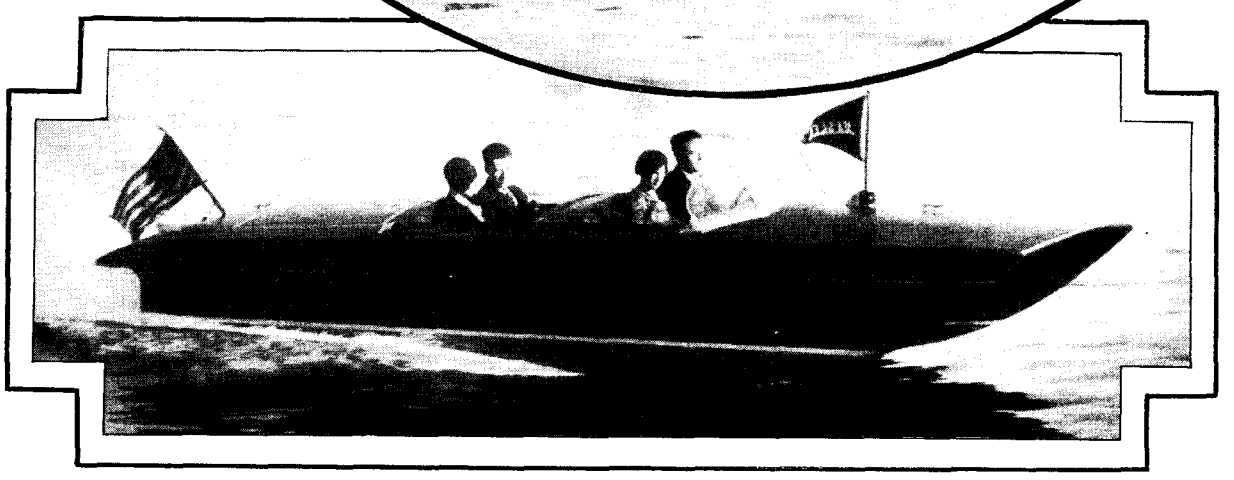
Three New SEA SLEDS





Model 26

A flush deck stream line beauty, which will plane eight at 35 miles an hour.



Model 22

A perfect little wonder for capacity and swiftness. As husky a sea boat as ever came from the Sea Sled yards—stream line design, flush deck, double cockpits. Seats six and carries her load at gorgeous speed.

Sea Sled Fleet

Model 13 Outboard	20 to 30 M.P.H.
Model 16 Outboard Runabout .	25 to 33 M.P.H.
Model 18 Outboard Express Cruiser .	20 to 30 M.P.H.
Model 22 Runabout—120-H.P. . . .	30 M.P.H.
Model 26 Runabout—200-H.P. . . .	42 M.P.H.
Model 28 Sedan———200-H.P. . . .	38 M.P.H.

The New Model 18 for Outboard Motors

Here is a new Outboard Express Cruiser. She has the most perfectly adjustable cabin you've seen yet. It slides forward to a water tight joint with the windshield, or you can run it way aft leaving all hands out in the open, or it can be left ashore. This little cruiser has kitchenette, grub locker and toilet. She sleeps two with comfort and will log 27 miles an hour with both aboard. There's nothing to touch her for accommodation, speed, comfort and seaworthiness within miles of her price.

What the New Designs Mean to You

SEA SLEDS, big and little, are the staunchest craft of their inches.

The new outboards, in spite of the big increase in power, are safer, faster and more comfortable than they were last year.

The three new models here shown have profited hugely by all the development work done on the outboards. They show greater dependability and stability, higher speed, more smartness and beauty of design. They are softer on the come-down in a hard seaway than any craft ever before designed, and—not to be overlooked—they present a very attractive series of economies.

What They Mean to the Dealer

Dealers whose situation permits them to handle the whole Sea Sled fleet, will profit directly by both the capacity and attractiveness of these new models.

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION — SEA SLED — SPEED · · WITH COMFORT AND · · SAFETY — 226-228 Fourth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gastrogen relieves indigestion quickly—with no aftermath of hiccups or gas

"Like many bachelors, I eat at irregular hours and pay the usual penalty of occasional indigestion," **writes Mr. William Black, of 123 West 75th St., New York.** *"Frankly, I almost preferred an attack of indigestion to the distress from gas and hiccups that invariably followed a dose of soda. But one day a druggist recommended Gastrogen Tablets. Since then I've never been without them, for they relieve indigestion without leaving the slightest trace of gas or hiccups."*

If you've ever taken a preparation containing bicarbonate of soda, you know as well as does Mr. Black the embarrassing hiccups and belching that usually follow.

For soda is chemically an alkali. It releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

But Gastrogen contains only neutral antacids, which cannot act except in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you wish—and avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctors' term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 to 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c and in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c.

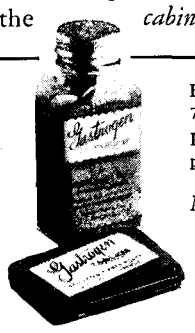
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+H_2O$$



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-19
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*....

© 1929

Kansas, the Beer State

Continued from page 9

I repeat, that I have ever encountered. Their attitude seems to be that the public has no right to know about their activities. Or lack of them.

The "sugar moon" which is made in these deserted districts is well known throughout Kansas. Up to about three years ago corn, which is plentiful in Kansas, of course, was the basis of whisky. Corn whisky, however, produced fusel oil. Hearty drinkers in Kansas discovered that if you would pour your whisky into steaming-hot water the vapor would take away the fusel oil; at least that became the tradition. But whisky made out of sugar does not contain fusel oil. It is the boast of Kansas drinkers that sugar whisky is "perfectly safe."

A small quantity of bakers' yeast, 50 pounds of sugar and 50 or 60 gallons of water make a mash which, when distilled, produces about $40 worth of whisky.

Beer and Home Brew

I believe, however, on the whole, that beer and home brew have the call in Kansas, because Kansans are a thrifty people. If you want to spike your beer you pay 25 cents for an ounce of alcohol and 15 cents for a bottle of beer—as against three or four dollars a pint for corn whisky.

However, home-brew is much cheaper. You can obtain a can of concentrated malt—which the Kansas federal prohibition officers utterly hate to see in store windows but which it is not against the law to sell—for 65 cents. Two pounds of sugar cost about 20 cents and a cake of yeast three cents. With this material and sufficient water, one who knows how can make from 50 to 60 bottles of home-brew beer. The alcohol-less near-beer costs one dollar for a dozen bottles; but the alcohol-filled home brew they tell you works out at less than five cents a bottle.

It was Saturday afternoon at the university town of Lawrence, Kan., 28 miles from Topeka. Lawrence was playing football with Ames. Now Lawrence has had its alcoholic scandals just like other universities, but here was a chance to see, at first hand, what part alcohol plays in the festive life of the Lawrence students.

The audience numbered about three thousand. Snappy-looking students dressed in the blue of the Reserve Officers Training Corps took tickets and policed the grounds. One of them told me that they had been instructed to "look out for drinkers."

"There was a time," a citizen of Lawrence told me, "when we used to snag drinkers from Topeka down under the grandstand and fine 'em $10 apiece for drinking. I know one crowd of 12 Topeka men that came here in three carloads a couple of years ago and it took 'em almost till midnight after the game was over to get their fines all paid and get 'shet' of the Lawrence police."

For all I know the Lawrence police have scared away the drinkers. Not much drinking was visible. However, under the grandstand I saw four young men who seemed to be spending their afternoon down there. They had the ubiquitous bottles of beer and the tiny bottles of alcohol and they were assiduously "spiking" and "thumbing."

I did not observe any of the blue-uniformed R. O. T. C. men watching them, but after the game was over I observed the four young men, obviously students, stagger away in the crowd, lamenting the fact that the game had been a tie.

At the bus station, where the football crowd was waiting to return to Topeka, plenty of flasks were in evidence and we rode the hour or more to Topeka in a bus rich in moonshine vapors.

Kansas is bleeding again—bleeding with alcohol at almost every pore. It is very easy for any investigator to discover the source of home brew, of course. The source of sugar whisky is not hard to trace. There is one problem, however, that an outside investigator like myself cannot solve. If the Topeka prohibition administrator of the Kansas district cannot solve it, perhaps Dr. Doran, Administrator in Washington, to whom the Kansas official refers such difficult questions, may be able to do so.

How does this pure alcohol which you find in the little bottles all around Topeka, and which is used for "needling" vast quantities of beer, find its way into the dry state of Kansas?

This pure alcohol comes in five-gallon tin cans and sells at about $15 a gallon. It is not the denatured alcohol which is used by pseudo-perfume makers. It is alcohol that has never been touched by foreign chemicals.

They show you in Topeka the new and very prosperous-looking home of a certain chemist who, they tell you, made his fortune by analyzing, for the careful business men of the town, and for Topeka's society élite, the five-gallon tin cans of alcohol which were dispensed by bootleggers at $75 a can. Of course, in order to be bone-dry some legislator introduced a bill which was passed prohibiting chemists from making analyses of alcohol, but that was only another Kansas law that didn't work. As one business man told me: "When I take a sample to the chemist I don't tell him what's in the bottle. He finds that out for himself and he gives me a report that I can understand."

I suppose that America, with its head in the sand about prohibition, is of the general opinion that Kansas, at least, is dry. Well, it isn't. Topeka is as wet as any town I have been in where the bars are not running full blast as they were on Market Street in Philadelphia before the present prohibition scandal there. The annual report of Chief Brush shows several persons are arrested every day in Topeka for drunkenness.

Canned Heat to Drink

Down at the railroad station late at night, as I was waiting for a train, I talked to Joe, the Topeka officer, who covers the freight yards and the Negro district in that vicinity.

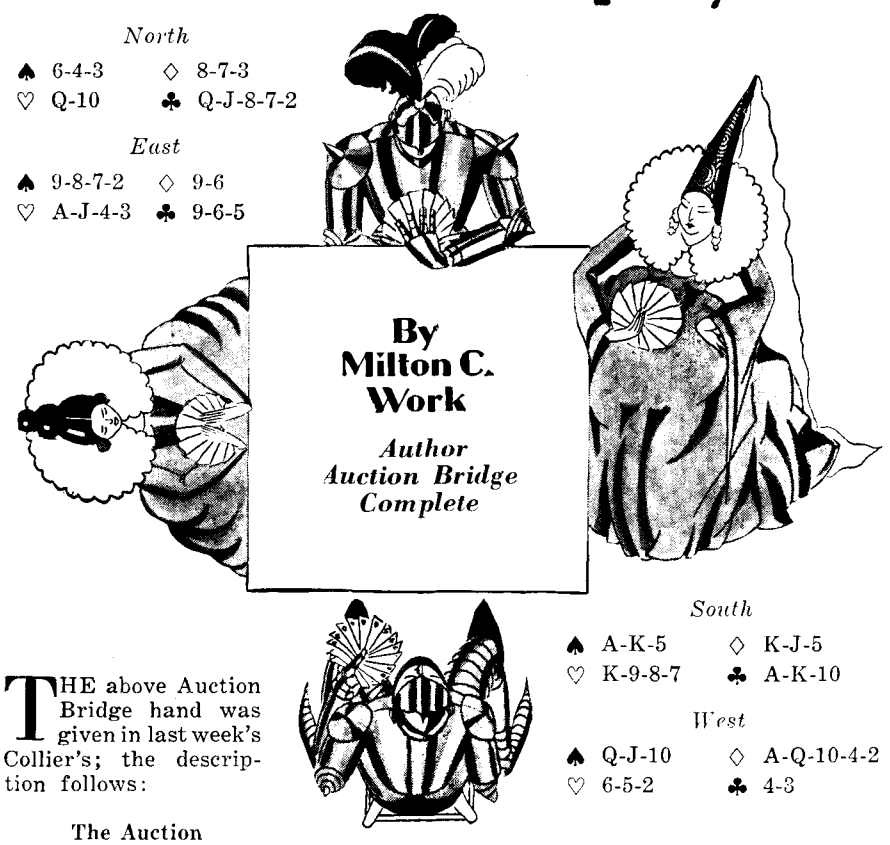
"Do the poor people in this town get anything to drink?" I asked him.

"Drink and eat too," he said. "Not long ago we got a report about a ruckus of colored boys over in a deserted house. I went over there and I'll bet I found three bushels of old tin cans—they were these cans that you get canned heat in. They'd been using the place for months and some of 'em told me that they'd either strain the alcohol out of the paraffin or else chew the paraffin straight to get the booze out of it. There were some old cans there that had contained this alcohol you buy in garages to keep your radiator from freezing. I asked the boys if this canned heat and this radiator alcohol wasn't poison and they said it did make some of 'em a little sick—that is, it made the hangover a little tougher the next day—but that nobody had died of it." Joe helped me onto the train with my bags.

And so I moved off into the night from beer-wet Topeka.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How would You play it?



North

♠ 6-4-3 ♢ 8-7-3
♡ Q-10 ♣ Q-J-8-7-2

East

♠ 9-8-7-2 ♢ 9-6
♡ A-J-4-3 ♣ 9-6-5

By Milton C. Work

Author Auction Bridge Complete

South

♠ A-K-5 ♢ K-J-5
♡ K-9-8-7 ♣ A-K-10

West

♠ Q-J-10 ♢ A-Q-10-4-2
♡ 6-5-2 ♣ 4-3

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

South bid one No Trump, West, North and East passed. West did not bid two of a suit over a No Trump (her Diamonds in this case); because it is wiser to leave the No Trump in and lead one's suit hoping to establish it, rather than bid and perhaps steer the opponents into a suit declaration which would work better for them than the No Trump. When neither side has a score, it is not advisable to bid a suit over No Trump unless the bidding hand is within two tricks of game.

West having passed, should North bid two Clubs? The answer is no; rescuing a partner's uncontested No Trump announces no help for No Trump, and North's Club holding as well as his Queen of Hearts may be of material service.

The Contract bidding, in my opinion, also would be finished on the first round. South, having all four suits stopped with a hand counting 21, would be justified in bidding three No Trumps initially, and that would shut out all other bidding.

The Play

West's opening lead would be the Four of Diamonds. The contract being No Trumps, West should open from a long tenace suit rather than from a short sequence suit; although if the suits were of equal length the sequence in Spades would afford a more desirable opening than the double tenace in Diamonds.

South wins East's Nine of Diamonds with the Jack, and counts as assured two Spade tricks, the one Diamond trick already won, and practically five Club tricks—a total of eight, one short of game. Of course he also can win the second Heart trick; but if a Heart be led and East have the Ace, East can win the first Heart and return West's Diamond through South's remaining K-5, and East and West will save game by winning one Heart and four Diamonds before Declarer can get back the lead. If West holds the Ace of Hearts, South's game is assured.

The thoughtless Declarer would lead five rounds of Clubs, hoping to force West to discard from her long Diamond suit and he might accomplish his purpose; but if he failed to do so, East, holding the Ace of Hearts, surely would win the first round of Hearts and save game as aforesaid. Declarer's best chance to get one Heart trick by inducing East, if she have the Ace of Hearts, to hold it up for one round involves a rather intricate subterfuge. If possible, East should be cajoled into believing that it will be advantageous for her not to play her Ace of Hearts (if she have it) on the first round; and the following play is more apt to produce that result than any other:

Let Declarer lead the Ace and King of Clubs to tricks 2 and 3. After winning with these two cards and establishing the Q-J-8 of Clubs in Dummy (only two Clubs remaining in the other three hands) Declarer should lead the King of Hearts from the Closed Hand. Should West have the Ace of Hearts, she doubtless would hold it up; but it would not matter whether she did or not because her lead of Diamonds would be *up to South*. But if East have the Ace of Hearts, it will look to her as if the Declarer had no more Clubs and was trying to force out the adverse Heart Ace and establish Dummy's Queen as an entry to make Dummy's remaining three Clubs. The Queen of Hearts is the only obvious entry in the North hand and East, by holding up the Ace for one round, can shut out Dummy's Clubs, if, as must seem probable to East, the Ten of Clubs is held by West and South has no more.

Of course if East ducks the first Heart, Declarer then will proceed to go game by cashing Dummy's Clubs and his own Ace and King of Spades; but East, not being misled by this subterfuge, may win the first Heart trick and save game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 10-9	S. 7-3-2
H. 9-8-3	H. 10-7-6-4-2
D. J-4-2	D. 7
C. A-J-10-5-2	C. Q-9-8-3
West	*South*
S. 6-5	S. A-K-Q-J-8-4
H. K-J-5	H. A-Q
D. 9-8-6-5-3	D. A-K-Q-10
C. K-7-6	C. 4

WALK-OVER SHOES

Scene at the Lake Placid Club winter carnival—one of the many smart resorts where Walk-Over Shoes are worn.

This is a corking good shoe for the country, to wear with sports clothes. Equally appropriate for the city when a touch of old-fashioned winter calls out wool socks and the heaviest overcoat in the closet. The Walk-Over "Brinsley," a heavy-soled, sturdy Scotch-grain brogue Oxford, comes in black or tan, $10.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know three sides of one problem

which my Scandals must meet George White . . .

[producer of the famous revue—the "Scandals"]

"I know audiences because I am often one of them . . . I know players because in most of my shows I take an active part. And I know the theatre because I am a producer.

"All three of me, therefore—spectator, actor and producer—would feel better if coughing in the theatre could be eliminated. But since coughers will always be with us, a good way to curb the evil is by giving audiences Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. And I, for one, am looking forward to the day when my chorus will toss S. B. drops over the footlights instead of flowers, confetti or candy kisses."

* * *

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses — start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, *and stop coughs!*

Keep a box handy always. 5c Two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol.

Smith Brothers broadcast Wednesday 9 P. M. Eastern time on WJZ chain.

The Whole Show

Continued from page 14

behind the old fellow's ear and say, using his lips very clearly: *'NOW* can you HEAR me?' Between the pain and the heat and the lip-reading the old guy would jump from his chair and yell: 'Yes, praise be! I can hear!'

"When I was quitting the show, after the summer vacation, the Doc owed me $2. He called me to his tent and said:

" 'Now, my boy, you are a healthy young fellow with a brilliant future. Remember always to keep fit. Now, it's true I owe you $2, which I will gladly pay you—but isn't it silly to take the money which you will only lose or spend foolishly? How much wiser to *invest* that money—invest it in health. You know that I get $1 a bottle. However, I am going to be generous with you. I am going to give you not two bottles—representing your $2—but *three!*'

"I left that tent dizzy—with three bottles of Corak Wonder clutched to my chest. Old Doc Buckner taught me a lot about showmanship, but I didn't realize it at the time."

When his foster parents moved to New York City, Joe and Leo went with them. Joe was about sixteen then. He still had theatrical ambitions. They hampered, somewhat, his work in St. Francis Xavier Academy on 16th Street. His daily allowance was twenty-five cents—ten cents carfare to and from his home on 36th Street, and fifteen cents with which to buy a light lunch. Joe walked—and hungered. But he saved enough to buy show equipment, including a pair of clubs for $1.25. These he learned to juggle behind his back for a finish. ("I wouldn't use it for an opener now.")

After a year or so of visiting around the town wherever an amateur night was billed, and occasionally collecting a $5 prize, Joe Cook got a booking.

He hooked up with the Juggling Barretts for a time and later did a single in blackface. Still juggling. But one night at a New Year's Eve party in Dallas, Tex., after Jim Young, owner of "The Cozy Bar" and renowned locally for his "Tom and Jerrys," had shown his talent, Joe got up and began to clown. He used a ukulele—an instrument unknown to the public in those days.

"Listen," said the bartender when Joe had finished. "That's better than your regular act."

From this bit of ukulele-playing, clowning, and juggling there developed Cook's "One-Man Vaudeville" act, which he played for several successful years in vaudeville. It was that which won him the attention which resulted in his landing in "The Vanities" and finally at the head of his own show.

The One-Man Vaudeville

Those of us who boast that we used to sneak away from the office to "catch" Joe Cook's act before ever the big-timers took him up in a serious way remember that act warmly and vividly. A ridiculously diminutive "asbestos curtain" would be lowered, from beneath which he'd emerge, ducking his head like any musician entering a pit from under the stage. As he tuned up his violin for his "overture" he would look about the house, bowing here and there to an imaginary friend in the audience. Then on the rise of the "curtain" he would cease to be an orchestra and become a juggling act—and so on.

"In the middle of the performance one day," Cook said, "I started, as usual, to announce an imitation of two Hawaiians. Then it occurred to me that I could get a laugh by throwing in a third one—'beating time with his feet.' Then I thought I'd announce an imitation of four of them—and realized that I couldn't do that. So I started to 'ad-lib' a long explanation of why I wouldn't imitate four."

In this act, too, Cook developed the first of his ingenious contrivances designed to tip off an over-dumb assistant when to hit the triangle, as an accompaniment to Joe's playing the cornet.

A Mechanical Prompter

This contrivance has developed almost as ambitiously as its creator. Joe now uses a machine that involves employment of a miniature (and not so darn' miniature at that!) Ferris wheel, a buzz saw and one stout gentleman against whom to push the saw; which so startles him that he pushes a lever sending three other lads around in the wheelboats, so that they may smash in turn (a) a ukulele, (b) a violin, and (c) a guitar, on the head of the lad who mans the triangle, thereby bringing him to action at just the right moment.

While Cook was playing in Pittsburgh one spring he was offered $150 a week, by telegram, to join the Columbia burlesque summer show in New York, if he could do an imitation of Frisco, the dancer. He'd never seen Frisco, but $150 was good summer money, so he wired back accepting. Then he found someone on the bill with him who could recall bits of Frisco's act. When he joined up in New York he went over big, imitating a dancer whom he had never seen.

Then came "The Vanities" and now "Rain or Shine"—which, despite the fact that the love interest is nil and it might be called primarily a man's show, sold out even at the New York Wednesday matinées, and is now packing them in on the road. The heart of it is just an enlargement of the One-Man Vaudeville Act—but entirely new. This time it's a circus—not a very prosperous circus (remember the feed bill?); and the whole company, weary of waiting for back wages, goes on strike. Music cue:

"You will have to go on—
Smile—and keep the show on
Rain—or—shine!"

So Joe comes out as an animal trainer in an awe-inspiring, over-large coat which closes by the longest string of zipper ever cast. He juggles, he does acrobatics—but you know Joe Cook.

When his boyhood playmate, Roy White, now secretary of the Elks in Evansville, Ind., came on recently to see Joe's show, they had to put a chair in the aisle for him. But he earned that unique—and doubtless illegal, if you're going to consider the fire laws—privilege. For had he not come east loaded down with barbecued spareribs—Joe's favorite delicacy?

Joe ate sparingly at dinner that night. He was saving his capacity against that hour when he and White, having motored out after the show to his estate in Lake Hopatcong, N. J., would hurry to Joe's personal barbecuing plant on his place and wreck them ribs!

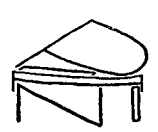
A Bit of Cooking Now and Then

For if Joe Cook has a hobby outside of the theater and his wife and four youngsters, it's food. Italian chefs doff their white hats in reverence before his personally prepared Pasta E Fagioli, and on the menus of many big restaurants throughout the country you'll find "Chile con carne à la Joe Cook," made from his own recipe.

Joe Cook doesn't want to play Hamlet. He hasn't thought about graduating—if that's what you'd call it—into legit. Home, show business, a bit of cooking now and then. That's it. "Smile—and keep the show on. R-a-a-i-n—or—shine."

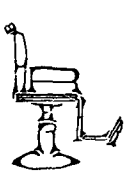
Nameographs

Take a pen, paper and a spelling book and try a little alphabetic juggling yourself. Remember, too, that Collier's pays $5.00 for every Nameograph printed



"Piano," by Edwin A. Roseberry, 127 Elm Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

"Clock," by Oscar Englander, 64 Lincoln Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

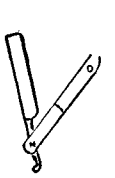


"Barber Chair," by Francis J. Haas, 121 Dupont St., Philadelphia, Pa.

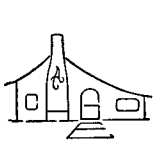
"Arab," by Robert C. Ekins, 4540 48th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

"Easter," by R. M. White, 1201 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

"Kangaroo," by H. S. Swain, 251 Forest Ave., Brockton, Mass.



"Razor," by James T. Chinn, 976 Spencer St., Honolulu, T. H.

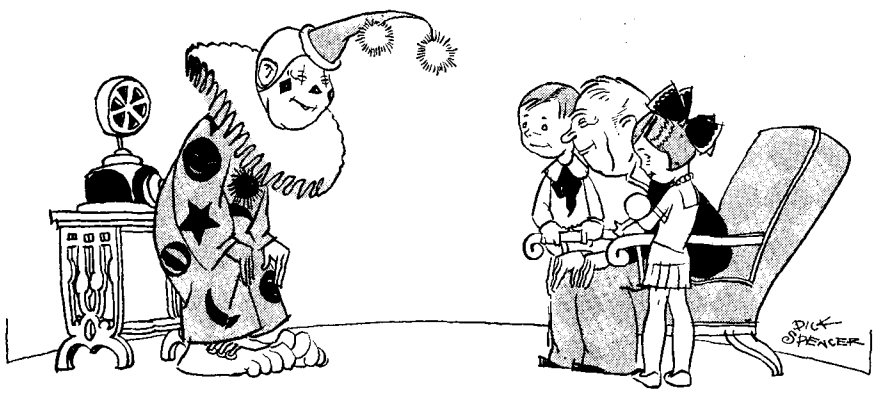


"A Cottage," by J. R. Harris, 723 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Goblet," by Irma J. Smith, 924 Broad St., Stratford, Conn.

"Ice Cream Soda," by F. D. Comler, 380 Woodlawn Ave., Glencoe, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Under Radio's Big Top

By Jack Binns

ONCE a year in Flatbush—the happy sleeping grounds of so many New Yorkers—a flock of merry children crowd around a jovial-looking gray-haired man and shower him gleefully with presents. That shower is spontaneous. The serenely happy man who receives it spent a normal lifetime in making children happy by making them laugh. For some years he enjoyed a well-earned and contented retirement interspersed by occasional rallies with children, a daily visit to the baseball park and an annual busman's holiday at the circus.

Now radio has brought "Uncle Bob" Sherwood from his secluded haunts and his favorite pipe back to the old game with a new zest and a greater audience than any that ever saw him when his antics were the spice of the concatenation of wonders that P. T. Barnum first assembled into the Greatest Show on Earth.

Every Friday evening Uncle Bob journeys to the Fifth Avenue studios and over the WJZ chain entertains the small and grown-up kiddies of the nation by regaling them with wondrous tales of the doings under the Big Top when the circus was in its prime. There is no tanbark beneath his feet, no make-up to hide his kindly face, no clownish costumes, no yelling crowd, and yet he brings a laugh to many a careworn soul as readily as he did in the days when he was P. T.'s first and most beloved clown. Although those who listen to him now cannot see him, a clown band and an indispensable calliope assist Uncle Bob in his vocal efforts to bring us all under the Big Top by way of radio.

Yes! Would It?

The director of KOA's programs has laid down a new rule as the criterion for his station. It is this: "Would this same show pack 'em in at Denver's largest theater, and would it bring them back next week for more?"

Rolling-Pin Evader

Professor Leon Theramin, who has been called the Russian Edison, came to this country with a squealing radio set and produced from it beautiful melodies by the simple process of moving his arm through the atmosphere much in the same manner as that affected by the stage musician. Having tamed and trained the wireless squeal to his will the professor has gone one step farther and produced a mysterious black box that silences all noises for its possessor.

Think of walking through the noisiest street in blissful silence. Imagine the boon to club-loving husbands who slip one of these little black boxes under wifie's pillow. Surely Professor Theramin's fortune is now assured.

Cheer Up, Old Top!

Station WRNY is the latest broadcaster to add an anonymous male "Pollyanna" to its list of oral entertainers. This one calls himself the "Cheer-up Man."

There seems to be one charming characteristic about Cheer-up. No matter what he may broadcast, he does not kid himself, since, as he says (off-stage), "My stuff is pure hokum, but, anyway, a lot of people tell me it helps them to survive the tribulations of this world."

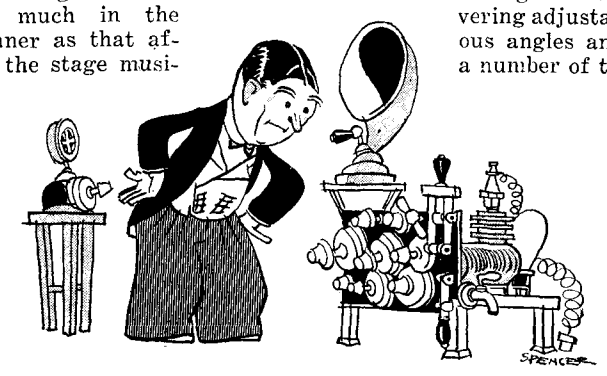
Bootleg Squealers

There was a time several years ago when a would-be radio fan wrote asking me where he could obtain the meters for a radio. You laugh at that now, but just read this letter received by station 2LO, London, England, from a British fan only a few weeks ago: "For instance, 2LO is notified as 361.4 meters or 830 K. C. Is the first number the fixed coil and the K. C. the moving coil?"

That question teaches a very interesting lesson. It is this: Six years ago when broadcasting was first introduced in Great Britain the government issued a regulation prohibiting the sale or use of radiating receivers in order to prevent people from annoying one another with hideous squeals.

Today no country has so many receivers of this type as England—the country that prohibited their sale or use. In addition to their nuisance as squealers, the radiating sets are notoriously complicated to tune, but this has not prevented the wholesale bootlegging of them in England to evade royalty payments.

Can you imagine an American radio fan in these days of single-dial receivers tuning in a station by maneuvering adjustable coils to various angles and fiddling with a number of tuning knobs?



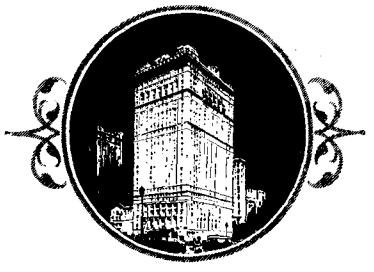
G O O D N I G H T

The Book-Cadillac Hotel
ON WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
D E T R O I T

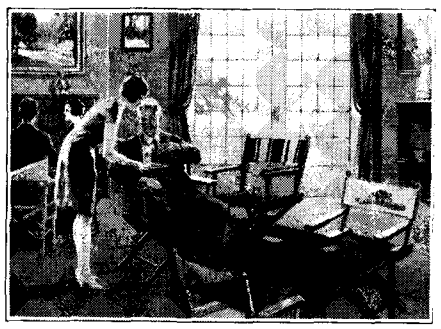
GOOD NIGHT

His door is closed and locked, the key hangs swinging, still clinking; the shower drips in lessening rhythm and wet towels huddle 'neath the spattered wash stand. Whoooooeee go the toy boats on the icy river. The soft warm blankets have been rolled back and the bed lamp sheds mellow yellow invitation to crawl in and turn 'round and 'round and *sleep.* An impudent wind from over the lakes harries him, hurries him, and he disappears under billows of blue wool and white. The day is done. The lamp is out. The wind sings its midnight song. He smiles and sleeps — and goes skirring to the other side of the moon, to the orange groves of Seville, or, he sits again in strange offices where that day he had fought his happy fights. And care stops at his door — and listens — and gazes wistfully through the key hole. What a wonderful sleep! *Good night.* See you soon?

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Beauty and Utility for the Home

Here are the ideal handy chairs in a home—for bridge, for the sunparlor or about the fireplace. Later when summer breezes blow they belong on porch or lawn. They are always attractive, comfortable and the handiest chairs about the home.

Color is now the vogue. Startling new patterns—vivid colors—Jade Green—Chinese Red—Persian Orange and others provide just enough of the ultra modern effect to add a touch of life and beauty to your home.

These "Gold Medal" chairs are every bit as *comfortable as the most luxurious chair in your* home. They are more practical for a score of every day uses than any other furniture you have. When not in use (which is seldom) they are quickly and compactly folded and put away.

Leading dealers everywhere (Furniture—hardware—sporting goods and others) have this new line on display. Insist upon the genuine bearing the "Gold Medal" trade mark. Get our free booklet showing—in all its colors the full "Gold Medal" line. Write today.

Gold Medal Folding Furniture Co.
1765 Packard Ave. Racine, Wis.

For 37 years "Gold Medal" camp equipment has been the recognized standard with outdoor people the world over.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF
Folding Furniture
For 32 Years the Recognized Standard

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

CAMPBELL'S

Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays.

Tell Us Your Trouble
Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

Quotes leading authorities as well as users

Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
1047 Union Avenue · Alliance, Ohio

Ugly Stepper

Continued from page 18

frankly curious, according to their dispositions. Almost every night there'd be a party of them out in front, clamoring for Anita and Johnny to join them after their dance was over.

The men were a little aloof, patronizing; and Johnny, beholding their conscious perfection, was more than ever amazed that Anita had married him. He was terribly afraid, all the time, that they'd find out what a dumb guy he was, and then they'd give Anita the laugh. They knew everything—talked about things he'd never heard of before. But after a while he got used to them, and then he kind of liked them. All but this Hilary Fife.

Johnny could tell that this Fife must be somebody, because all the others kept still when he talked, and they were almost polite to him. He was a tall, dark man who looked like a foreigner, but wasn't, because he spoke English like some of the high-brow actors Johnny'd heard, only more so. Johnny couldn't understand him half the time. He had queer eyes, too: they were as gray and as emotionless as steel, like a curtain between you and his thoughts. He came night after night, and talked to 'Nita.

Anita always looked bored when he talked to her, with only half of her mouth tipped into a smile, the way she did when she wanted to be snooty. But she wasn't bored. Johnny could tell by her eyes; little specks of black came in them when she was excited.

Johnny couldn't have told you exactly when, or why, his happiness began to grow just a little less. Anita was restless. "I hate this long cold stretch between Christmas and spring, Johnny. Let's ask Rosy to give us a couple of weeks off, and run down to Palm Beach or Bermuda."

Johnny hated saying "no" when she wanted anything. And he'd had to say it so many times lately. He said it now, and felt like a brute. "You know we can't do that, honey. Even if Rosy'd let us go, we haven't got the money. We haven't saved a dollar. And that's something we ought to think about. We—"

Her eyes had ice in them again. She said, "Don't talk to me again about money, Johnny! I'm sick of the very word, and sicker of being without it. If I put up with living on practically nothing at all, the least you can do is to refrain from picking on me about it. Besides, it wouldn't cost us anything but our carfare to go to Florida. You know Hilary's said a dozen times he'd open his place and take a party down there if we'd go."

Johnny said, "If we went away for two weeks we'd lose a thousand dollars, 'Nita. And this Miss Blake will be coming home soon, and we'll have to look for another apartment."

ANGER always made her say cruel things: "I told you not to talk about money! What do you want me to do? Eat humble pie and ask Dad to give us an allowance?"

Johnny's eyes begged her to stop. He said, "'Nita!" and tried to take her in his arms, but she pushed him away.

"Don't snivel! You make me perfectly sick!"

Johnny felt sick too, because he wanted so desperately not to have words like this between them. But there wasn't anything more he could say, and he put on his things and went out. She'd have forgotten, by the time he went back.

She always forgot, but Johnny remembered. Not that he loved her any the less, but it destroyed some of his happiness.

He stopped and bought a bunch of sweet, damp violets to take her. The moment he opened the door she was in his arms. "Johnny! I'm a beast, and you're an angel, and I deserve to be spanked. Will you forgive me just this once more? It's only that I've been feeling so rotten lately, and I'm so fed up with Rosenfeld's, and my nose to the grindstone—or should I say feet?"

He said, "It's all right, honey," with his face in her hair. "I wish I had a couple of million to give you!"

SHE covered his mouth with her hand and laughed. "Money again!" She put Johnny's violets, now slightly the worse for having inadvertently come between husband and wife, in a small vase on the table. A huge sheaf of Hilary's roses stood beside them.

Anita was crying, she said, because she had torn her last pair of hundred-gauge stockings, and because it was snowing and because she was sick and tired of everything. Johnny took her to Sherry's for lunch, and then he was lucky, and managed to get a couple of seats for Pavlowa's matinée.

When they got back, Anita settled herself on the end of the divan and looked forlorner than ever. "I'm tired out from watching that woman dance," she said. "Wasn't she wonderful? Only there's not really much use in trying to do anything, is there? Because there's always someone so much better at it than you could ever be, it discourages you."

Johnny didn't want her to look the way she did. He started the phonograph. "You'll never get me to admit the woman's any better than *I* am," he said. He burlesqued Pavlowa's inimitable grace, step by step, with ridiculous solemnity, and Anita lay back and laughed until she was weak.

She said, "Johnny, you're a pearl beyond price!" Then she sat up. "Johnny! Why couldn't we work that into a routine?"

Johnny saw it at once. They could. "That Spring Song, with the base jazzed. And we can do straight soft-shoe, in jazz rhythm, all the time we're being graceful from the waist up."

Anita was more animated than she'd been in months. "I'll wear straight ballet costume, and tap shoes. And you can wear—let me see. You can wear some kind of a moth-eaten animal-skin, and let your garters show. Why is it that men's garters are the funniest things in the world?"

All day Sunday they worked on their dance until Anita's eyes stood out from dark rings of exhaustion. Johnny saw her eyes with sudden remorse. "We'll stop now. Gee, I'm a careless goof, not to've noticed you were all in!"

She smiled restlessly. "I'm all in most of the time, lately. I get so bored. But I'm excited over the new dance."

Johnny went out before lunch, Monday. "I'll see Harry and explain about the music, so he can get it in shape to let us have a couple of rehearsals this week."

He got back earlier than he expected, in the middle of the afternoon. Anita lay on the divan, against a pile of cushions, and Hilary Fife sat in a chair, facing her. He rose when Johnny came in, and spoke civilly enough to him, but there was a look of secret amusement in his eyes. "I'll leave you in better hands, now," he said to Anita, and she let him go.

ANITA watched Johnny for a moment, through the smoke of her cigarette. Then she said, "I'm pregnant, Johnny."

Johnny stood and looked at her stupidly. "What did you say?"

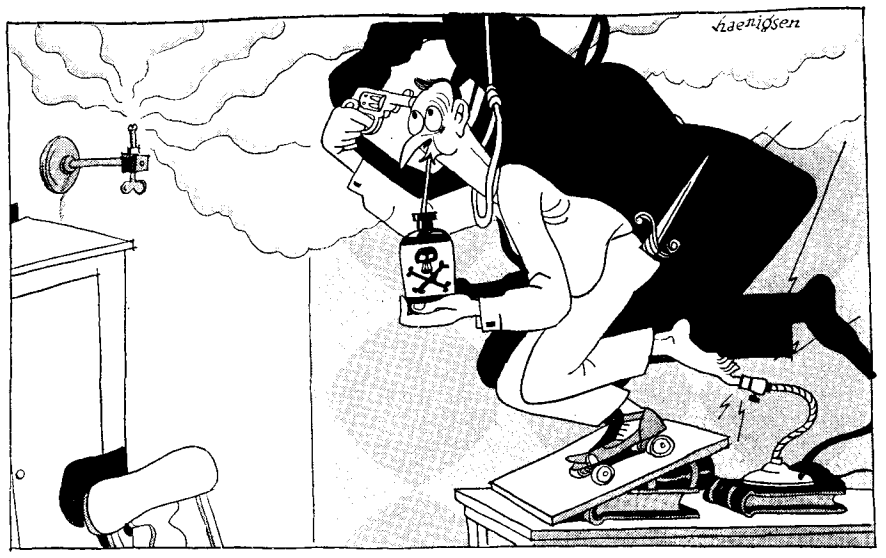
She laughed at him. "I said I'm pregnant. I'm going to have a baby. I went out to lunch with Hilary, and disgraced him by fainting on his hands. So I made him take me in to see Dr. Maxon on the way home, and I learned the glad tidings."

Johnny didn't hear what she said, after he realized what her first words had been. A baby. A little kid of his own! He fell on his knees before his wife, and wept, with his head in her lap. No wonder she'd been nervous and felt rotten. Well, she'd be all right now. He'd take care of her, and the little fellow, too. He'd never even thought about having a kid, but now he

(*Continued on page 46*)

Stout party: "Bless me! This is a strange place to find a banana peel"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



His Own Worst Enemy

By Edwin E. Slosson

OLD maxims sometimes get knocked out when they bump up against a table of statistics. For instance, that "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Sounds sensible. But when we turn to the almanac we see that suicides are more numerous than murders. Those who are disposed toward homicide are more apt to make victims of themselves. Perhaps because it is easier and safer to kill themselves than to tackle another person.

But the homicide rate is steadily increasing, until now it has almost caught up with the suicide rate. In the big American cities in 1900 there were 3.4 homicides and 14.9 suicides per 100,000 population. In 1927 there were 10.4 homicides and 16.3 suicides. If this trend toward increasing altruism keeps on there will soon be more people killed by other people than by themselves.

It is curious to compare various cities in regard to their propensity for self-destruction, but it is difficult to account for the differences. Formerly San Diego stood at the top, but although this city increased its suicide rate from 41.8 in 1926 to 47.7 in 1927, it was surpassed in the latter year by Sacramento with a rate of 50.9 and by Davenport, Iowa, with 49.6 per 100,000 people. Next in order stand San Francisco with 43.8 suicides per 100,000 and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, with 33.3.

In the matter of killing other people Memphis, Tenn., stands at the top with a rate of 69.3 homicides per 100,000 in 1927, followed by Birmingham, Ala., with 63; Charlotte, N. C., 55.5; Jacksonville, Fla., 54; Atlanta, Ga., 43; and Miami, Fla., 40. Chicago, which is represented in melodramas as a dangerous city, is low on the list of homicides with 13.3 per 100,000 in 1927: while in Moscow, the storm center of Sovietism, the rate was 9.8 in 1925.

Our Unknown Selves

The old-fashioned psychologist, when he wanted to know anything about the processes of thinking or feeling, simply consulted his own inner consciousness or naïvely inquired of his neighbor. The modern psychologist is a more suspicious personage and does not take anybody's word for it, not even his own. Instead he connects up a string galvanometer to the person under investigation and registers his changes of electrical conductivity on a roll of photographic film. The line of light runs along smoothly on the record until some sight or sound or word excites the emotions of the subject, then it gives a sudden jerk down and up, thus betraying the fact that a sore or sensitive spot has been touched, though the subject may be quite unconscious of it.

How unreliable introspection is as a key to a man's real feelings is shown by an investigation made by Hans C. Syz at Johns Hopkins University. He read over a list of 50 words to 50 medical students and recorded their emotional reactions. Then he asked them to look over the list and mark those which they thought had most affected them.

Emotional Responses

The sound of the person's own name excited a response in 84 per cent of the cases. Next in order came the words "naked body" (80 per cent), "kiss" (72 per cent), "husband-wife" (66 per cent), and other words having a sexual connotation. Then came "Jesus Christ" (62 per cent), and "the dean's office" (56 per cent). "Kicked out" (46 per cent) is a little more exciting a thought than "success" (44 per cent).

Now the curious point is that the subjective reports rarely agree with these objective records. The ideas which the person says most affected him may not leave a trace upon the film, while something which he says did not move him emotionally set the galvanometer dancing. For instance, two individuals reported that the word "father" touched them, as would be expected from any dutiful son, but if so then it was too faint to be registered. The reactions most often unadmitted or unperceived are those which meet with social disapproval. Only 12 per cent admitted an emotion at the words "naked body," and 34 per cent acknowledged a reaction at the word "kiss," whereas the figures given above show reversed proportions.

The chief sources of error in such self-valuations are personal prejudices and social standards. "Know thyself," was the maxim of the ancients, but it could not be followed until the invention of the electrical detector of unconscious motivation.

AT LAST

A LUBRICATING LATHER TO RELIEVE SHAVING FRICTION

THERE IS MORE to shaving than merely softening the beard. Men have learned that by painful experience.

For there still remains the harsh scrape and pull as the razor's steel edge is forced across the tiny peaks which hold the hairs. This friction scours the skin, producing heat and painful smarting.

To take the torture out of shaving in a scientific way, Listerine chemists have perfected an amazing shaving cream which *lubricates the skin!*

A velvety film of soothing glycerine smooths the path of the razor. The effect is instantaneous. The same old blade which used to hop-skip-and-jump, slides along as gently as if it wiped the whiskers off.

The toughest beards, the tenderest skins, yield to this new-type cream, which includes cosmetic lubricant, menthol for extra coolness, and the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine.

No need to rub the lather in. No need to rub the lotions on. Your face will feel glad, and you will grin and bless the day on which you first tried Listerine Shaving Cream.

Will you pay 10c a month for shaving comfort?

There are certain little luxuries which every man deserves. One of them is the finest cream he can get to ease the daily irritation of shaving. So we offer this new lather-maker of supreme and unrivalled quality. Listerine production economies make possible the big white tube, crammed with 118 inches of lubricating, cooling cream. More than enough for 157 shaves, easily a five-months' supply. At 50c the saving is obvious.

At any good drug or department store, ask for Listerine Shaving Cream. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE *Shaving Cream*

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

BIG STEADY PAY
Big pay for live, energetic district salesmen. Show made-to-measure all-wool suits at $23.50 up. **Super values** that sell on sight. Cash for you daily. Liberal bonus. Customer satisfaction assures fast growing repeat business. Handsome, double size swatch selling outfit FREE. Write us at once.
PIONEER TAILORING CO., Chicago, Dept. A-1031
Congress and Throop Streets
$23.50 ALL WOOL SUITS

HOW CAN I EARN EXTRA CASH?
ANS. BY SELLING US YOUR SPARE TIME

By acting as a local subscription representative of Collier's and other Crowell magazines, you too, can pleasantly turn every spare hour into from $1.00 to $1.50 clear profit.
WRITE TODAY for free outfit and instructions.
CHIEF OF SUBSCRIPTION STAFF *Desk C-34*
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue *New York, N. Y.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cunningham
RADIO TUBES

Each Cunningham Radio Tube speaks with a note of authority on tone Quality

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, INC.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Ask for them by Name

Sylph-Apollo

The Mechanical Masseur

JUST OUT!

A new compact, efficient, light weight, portable massage machine whose simple construction permits a price *every one can afford to pay!* No pulleys! Operates by worm gear. (Same principle as automobile transmissions.) Smooth and vibrationless in operation. Manipulates the anatomy like a skilled masseur, gently or vigorously as one prefers.

Builds Health —Reduces Superfluous Weight

Oxidizes excess fat. Removes toxic poison from the system by gently stimulating the liver, kidneys, bladder, stomach, spleen and intestines. Aids digestion. Beneficial in the treatment of rheumatism, nervousness, insomnia, stomach trouble, anemia. Many osteopaths are using "The Mechanical Masseur" in their private practice.

Promotes Perfect Circulation

Corrects constipation. Builds up under-weight persons; reduces over-weight ones. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefits of hours of strenuous exercise. Lowest priced machine on the market. Fill out the coupon to get full details.

Representatives Wanted

We want representatives in every city and town. Write or wire at once for very liberal proposition by which *real money* can be made. Don't delay.

SYLPH-APOLLO CO.
Dept. 11, P. O. Box 536, Toledo, Ohio

.....Send descriptive folder.

.....Send representative's liberal profit proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

Ugly Stepper

Continued from page 44

knew that it was going to be the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to him—more wonderful even than being married to Anita.

Anita was talking to him: "Johnny! I'd no idea you'd mind so much! Don't feel so badly—I don't have to——You know."

Johnny stood up. Careful, now. "You mean you'd—" Even his breath waited for her reply.

"Of course," she interrupted. "It's perfectly simple. Nothing for you to worry about."

He tried to speak very quietly. It wouldn't do to send her into one of her rages, now. "You thought that's what I'd want? No. You can't do that. I want you to have this baby."

SHE was incredulous and derisive: "Don't be a fool! Do you think you could support me and a child? Do you think I'm going through months of discomfort, and hours of agony, just because you think you want a baby?"

Johnny forgot to be afraid of her; he didn't consider her at all. He took her by the arms and shook her. "So you're as yellow as that, are you? Well, for once in your life, you're goin' to do something you don't want to do; you're goin' to think about somebody besides yourself. I'll worry about the money, and you mind your own business, which is to have this kid. And don't try any funny business, because I won't have it."

He waited for her fury to scorch him, but she looked at him curiously for a long time; then she laughed a little and said, "Except for your G's, you're very effective as a caveman, Johnny. I didn't realize that the paternal instinct was so strong in you. If you feel that way, I'll have the child, of course. I admit a lot of things about myself, but I'm not yellow."

Johnny had been braced for a row, and he would have been infinitely less discomfited by her rage than he was by this sudden capitulation. He began to think that maybe after all he hadn't any right to demand this of her, and he was afraid that if he talked any more, he'd find himself apologizing and giving in. So he put on his hat and coat. "I'm going to see Rosy and tell him I'll have to dance solo until I can break someone in. And if he thinks he's going to use *this* for publicity, he'll be surprised."

But Rosy was sympathetic and helpful. He was a pretty good guy. He would even pay Johnny his full salary, only Johnny'd have to pay his partner, out of it. "How about Lora?" he asked. "She was in here the other day—she's had hard luck. Her kid was born dead, and her husband was killed in a brawl in some gambling joint. She's looking for work, and she's used to your stuff."

Johnny brightened at once. There was nobody he'd rather dance with than Lora, if he couldn't have his wife. "That'd be great, Mr. Rosenfeld. If you have her address, I'll go round and see her right away. Gee, you've been white to me. You sure have."

He found Lora at home, fortunately, in a dingy little room up three flights of stairs. When he told her what he wanted, she fell upon him with thanksgiving. "My God, Ugly, you're an angel from heaven! I was just sittin' here wonderin' if I'd better blow my last quarter on food or the gas-meter!"

She was thinner, but she was softer, too, and something about her eyes made Johnny's throat tighten with compassion. She was such a little thing, and she needed somebody to look after her. He wanted to put his arm around her and tell her not to worry any more but then he remembered that it wouldn't be quite right, because he was married. So he shoved his hands into his pockets and said clumsily that he was sorry about her hard luck.

Her eyes filled, and the tears slipped over and slid down her face. She removed them with the back of her hand, in a swift, impatient gesture. "I can't say losin' Joe was any hard luck, but I felt awful about the kid, Ugly. I always wanted a kid. He—it was a boy. Made your heart turn over to look at him, he was so little and—sweet. Not that I want to pull any sob stuff. Only—I'll never have one, now."

Johnny said shyly, "I know, Lor. I'm sorry as hell."

A couple of days later Anita went to bed, and she stayed there almost a week. She said she felt rotten, and most of the time she just lay absorbed in her own thoughts, her eyes wide and empty. Johnny was anxious. He got one of the maids in the building to stay with her, because he had to be out so much; he was working like a dog with Lora on the new dance.

Anita was irritable because he worried about her. "Don't fuss over me, Johnny, it annoys me. The doctor is coming every day, and I'll soon be all right."

But even after she was up she was listless and preoccupied. Johnny felt guilty about the things he'd said to her; he wanted to show her he was sorry, but he couldn't say it.

"Why don't you have your friend Fife come up some evenings, if you get lonely, honey?" he asked her.

She smiled a little crookedly. "Well, perhaps I will."

Another thing that worried Johnny was money. They'd have to look around for another apartment, as soon as Anita felt strong enough, and he knew they couldn't have anything like this one they were in. He sighed when he thought of Anita in the kind of place he could afford for her.

Johnny and Lora opened with the new dance and they made a hit with it, as he'd known they would. And two days later he had a letter.

It was a brief, typewritten letter, but the signature sent Johnny's spirits soaring skyward. "J. S. Shieber" was at the bottom of it. Could Mr. Dyke and his partner make it convenient to call the following afternoon at four o'clock, to discuss a possible engagement with the new "Fantasies"?

THE great Shieber was very gracious. He said frankly that he'd been watching Johnny's work for a long time, but that he'd hesitated about taking any definite steps toward an engagement because of his marriage. He was doubtful as to whether Mrs. Dyke was of the temperament to persevere with such hard work. But now that Miss DeVoe was back the time seemed ripe to approach them. Their salary would start when they began rehearsing (Lora's eyes grew round with incredulity when Shieber named figures) and they might keep on at Rosenfeld's until the "Fantasies" opened.

In the little anteroom outside, Lora clung to Johnny and wept. "Don't think I don't know Shieber'd never have looked at me if it hadn't been for you. Ugly, you've brought me the only luck I ever had. And I got to tell you: I'd lie down and die for you if it'd do you any good!"

Johnny patted her thin little back, and thought that he wouldn't have to worry about supporting Anita now.

He stopped to buy flowers for Anita, and they weren't anything that Fife's flowers would show up this time. When he got home, Anita was out, and Johnny was disappointed. She'd probably be in in a few minutes, though; it was almost time for them to go downstairs for dinner. He ought to be glad she felt well enough to go out.

HE BEGAN to do a solemn little dance, all alone there, because he felt so happy. Then he felt a little silly; if Anita should come in, she'd think he'd gone crazy. He stopped and looked around for his pipe. When he went into the bedroom, he noticed all at once that it looked funny, and then he realized that it was because it looked so neat. Anita must have cleaned it up.

He found his pipe on the dressing-table, and he saw the note beside it. All of a sudden he felt sick, because he knew what was in it. He read it, anyway. It read:

Dear Johnny: No matter what you think of me—and most of the things will be true—I want you to believe me when I tell you that I honestly meant to have the baby for you, in spite of my own extreme distaste in the matter. (If you'd thought about it, Johnny, you'd have seen that the thought of me as a mother was too absurd for contemplation.) Dr. Maxon thought it was possibly because of the dancing that I lost it, but whatever it was I didn't do it willfully.

It was cowardly of me not to tell you at the time, but I didn't know whether you'd believe me, and I didn't feel like another scene.

Now that it's all over I must admit that I'm glad it turned out the way it did. And I am more than ever certain that I'll never have a child. Because of this, and because I wasn't much of a success at being "poor but honest," and because of—well, a number of things, I am going to Florida with Hilary, and after a while I shall divorce you and marry him. After all, I did warn you not to expect too much of me.

Good-by, Johnny. I like you a lot.

ANITA.

He knew then that he'd always known he couldn't keep her, but what he hadn't known was that pain could be like this. He was lost in it, and there wasn't any way to get out of it.

He packed his things, and a rose-colored negligee that Anita had left. He left the key with the man at the desk downstairs and said that he wouldn't be coming back, and then he took a taxi to his old boarding house. He unpacked his things again and put them away, and all the time his pain pounded in his throat—one—two—three—in even beats. Then he looked at his watch and saw he'd have to hurry.

He got into his dancing clothes and a taxi got him to Rosenfeld's. Lora's face was comical; it was all screwed up into knots of anxiety. "My God, Ugly, you had me worried! You did, for fair! I thought you weren't going to show up. Anything wrong?"

Johnny made his mouth grin at her and said, "Nothing wrong, Lor. I just got held up."

She took hold of his hand and squeezed it, and her eyes looked past the grin. "Well—I'm glad you got here. You had me worried. C'mon, Ugly, there's the music!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plans for Battle

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ALL Democrats with whom I have talked agree that if Franklin Roosevelt is reëlected governor of New York in 1930 he will inevitably be the Democratic candidate for President in 1932. So the Democrats were not quite so unlucky in the November election as the small number of electoral votes which Governor Smith won would suggest. They not only got the largest popular support for their ticket that they ever have had, but they saved out of the wreckage a probable candidate for President four years hence on whom they can unite better than they have been able to unite upon any candidate for President in recent years and to whom will probably go a good deal of the personal following of Governor Smith.

That is to say, there is no reason why most Democrats who would not vote for Smith should not in 1932 vote for Governor Roosevelt, and in addition most of the Republicans who did vote for Smith. And the last are important, for I venture to say that of the fifteen or sixteen million people who voted for Governor Smith more than half habitually vote the Republican ticket in national elections.

With Governor Smith defeated, the most important thing that the Democrats could get out of the last election was a candidate whom Governor Smith could support with enthusiasm, who at the same time would be acceptable generally to the great mass of Democratic voters. And that they have probably got in Mr. Roosevelt.

Shedding Some Grindstones

They have even fared better than that. They have got rid of a lot of traditional rubbish which has made it impossible for their party to win except when the Republican party was badly split, ever since William J. Bryan tried to make a winning combination out of the West and the South, committing them to a lot of economic absurdities which were already going out of fashion in the West.

This year's attempted combination of the East and South failed because of the religious prejudice which Governor Smith's nomination aroused. But at least it was successful so far as to carry the two heavily Republican states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. And it failed to carry the all-important state of New York only by an adverse majority of one per cent of the votes. It looks far from hopeless.

The religious division in the Democratic party is probably put aside for another generation. And that is a great gain. The tariff issue which has for a long time operated against the Democratic party has been laid on the shelf. And if the Republicans run wild on the tariff in the coming special session of Congress, as they now promise to do, the moderate protectionist attitude of the opposition may work to its advantage in 1932.

On the other hand the prohibition issue remains to divide and plague the Democrats; for Governor Roosevelt or any other candidate who bids for the support of the masses who voted passionately for Al Smith must be wet. And the prosperity issue, so called, still works against anyone who bears the name of Democrat.

But, on the Other Hand—

On the wrong side of the ledger is the irreconcilable division on prohibition, the continued lack of confidence among business men in the Democratic party, and the advantage the Republicans have in being in power, for a successful administration by President-elect Hoover (and one is probable) will make a Democratic victory in 1932 unlikely.

Now let us look at Governor Roosevelt. In the first place he has a grand name for politics. There is not a name that is worth more votes in this country than the name of Roosevelt, provided, of course, that the personality of the man who wears it does not belie the name. And the new governor of New York doesn't. He has three great qualities to commend him to the voters: character, courage and political idealism.

His whole public career has been that of a man of honor. His ambition has never led him to sacrifice his convictions for the sake of office. He was almost quixotic in his fight as a state senator in New York upon Boss Murphy. I recall him especially as an ardent young Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He preserved the quality of youthful enthusiasm longer than most men do in politics. He never counted the cost to himself of any position which he took. And in recent years after illness befell him he gave himself unselfishly to the service of Governor Smith. He has charm, and there is a certain sweetness about his nature in spite of his force and frankness.

He takes his place at the head of the best organized government in the country. It is a place in which a man of his character cannot go wrong. The office has fine traditions and it will be easy for him to live up to them. Moreover, it attracts more public attention than any other in the country except the Presidency.

Every pound of OVERWEIGHT adds *drudgery* to your *Heart's work!*

IF you are definitely over your weight limit lose no time getting back to normal. Every excess pound means a strain upon the heart, a tax on vitality and decreased efficiency.

Overweight is associated with diabetes, "high blood pressure," and other serious conditions; in fact, authorities are suggesting it may even be the cause! Insurance companies warn people to reduce because they find direct connection between obesity and dreaded diseases.

More common results of obesity include mental and physical sluggishness, lack of endurance and an unattractive appearance. And, following obesity often comes "faddy" reducing diets causing a serious type of Acidosis due to incomplete burning of body fat as one loses weight.

If weight is to be reduced, Acidosis must also be reckoned with. The proper method of reducing, therefore, is of first importance because the heart may become weakened and Acidosis so aggravated as to expose the system to any one of many minor maladies, forerunners of graver consequences.

You have it on eminent authority that "a reducing diet must not violate the principles of a normal diet, one of the most important of which is the liberal use of sugar-containing foods, preferably fruits and vegetables, to completely burn the fats." The only change is to reduce fat in the diet to a minimum *and draw upon excess body fat to supply additional energy not obtainable from diet.*

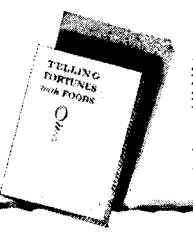
Citrus fruits such as Oranges and Lemons—free from fat and low in caloric values—will help to supply sugar to burn fat; help supply needed minerals; help to meet vitamin requirements of the diet; help prevent constipation; help preserve the necessary acid-base balance of the diet and help supply fluids.

Those desiring to reduce safely should also note the helpfulness of Orange or other fresh fruit salads, fruit for dessert, *fresh* Orange Juice, *fresh* Lemon Ade and other natural fruit juice drinks between meals and *fruit* salad-dressings instead of mayonnaise.

Safe Reducing diets prepared by the authority noted above—and in constant use in the successful treatment of patients—are presented in detail in the booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Under these directions you may reduce in safety, free from dangers of weakening the heart and with not only ample and delightful food, but with the added assurance that the scientifically *balanced* diets will correct or prevent Acidosis conditions.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" discusses Acidosis in its many forms and tells you that Oranges and Lemons are among the most potent correctives and preventives of the malady known to Medical Science. These fruits, though acid to the taste, *have an alkaline-reaction in the body*, especially valuable in preventing the more common acid-ash type of Acidosis. Their value to every-day health cannot be over-estimated. You should know what Acidosis may mean to *your* health and what Oranges and Lemons will do to protect you through drinking *two or three glasses of fresh* Orange Juice or fresh Lemon Ade daily.

This booklet is sent free. Fill out and mail the coupon below as you finish reading this message. "Telling Fortunes with Foods" should be in every home. Acidosis is no respecter of age.



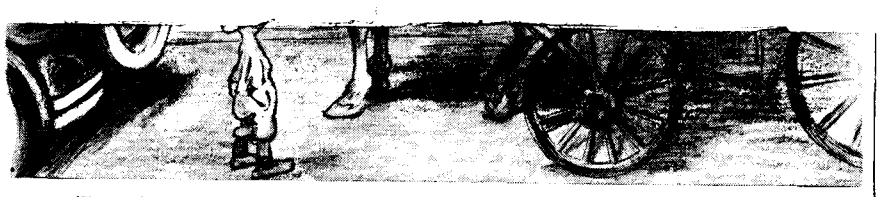
California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and in market every month in the year. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons. © 1929 C.F.G.E.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1601, Box 530, Station "C", Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

Name _____ *Street* _____

City _____ *State* _____



"Hey, buddy, get yourself a horse and I'll shoot you a game of polo"

muscles or cause discomfort.

Pain stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

FOR SEVERE CASES — with cushion lift	FOR MILD CASES — without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....

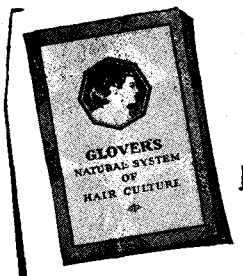
Name .....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

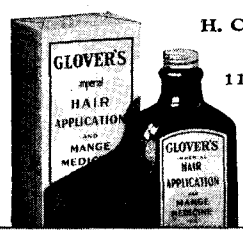


how
TO GROW
THICK
LUSTROUS
HAIR

SYSTEMATIC SCALP
MASSAGE AND
GLOVER'S

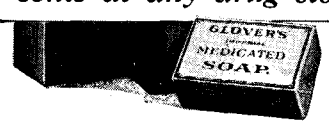
LEADING authorities in trichology, the science of hair health, recommend this way. A medical application, not a mere hair lotion. Used regularly—coupled with systematic massage of the scalp—it assures a head of thick, lustrous hair and removes dandruff. How best to massage your scalp and care for your hair is explained in our free booklet, "Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture." It tells the facts about hair troubles and how to overcome them. Write for your copy today.

GLOVER'S
Imperial
HAIR
APPLICATION
AND
MANGE
MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP



H. CLAY GLOVER
CO., Inc.
Dept. L
119 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.
Sales Agents:
Harold F.
Ritchie & Co.,
Inc.
New York, N.Y.

95 cents at any drug store

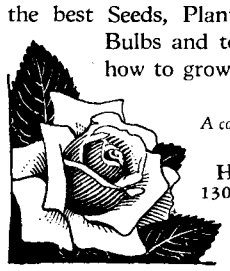


IRON GLUE

Mends Toys Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles. McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Dreer's
Garden Book

"I got them at Dreer's," is so often the answer, when you ask a neighbor the secret of his success with Vegetables or Flowers. Our 1929 Garden Book will help you choose the best Seeds, Plants and Bulbs and tell you how to grow them.



A copy free if you mention Collier's

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Battle of the Century

Continued from page 19

Lansing, being successful, heard himself publicly denounced as a "blackguardly shyster."

In short, High Constable Hays had the city in a frenzy, and virtually everybody in town participated in the excitement — except Martin, McCaul, Mr. Beamish and his pothouse crowd.

A Site is Chosen

Paying no attention to the High Constable, Mr. Beamish let it be understood that while the fight might have to be postponed he was intent upon staging it and was considering various sites: the junction of Bloomingdale Road and the Eastern (Boston) Post Road (now Madison Square), Richmond Hill in lower Manhattan, a field near the Grange, Alexander Hamilton's home, the Kissing Bridge. In a letter to the Commercial Advertiser Mr. Beamish wrote that he was very sure that were Alexander Hamilton alive he would have been glad to turn over his acres to so patriotic an enterprise.

This caused such an outburst of protest from the patriotic societies that even the Martling Men, the stalwarts of the Tammany crowd, pledged themselves to resist to the death all efforts to stage America's first prize fight in New York.

Very well, sighed Mr. Beamish, New York should be punished for her lack of enterprise; he would take the fight over to New Jersey, where men were men.

The fight was held in September in the Communipaw district of Jersey City, about half a mile from Boyle's Thirty Acres, where on a later day Mr. Tex Rickard was to produce his own Battle of the Century between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier.

More than 2,000 people, over half of them from New York, witnessed the great spectacle and indulged in the general fighting which started even before the Sergeant and the Pilot entered the ring. Among the New Yorkers present were the magnificent High Constable and Captains Van Orden and Laurence, who were waited upon almost instantly by members of Low-Water Grenadiers, a mob of river pirates, who warned them of the horrible consequences of forgetting that their police authority did not extend to that side of the North River.

At least two of New York's clergymen were present, doubtless to get first-hand information of the ways of the persistently wicked. Both of them—the Rev. Mr. Haldred and the Rev. Mr. Chowse—had thought it better to attend in disguise, so both of them wore false beards and the rough clothes of longshoremen.

Likewise numerous politicians, Republicans and Federalists, made the journey from New York to Jersey City, eager for the fray in spite of their protests against it when New York was proposed as the battle ground. And many of these statesmen donned disguises, which, as far as I am able to learn, generally took the form of false whiskers and outlandish hats.

It turned out to be a thieves' holiday. Troupes of pickpockets arrived with their fingers trembling to be at work, and greatest among them was one Gallen, a particularly notorious purse lifter, who stood accused of having stolen a gold watch from no less a personage than Colonel Nicholas Fish.

The most celebrated burglar of the day was a giant known as the Malter, whose boast it was that he had never used anything but his hands to break open oaken doors and iron boxes. He presented himself at Mr. Beamish's great spectacle and at once became the center of attraction, because he was a noisy, vain fellow, given, when in drink, to recounting in vulgar detail his raids upon the homes of the upper classes.

The battle was to have begun at noon, but such was the disorder that Mr. Beamish and his lads were unable to break a path through the mob. For a time it seemed as though the entertainment would have to be abandoned because the Pilot and the Sergeant would be unable to find a space large enough.

In reality there was no ring as we know that twenty-foot pit today; Mr. Beamish had merely staked off a twenty-foot square of greensward with stout pegs a foot high and connected them with cord. There was nothing to prevent the spectators from invading the ring whenever they felt so inclined.

But the Malter, calling to his side a dozen strong men of his own calling, came to the promoter's rescue with the proposition that he would escort the fighters through the crowd if he were allowed to referee the fight. Mr. Beamish, whose only thought was for his commissary, readily consented.

The Malter and his husky lads formed a wedge with Sergeant Martin and Pilot McCaul within its wings, and with the Malter bellowing, "Way up, way up," they plunged into the mob. They deposited the Sergeant and the Pilot in the ring, but not without casualties. Several customers had been knocked down and painfully trampled and a prominent Republican politician—Ayle MacTeague of New York—had his false beard torn from his chin, which, naturally enough, exposed him to the world.

It exposed him, incidentally, to a number of Federalists, who, like him, and for similar political reasons, had no desire to have it known that they would attend a prize fight. A fierce riot between Federalists and Republicans ensued, and it was an hour before sufficient order was restored to permit the business of the day to begin. In the general mêlée, in which the Pilot and the Sergeant had to take part in self-defense, the ring stakes were torn up, several wagons were demolished and Mr. Beamish's commissary tent overturned and his stove rolled down the hill.

The pickpockets did an enormous business, even to stealing the breeches from the legs of a citizen named Bradfield, who subsequently complained bitterly in a letter to William L. Stone, editor of the Commercial Advertiser.

False beards and baffling hats fell to the ground like autumn leaves and gentlemen whose beards were not false suffered great pain and indignity because the stout lads of the Bear Market Gang, the Fly Market Bullies and the Catherine Marchers—all hot rivals in politics and commerce—were running wild.

The Fight Begins

A measure of decorum was restored by the Malter, whose stentorian voice was heard announcing that the fight was to be to a finish and that American rules (which nobody had ever heard of) would obtain. The Malter, who claimed to have fought Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken, in Liverpool, ended his oration by challenging whoever should be the winner. Then he clapped his hands and bawled "Time," and America's first prize fight, the original Battle of the Century, was on.

Round-by-round details of the conflict are lacking. The men fought with bare hands, of course, and the Sergeant was permitted to wear a double wrapping of rawhide thong around his right wrist because he had sprained that joint on the eve of the battle. The New York Gazette has it that they fought at catch weights, but referred to both men as "hirsute giants." They wore knee breeches and cotton stockings and heavy boots equipped with spikes at the toes, but were nude from the waist up.

It lasted, with frequent interruptions, until four in the afternoon, but actually the men whaled each other a little less than two hours.

Thirty-nine rounds they fought, the length of a round being determined by the time both men were on their feet. A man hard pressed could terminate any round by simply dropping to the ground. Any blow was permissible provided it was landed above the belt and any hold was legal. Likewise a man was permitted to kick, but such assaults were limited in altitude to the opponent's knee.

Some Outside Interference

In the twentieth round the Fly Market Bullies, who had massed themselves in Sergeant Martin's corner for no better reason than that their hated rivals, Great McCheester's Catherine Marchers, had congregated behind the Pilot's seconds, swarmed into the ring, knocking both gladiators down and breaking at least two of the Pilot's ribs, an incident of which he made no complaint until the following day, when he reported that he was feeling "a little incommodated."

Great McCheester, whose son, Country McCheester, was to win fame in the early forties as a slugger who fought two hours and fifty-five minutes (101 rounds) against the great Tom Hyer only to lose by a broken leg, leaped forward to meet the rush of the Fly Market Bullies. For more than half an hour the Bullies and the Catherine Marchers waged battle with fists, feet, clubs, knives and, occasionally, pistols, and, wonderful to relate, only two men were killed. However, the list of the injured was such as to satisfy anybody, the Gazette reporting that "Napoleon might not have scoffed at the scenes which engrossed the eye."

During this departure from the program, High Constable Hays was not idle, although his mightiest efforts to uphold the dignity of law and order had no effect. In New York when street brawls were under way it was his custom to advance upon the shameful scene and cry in a loud voice:

"Hear ye, hear ye. All respectable citizens will now go home."

Whereat, it is happily related, virtually everybody departed, inasmuch as individual respectability was highly thought of in those naïve days. Seldom had he to do more, but if sterner measures were necessary, he would use his staff, not to belabor the rioters but to knock off hats. When the owner of the hat stooped to retrieve it the High Constable would apply his boot to the rear of the stooper, and in no time he would be wholly surrounded by prostrate citizens; and the large crowd which always followed the High Constable to see the performance would hoot and laugh in devastating derision. It always broke up the brawling.

But here was a scene on which the High Constable was unable to make an impression. Again and again the gal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Handy!

What could possibly be handier than 3-in-One in the oval shaped Handy Can?

The oil is so superior to common oils that you may use it on the most delicate of household mechanisms—vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, victrolas, even clocks.

The Handy Can is so convenient in shape and size that it not only may be kept almost anywhere but will put oil almost anywhere.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust · OILS · *Cleans & Polishes*

It's pure; it's clean; it's different—a scientific compound of several high quality oils, each contributing its own valuable properties that are not found in ordinary oils. Nothing else just like 3-in-One.

At grocery, drug, notion, hardware and general stores everywhere, in two size Handy Cans and three size bottles. The Big Red "One" on the label is your protection.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St. New York, N. Y.

K987

Ever try polishing furniture with 3-in-One? It's wonderful. Removes surface scratches, too.

FREE: *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request them on a postal.*

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE Drawer 85 EAST ORANGE, N. J.

25% INTEREST On Big Cash Commissions!

That's what the special local subscription representatives of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and other Crowell publications receive for their spare time work between now and March 31st. There's an opening for YOU on our Staff. Outfit and instructions FREE. Write today.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-33
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

"You can go 20 miles on less than a gallon of gasoline"

BEWARE!

Inflammable cleaning fluids may disfigure you for life or kill you outright—*then it's too late for advice.*

For Safety's Sake-demand

CARBONA

UNBURNABLE & NON-EXPLOSIVE

Cleaning Fluid

Removes Grease Spots

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

Does it Quickly and Easily

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES

lant High Constable charged the mob, booming his exhortation, and always he was hurled back or on, and all he got for his pains was numerous bruises. His coat was torn from his back, his tall hat (the tallest in New York) was reduced to a wad of beaver, and as a final humiliation his watch was stolen and so was his huge wallet, which contained summonses and warrants for wanted men.

When Sergeant Martin and Pilot McCaul fell to again it was on a spot a hundred yards from where they stood when interrupted. It was observed that the Pilot's left arm was quite ineffective in attack and was of service to him only in warding off the sledge-hammer blows of the Sergeant.

Yet so fierce was the warrior's fire within him that with his right he slowly battered the Sergeant down, blinding him and "causing him to belch mightily with ghastly blows in the abdomen."

In the thirty-ninth round the Pilot summoned all his reserves and, grasping the Sergeant's left wrist in his right hand, he whirled, and with a mighty heave tossed the Sergeant over his shoulder into the crowd.

For several minutes the Sergeant's chief second, an Irish mauler known as Galway Tricks, and the Malter did some violent salvage work, but when they emerged, fetching the Sergeant with them, it was all too apparent that his usefulness as a pugilist was over for that day.

The Malter declared Pilot McCaul the winner, and McCaul was carried by Great McCheester and his men to a spot some distance away, where he lay for an hour before he was able to speak. And when he could speak the first person to address him was the Malter.

"When will you fight me, McCaul?" demanded the Malter.

"You will have to wait," replied the Pilot. "I will do no more fighting this day."

The battle over, there came the business of awarding the money, the $100 to Pilot McCaul and the $25 to Sergeant Martin. But the stakeholder had fled.

Thus ended the original Battle of the Century, but not the incidental fighting. The Catherine Marchers and the Fly Market Bullies continued to attack and counterattack each other all night on both banks of the river.

Prize Fighting Triumphs

High Constable Hays returned to New York burning without and within. Not waiting for warrant or advice, he arrested Jeremiah Beamish, whose lawyer, Mr. Lansing, instantly obtained his release. Mr. Beamish was guilty of nothing in New York's courts. Thus balked, the High Constable went forth and arrested twenty men, all of whom he had recognized at the fight, but none could be charged with any violation of New York's laws.

It probably came nigh to breaking the High Constable's heart, this impotency, and perhaps it dulled a little of the fine edge of his spirit. Certainly he was less of an autocrat after that because when, on January 16, 1816, Jake Hyer, father of the famous Tom Hyer, and Tom Beasly fought for two hours (only eleven rounds) to the accompaniment of gang fighting which cost seven lives, High Constable Hays offered only a single protest and that a feeble one.

He fell, alas, behind the times because prize fighting became popular in spite of him and he lived to see New York become the favorite site for slugging matches—the first to be held in the city being a sanguinary affair between Billy Hatfield of Stuyvesant Point and Jim Sandford, leader of the Sandmen of Jersey City, in May, 1824.

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 16

hailed them as they came within the radiance of the lights.

"Larry, your wife wants you. Why, Heaven only knows. With me here—"

Valdemagara paused and glanced from Larry to Helen.

Larry, with a quick apology, made the two known to each other, and crossed the dancing-floor to where, dividing practically all of eligible or desirable male Biarritz with Jeanne Mazell, sat his wife. She looked up gratefully as he approached. Somehow—Larry couldn't understand how she came to have the air of a *grande dame*—she dissipated her suitors with a gesture.

"I just wanted to tell you, Larry," she said, "what everyone else knows. Helen Wilson and Frank Burton are here."

HE LOOKED at her. "I've seen Helen," he said. "I've been outside on the rocks, talking with her."

Her eyebrows drew faintly nearer to each other.

"You've seen her?" she asked.

"Paul Weedon came upon us as we were kissing," he said. "I thought I'd better be the first to tell you."

"Kissing—why, that means . . ."

And then, definitely, for always he knew.

"No," he almost cried, "it means—it means, Joyce, that I love you."

He wondered, in a stupid sort of fashion, if all his realizations would forever be after-thoughts.

He had thought this morning—and again tonight when he danced with Joyce—that her appeal to him was a thing attributable to her grace and beauty. He had thought, five minutes ago, that it was Helen's spirit that had drawn him to her, although he had recognized that Helen, too, was lovely.

But now, looking down into the questioning eyes of his wife, he knew forever that, were she clothed in the drear dry flesh of age, he would love her. He knew that for weal or woe, through all this lifetime and—pray God—through æons of immortality, he would adore her. Why? God knew! Why hadn't he known before? God also knew the answer to that.

Beyond her beauty he looked at her soul. It was not, Heaven help him, what he would have liked to see. It was clouded, soiled, by the words of Rogan, by this afternoon's incident in the *chemin de fer* room. But that didn't matter. That soul called to him, possessed him, and would always possess him.

He had never loved Helen. That he knew now. He had given her a naïve, schoolboyish sort of love, filled with idealization and without the solid basis of realistic understanding of what she was. But to Joyce he had given real love, a love that was based upon understanding, a love that recognized her unworthiness and thus was more binding.

And he had hurt Joyce. That question in her eyes could only have been inspired by hurt. And it didn't matter that in hurting her he had hurt himself infinitely more. He faced a future filled with self-hurt. Everything about Joyce would hurt him; the piling-up knowledge of her past, until suspicion became a definite fact—but it didn't matter.

(*Continued on page 50*)

Wears Like Cowhide
Feels Like Chamois

$3.50 each

INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL

The BUCK SKEIN JACKET

Wears like leather, soft as suede, warm as a coal fire and looks like a million dollars . . . that's BUCK SKEIN.

And no matter how often you wash it, or how hard you grind the dirt in, your Buck Skein will come out of the tub even smoother and mellower . . . looking more like leather every time.

Big and comfortable. Buckskin tan color. Coat style, collar attached. Two big-fisted flap pockets. Double-sewn seams that can't rip.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If your Buck Skein shrinks, if it fades, if the texture scuffs up, if you're not 100% satisfied, get your money back . . . no matter how long you've worn it. Our Gold-Bond Guarantee assures you this protection.

BUCK SKEIN JACKET $5.50

Windproof and Rainproof. Double weight Buck Skein for double wear. All-wool knitted springy belt. Two, large, oversized flap pockets.

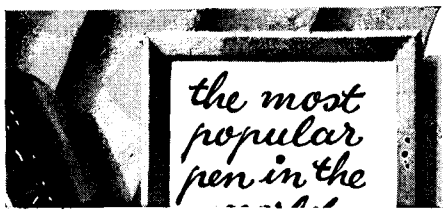
ASK YOUR DEALER

for a genuine BUCK SKEIN. If he is all sold out, mail coupon below enclosing price of your Buck Skein Shirt or Jacket, and I'll send yours prepaid, myself.

Buck Skein Joe

Buck Skein Joe, c/o Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc., Makers
Dept. W-1, 331 Broadway, New York City
See that I get (Check Here)
A *Buck Skein* Shirt at $3.50 ☐
A *Buck Skein* Jacket at $5.50 ☐
(FREE Tom Mix Buck Skein booklet with either)
Neck Band Size_____
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
Dealer's Name_____
His Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(Continued from page 49)

He loved her, and no matter how this love might hurt and shame him, he must be true to it and to himself.

Now the question faded from her eyes. Its place was taken by a cool cynicism.

"Then," she said, "the way for me to smother them. Following her glance, he turned around. Helen Wilson, her mother, and Frank Burton stood behind him.

"We want to be presented to the bride," said Mrs. Wilson.

Stiffly Larry performed the introductions.

stand me, that's enough," he told her.

"And how could I understand you?" she queried.

"Just as easily as I can understand you," he replied, "more easily. Because I had to make inquiries about you—had to rely on written reports—"

"Written reports?" She tried to keep

FOR
SPRAINS
AND
BRUISES
RELIEVE
PAIN
QUICKLY
Absorbine Jr.
RUB in Absorbine, Jr. as quickly as you can. It will relieve the pain and reduce any inflammation which may have set in, and materially shorten the time of recovery. Its prompt use will prevent the stiffness and lameness usually following a sprain or bruise.
If the skin has been broken, Absorbine, Jr. will reduce to a minimum any danger of infection. Use it full strength. It is cooling, soothing, and a reliable antiseptic. There are many uses for Absorbine, Jr. in the home and when traveling. Read "Timely Suggestions." Send for free Trial Bottle and "Timely Suggestions."
At All Druggists, $1.25
W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.
Absorbine Jr.

(Continued from page 51)

sizzling right, the huge crowd rose and roared its approval.

McCabe seen that right coming and ducked, taking the punch on the top of his head, and as it landed Jack winced and his face whitened. For the rest of the round his right could of been in China for all he used it and as a result the champ took the lead away from him with a half dozen jarring jabs to the face and two torrid lefts to the body. Jack boxed with his left alone and after his snappy start he finished the round by back-pedaling and clinching at every chance. McCabe's speed was a revelation and it was his round.

"That guy's head was built by the Bethlehem Steel Works!" pants Jack when he come to his corner. "I think I broke my hand on it!"

WE SHOULD of win on a foul in the second, when after fifty-eight seconds of cautious sparring for a opening, McCabe shot a hard right to the heart and followed it with another right which plainly landed below the belt. The house was in a wild uproar—cheers, hisses, yells of "Go ahead, fight!" and "King wins!" splitting the lazily drifting tobacco smoke over the ring. Although I squawked till I was hoarse, the referee ruled the low blow was fair and ordered the bout to go on. The champ grinned, but the furious Jackie quickly wiped that grin off his pan with a volley of wicked lefts. That was just a flurry, though, and with his right hand of little use, Jackie was soon forced to cover up himself and the second round also went to McCabe.

The third and fourth cantos was simply repetitions of the first two and the crowd was now stamping its feet and bellering for action. Jackie's injured right hand made his left his only effective weapon and that foul blow in the second had slowed him to a walk. He was boxing a strictly defensive fight, something new for this killer, and the angry ringworms got the idea that the bout was "in the bag." On the other hand, McCabe couldn't get rid of the thought that Jack was stalling and simply waiting for a chance to toss over his haymaking right to the button. Therefore, he fought carefully and with both of 'em under wraps the scrap begin to look like one of them things.

At the end of the fifth round, in which hardly a solid punch was landed, the referee warned both boys to get busy or get out of the ring and this had some results. Jackie opened the sixth by staggering McCabe with two smoking lefts to the head and the eager fans woke up and howled for a knockout. The champ clinched and seemed to have the best of the infighting, but Jackie sent his head back with a beautiful uppercut after the break. Another long clinch and they separated in mid-ring to stand toe to toe and whip home wallops for the first real heavy exchange of the evening. Jackie was missing badly and just before the bell McCabe added this round to his collection by rocking him with two solid smashes to the heart.

With nothing but a stiff straight left to stave off McCabe's charges, Jackie held him even in the seventh, and in the eighth he landed the hardest blow of the fight up to that time—a left hook to the jaw which spun McCabe around like a top and caused him to hold on for his life. Had Jackie's right been working then the fracas would of been all over at that point! But the tough McCabe rallied and used his experience to box himself out of that hole till at the end of the round he was peppering Jackie with short, jolting lefts and rights to head and body. Jackie's ear was swollen and McCabe's mouth showed a thin trickle of blood.

Both boys were now tired and they simply coasted for the next two frames, neither doing much damage, but McCabe's bulling attacks at the end of each round give him a shade. In fact, that's just the way it was going—the champion out-pointing Jackie, which was in there taking a steady beating, his right fist practically useless and his left starting to swell from his desperate attempts to avoid being stopped by crossing McCabe with one-handed hooks and jabs. By this time the crowd realized that Jack was fighting on his nerve alone and they madly cheered his gameness and razzed McCabe mightily whenever Jackie landed.

People, I didn't think I'd ever get a new kick out of a box fight, but never in all my born days before or since did I get the thrill I got that night when the verdict was announced! For months —yes, years!—that unusual decision was the talk of fistiana and any time you wish a long and torrid argument, just bring up the King-McCabe bout!

They went into the last round with McCabe winner of thirteen frames out of fourteen fought. One was even. The only way Jackie could win the welterweight title was by knocking the champ dead and that's exactly what he intended to do. Kill or get killed, never mind the bum right hand, use it anyways! That big movie with Fay and Welton Gordon's twenty-five-thousand-dollar bet if he won—the ash can if he lost and a pay-off to the grinning Gordon of twenty-five grand. The bell!

Jack fairly leaped from his corner and chased the arm-weary and nerve-busted champ all over the ring. Finally, they crashed together in the center of the ring and both were wild with vicious lefts. Then Jackie quickly feinted McCabe into a knot and as swiftly shot over that sore right hand flush to the mouth. McCabe went giddily back on his heels with glazing eyes and another murderous right to the chin sent him sprawling on his back, a total loss. The mob went out of its mind!

Amid the terrific ear-cracking din, the referee begin the count:

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—CLANG!"

The bell rung, ending the fight with the champion still on the canvas, as cold as a polar bear's kiss.

The referee went across and bent down to the judges and they was a short conference, with what looked like some heated argument. A solemn hush had fell over the arena, with all eyes riveted on the gripping picture in the ring—the champion flat on his shoulderblades, never having moved a muscle since he hit the mat from Jack's terrific right; Jackie leaning against the ropes in the neutral corner he'd retired to after the knockdown, smiling happily through a crimson mask. Then—the referee walked slowly over to the fallen champ, bent down and lifted his arm up high to a thunderstruck mob, *proclaiming a unconscious man the winner!*

WHILE the breathless, pop-eyed fans is still glued to their seats, the announcer briskly bawls through a megaphone:

"The bell saved the champion and there was no knockout, as the fight was officially over before the referee had counted ten. Therefore, King simply scored a knockdown in the last round and as the champion won every other round but one, the decision goes to him on points!"

Well, it took a couple minutes for this to sink in and then a riot busted loose which swept the coppers before it like scraps of paper in a tornado. Fights broke out all around the ropes; chairs, cushions, hats, canes and such sailed down on the ring, many of 'em just missing the still sleeping "champion,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which altogether was out for half a hour. Jack was carried to his dressing-room by frenzied admirers and there we found Welton Gordon and Kempton Calhoun among the chattering throng which awaited us. Thoroughly disgusted Jack made the following speech:

"I'm through with the ring forever!"

"That's just too bad!" pipes up Gordon. "Well, don't forget our wager—you owe me twenty-five thousand dollars!"

JACK nodded gloomily and back of him I seen this fellow from Colossal Productions which had originally signed him up to make that movie with Fay if he win. Outside, the mob still wildly howling for a glimpse of Jackie. The Colossal guy grinned and slapped Jack on the shoulder.

"Son, you're more popular right now than you ever were in your life!" he tells him. "And you're about fifty times as popular as the champion you knocked out. Our contract still holds. We'll bill you as the 'Uncrowned Champion' and clean up!"

Gordon nudged Calhoun and they moved for the door, but Jackie sung out:

"Hey, our bet had nothin' to do with me winnin' or losin'. The bet was that I'd make a talkie with Fay Daniels and that's what I'm goin' to do. Slip me!"

"You'll never make the picture!" snaps Gordon. "I happen to be one of Colossal's heaviest stockholders and I can prevent that. I knew what I was doing when I made the bet—I take no chances!"

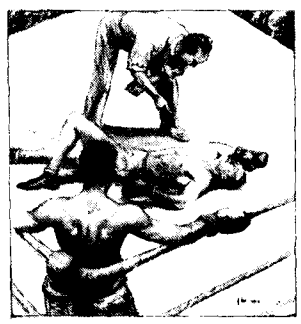
The Colossal Productions mogul looks Gordon over like he's something Puss dragged in on a stormy night.

"Colossal was purchased by Elegant Films this morning," he sneers. "You have nothing to do with the casting system and you know it. You'll pay off!"

"And you'll like it!" snarls Jack.

But I doubt if he really liked it!

In This Issue



COVER. By E. M. Jackson

AIR COMMAND. By Laurie York Erskine. The story of a mutiny that ended in an epic of the air . . . Page 5

KANSAS, THE BEER STATE. By William G. Shepherd. A well-known reporter looks at Kansas sympathetically Page 8

KING HIGH. By H. C. Witwer. Reel ten of "Bigger and Better" wherein Lady Luck plays tricks . . . . . Page 10

WINGS OF DESTINY. By George Weston. Part two of a novel of war time, with synopsis . . . . . Page 12

THE WHOLE SHOW. By Hugh Leamy. Which is, as you probably know, Joe Cook . . . . . Page 14

MARRIAGE FOR TWO. By Arthur Somers Roche. A novel by the author of The Woman Hunters and Twin Wives, with complete synopsis . . . . . Page 15

UGLY STEPPER. By Dorothy Perkins. A love story of the jazz age . . . . . Page 17

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY. By Walter Davenport. The first American prize fight included the spectators in the combat . . . . . Page 19

BELIEVE IT OR NOT! In Pictures . . . . Page 20

REVOLT IN THE ZODIAC. By Viola Paradise. A short short story . . . . . Page 22

IN ONE EAR. Anonymous. Stories you can repeat with perfect safety . . . . . Page 24

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. By Grantland Rice . Page 26

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR BUTTS. By Rube Goldberg . . . . . Page 30

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work Page 41

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . . Page 42

UNDER RADIO'S BIG TOP. By Jack Binns . . Page 43

HIS OWN WORST ENEMY. By Edwin E. Slosson Page 45

PLANS FOR BATTLE. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole Page 47

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 54

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

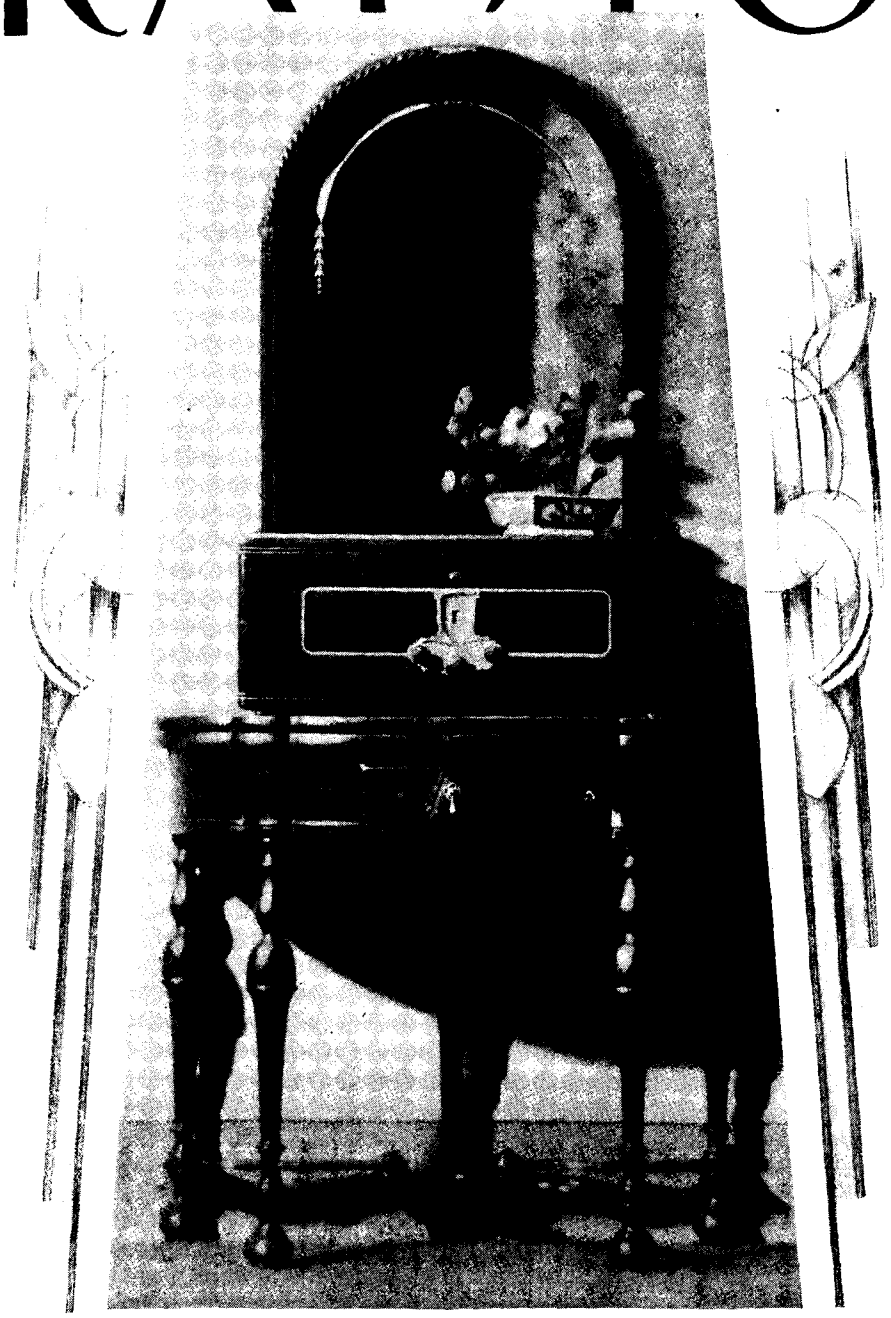
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck *President* — **George J. Kennedy** *Vice President* — **William P. Larkin** *Vice President* — **Albert E. Winger** *Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. But the publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

BOSCH RADIO



To see and hear Bosch All-Electric Radio is to appreciate its leadership. Its full golden tone, clarity, freedom from distortion is distinctive in radio. The beauty of Bosch Cabinets is remarked upon wherever radio is discussed. Bosch is accepted as the quality radio of today and equally interesting—Bosch Radio is not high priced. Your nearest Bosch dealer will gladly demonstrate these facts.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada—Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., R. F. L. and Lektophone.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP'N
SPRINGFIELD - - - MASSACHUSETTS
BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Bosch Radio Model 28, 110 volt AC. Seven AC tubes and a power tube, solid Mahogany Cabinet—$132.50 less tubes. Authorized

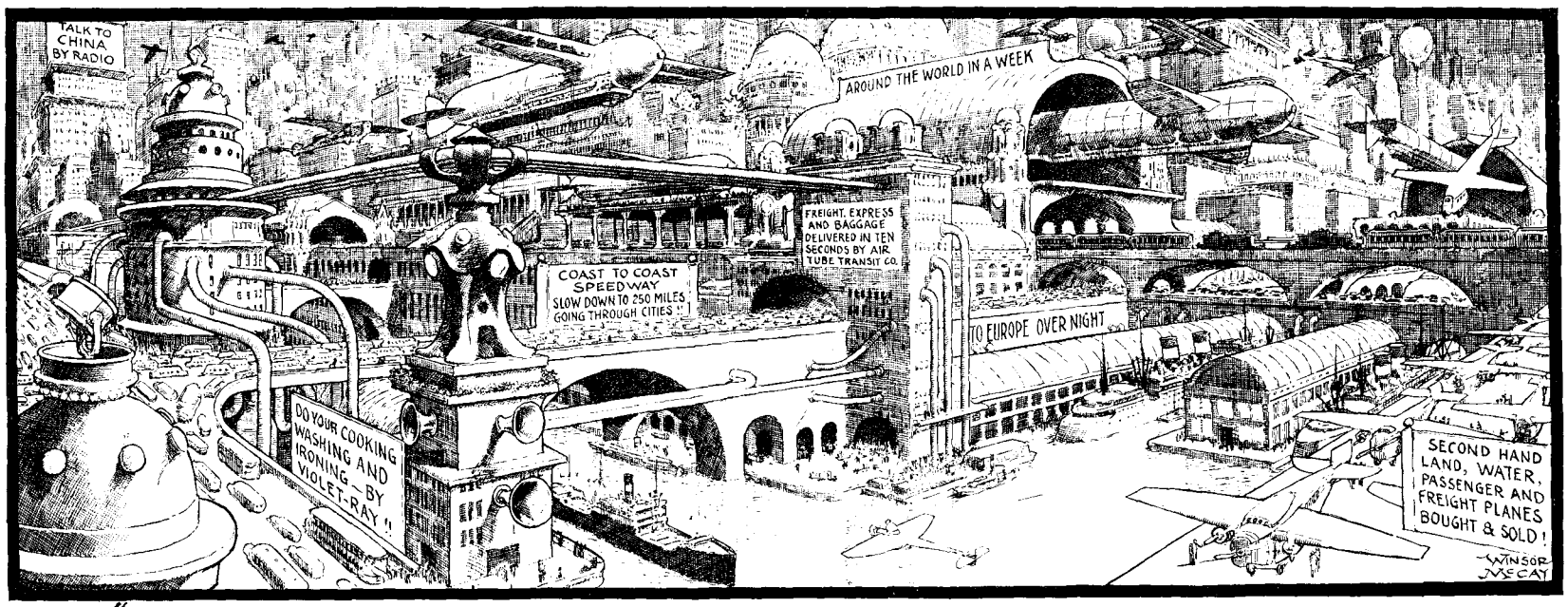
Bosch Dealers are also showing Model 28 Bosch Receiver and Dynamic Speaker in Console Cabinets from $237.50 up, less tubes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor


TALK TO CHINA BY RADIO
AROUND THE WORLD IN A WEEK
FREIGHT, EXPRESS AND BAGGAGE DELIVERED IN TEN SECONDS BY AIR TUBE TRANSIT CO.
COAST TO COAST SPEEDWAY SLOW DOWN TO 250 MILES GOING THROUGH CITIES !!
TO EUROPE OVER NIGHT
DO YOUR COOKING WASHING AND IRONING — BY VIOLET-RAY !!
SECOND HAND LAND, WATER, PASSENGER AND FREIGHT PLANES BOUGHT & SOLD !
WINSOR McCAY

All these things were Crazy

SIR THOMAS MORE, who wrote Utopia, was one of the bravest men in recorded history.

He was beheaded by Henry VIII because he put his conscience above his king. Only a word was needed to save his life, but he refused to deny his faith.

When he died he left books which during four hundred years men have treasured. One of them pictured the ideal country of Nowhere which he called Utopia.

Even to this day Utopia means the impossibly good, the ideal dream which practical men know can never be realized.

Yet much of Utopia is the commonplace of today.

Sir Thomas More wrote of cities with streets twenty feet wide. Such spaciousness could be found only in a dream city when he wrote. Today, a twenty-foot street is very narrow for motor traffic.

More pictured a city supplied with water running down from the hills. The Romans had such cities but during the Dark Ages the comforts of civilization were forgotten. So abundant water for bathing seemed another dream.

In Utopia men worked only nine hours a day and Sir Thomas More argued long to prove that such a people could survive starvation.

We have the eight-hour day and in some industries the five-day week. Our problem is to distribute and to consume the goods we produce. Fear of starvation has been banished.

Many other of the Utopian prophecies have long been fulfilled. More foresaw the development of weather forecasting, with the foretelling of the approach of rains and storms. He guessed that some time setting hens would be displaced by incubators and that instruments might be made to measure the movement of the sun.

He looked to the time when men would not be hanged for theft and when mothers would nurse their own infants. He even had visions of houses with glass windows and with spacious gardens. He described the building of hospitals for the sick.

More extravagant still, he described a government in which offices were neither bought nor sold and in which there would be no bribery!

In most of its details Utopia has been long passed even though human nature may not be as gentle and kindly as Sir Thomas More hoped it would be.

Utopia's dreams are actually yesterday's achievements.

The force which made the Utopian vision of one day the commonplace accomplishment of our generation is science.

We are no stronger than men have been during known history. We can do no more physical drudgery. We think no better than men did four hundred or two thousand years ago.

Thomas More, Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare had minds at least as good as those of any man now alive.

Scientific research made Utopian dreams practicable. The secrets men learned in laboratories made it feasible for us to work short hours and to live comfortably. The very abundance which machinery produced is the foundation of the generosity and the good will which make our civilization seem better than what went before.

Even our characters are thus improved. With the aid of science we peer into the influences and motives which make each of us what we become. Knowledge drives out much of the blind fear which accounts for so much of the wrong and cruelty of mankind.

No modern man has lived a finer life than Thomas More, or Confucius for that matter, but the average man and woman are better by far than were their ancestors a few hundred years back. Through science virtue is proved to be profitable.

Ignorance always has forged the chains of slavery for the spirit as well as for the body but science is setting men free.

Apply the scientific method to your own problems. Seek to understand the facts you deal with without prejudice. Open your mind to the new things which day by day are being uncovered. So you will help to create a civilization better by far than the best dreams of the builders of Utopias.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED